★ Nov. 23, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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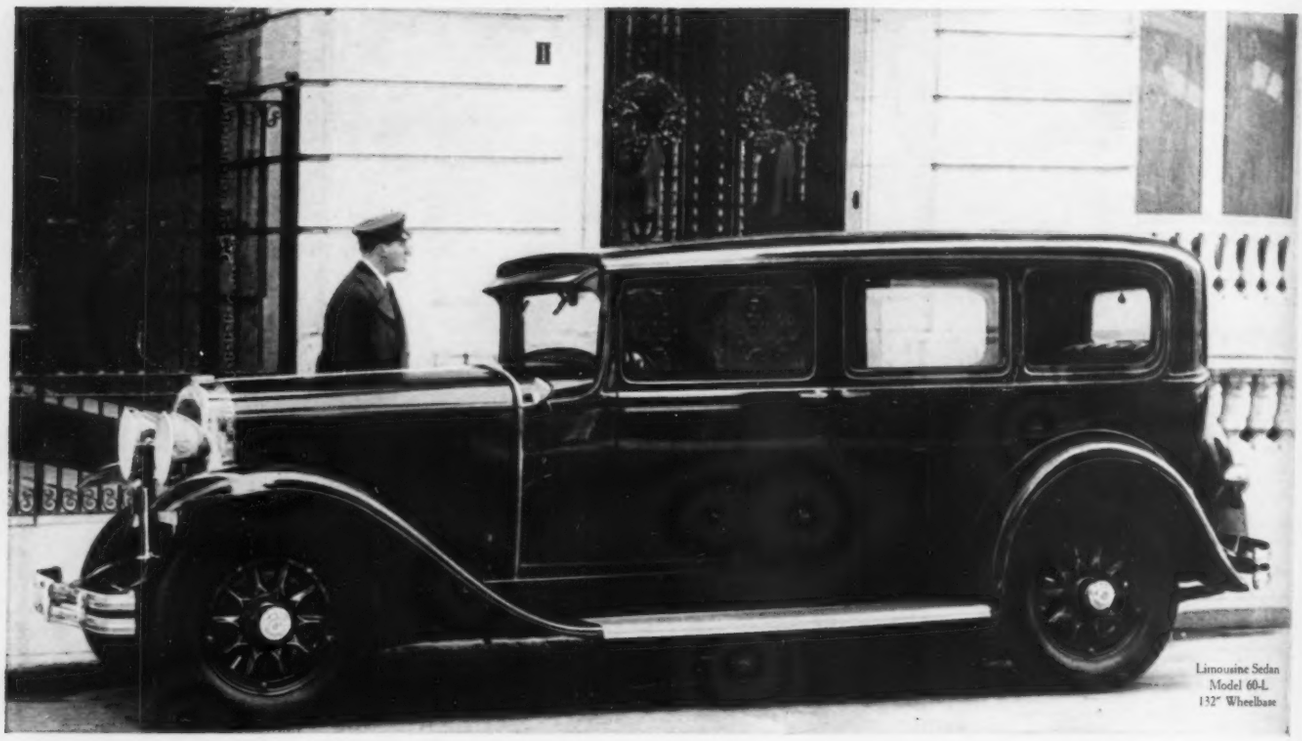

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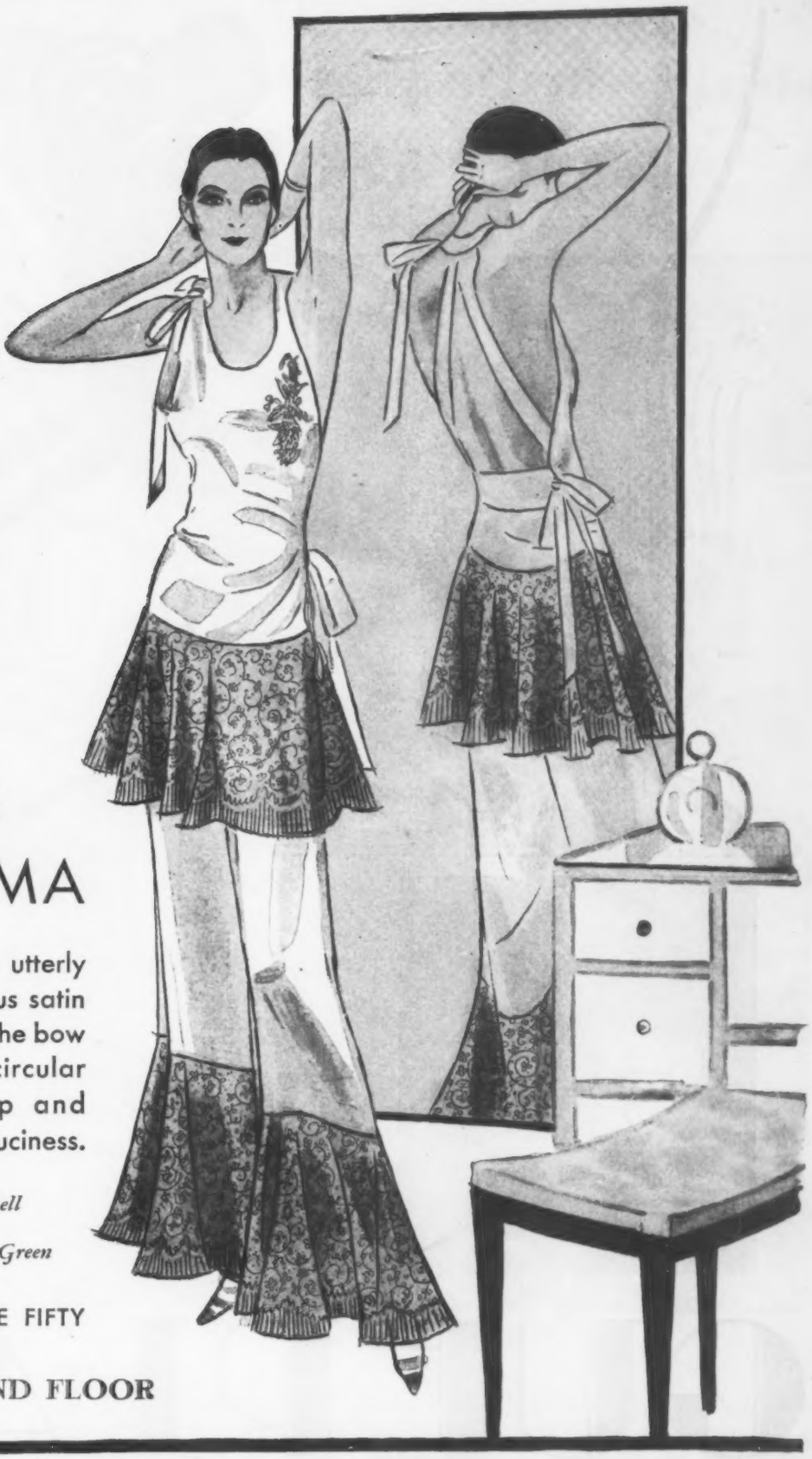

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 40, November 23, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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—popular debutante of last season, is shown wearing one of the new informal dinner gowns which have such enormous chic. The dress, an original creation of Sally Milgrim, is of black "fish-net" lace, with circular flare at the moulded hip line and the same treatment repeated as a garniture for the long sleeves. Milgrim's new presentations of gowns, wraps and suits are now being shown at the Milgrim Salons in Chicago, Cleveland, and at Six West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York.

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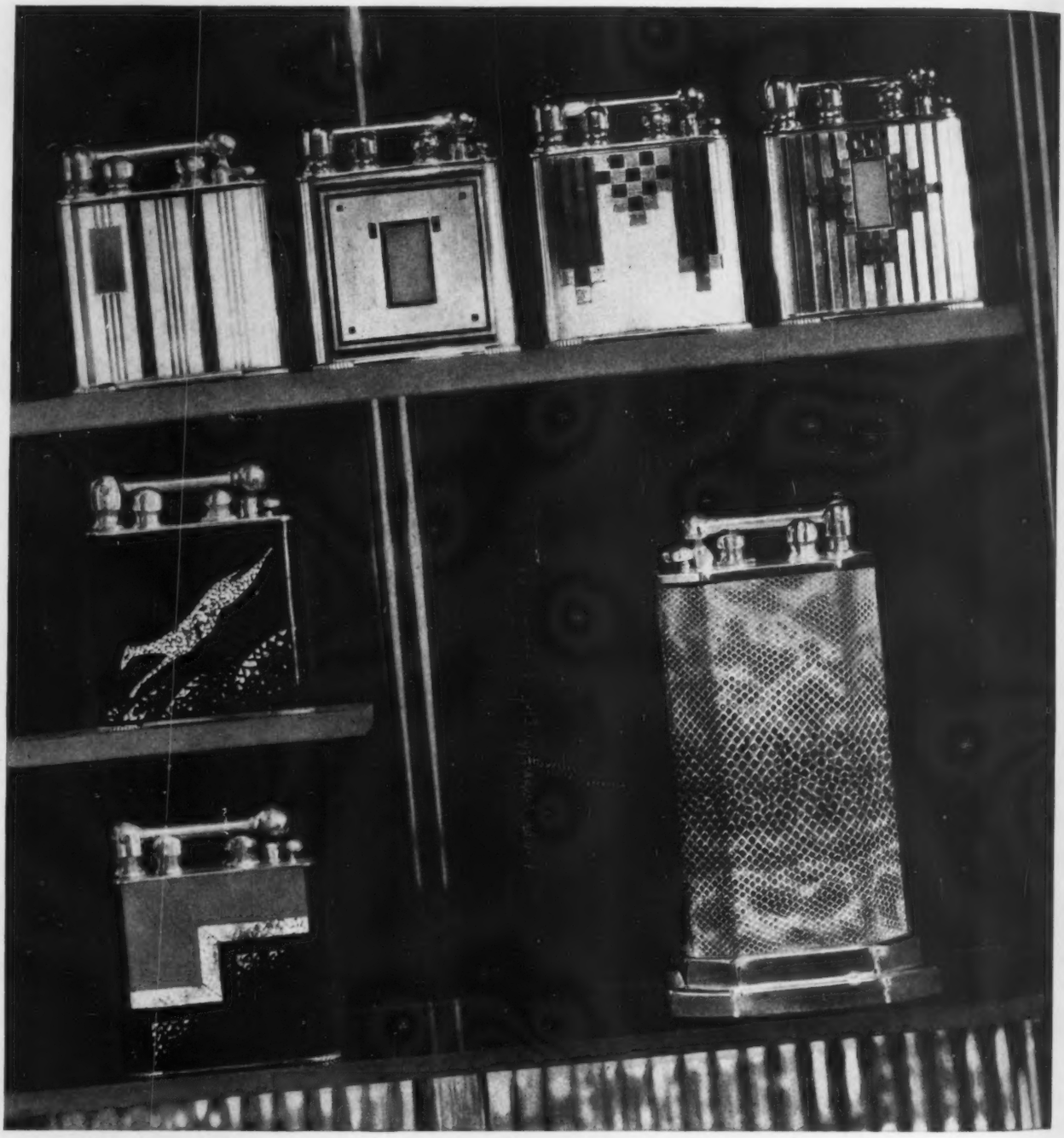

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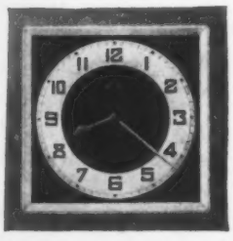

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Thanksgiving Day, Thurs., Nov. 28. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BERKELEY SQUARE—A young man goes back a hundred and fifty years and almost upsets the Scheme of Things by falling in love with the wrong girl. Leslie Howard's performance is superb. (Lyceum, 45, E.)

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Mats. Wed. and Thanksgiving.)

BROKEN DISHES—Home-life comedy with Donald Meek as the Turning Worm. You could do lots worse. (Ritz, 48, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—Gertrude Lawrence as a maid playing lady, immeasurably aided by Reginald Owen and Ernest Glendinning in putting over a time-worn idea dressed up in badinage. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

THE CHANNEL ROAD—De Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" made into a good show with German specialties. (Plymouth, 45, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Nov. 22; Tues. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 26 and 29.) . . . "Peter Pan," Barrie and Eva Le Gallienne. (Sat. Morns. and Afts., Nov. 23 and 30, at 10:30 and 2:30; Thurs. Mat., Nov. 28.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 23.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's moving tragedy finely acted. (Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 25 and 28.) . . . "Inheritors," by Susan Glaspell. (Wed. Eve., Nov. 27.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," good production of Tchekov's exquisite play. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 30.) Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—Something to be seen unless you are depressed by the workings of the Law in criminal cases. It wouldn't do you any harm to be depressed by this highly effective drama, and you should see Arthur Byron anyway. (National, 41, W. Mat. Wed.)

CROSS ROADS—The wages of sin in a college town, neatly balanced on the boys' side by Eric Dressler, and on the girls' by Sylvia Sidney. (Morosco, 45, W. Mat. Wed.)

GAMBLING—A good murder mystery which goes, with most other murder mysteries, off into space at the end. George M. Cohan wrote it, acts in it, and saves it. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—Williams College, of all places, as the scene of a collegiate killing, with several highly exciting moments and some good parlor games. (Waldorf, 50, E. Mats. Wed. and Thanksgiving.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Farcical comedy rich in character and situation, delightfully played by a Belasco cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M.)

JUNE MOON—There is a good, honest laugh every two minutes in this epic of a song writer. Ring Lardner and George Kaufman have seen to that, and an excellent cast makes sure of it. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thanksgiving.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. Rachel Crothers' amusing comedy, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. Mat. Wed. 2:40 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—A nice little play about the life of a middle-class couple who had had more romance than they thought. Ernest Truex comes back to us in it. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

ROPE'S END—A murder play with a touch of Leopold and Loeb. You will get a lot of good laughs from the comedy, even if you don't believe in the murder. (Masque, 45, W.)

THE SILVER TASSIE—Something to be seen by those who don't mind their drama being in the raw so long as it is real drama. Sean O'Casey has opened the heart of a war-shattered athlete and shown it in its bitterness. (Irish, 7 Ave. at Christopher St. Mat. Wed.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thanksgiving.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—The first real light comedy of the season and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thanksgiving.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A Van Cortlandt Park express made much more interesting than usual by a trick murder. (Liberty, 42, W.)

THUNDER IN THE AIR—A dead soldier returns to the members of his family in the various forms in which they remember him best. A fine idea considerably clouded. (49th Street, 49, W. Mat. Wed.)

VENEER—A completely tragic account of a young girl who found romance in an affair with a bounder. Made different by the performances of Joanna Roos and Henry Hull. (Harris, 42, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—An "operette" by Noel Coward which has Miss Evelyn Laye and everything else except humor. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (44th Street, 44, W.)

FOLLOW THRU—Riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good music and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W. Extra Mat. Fri., Nov. 22.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—In spite of several important vacancies in the old "Scandals" line-up, Mr. White has put together another of his generally satisfactory shows, with the aid of Willie Howard and Frances Williams. (Apollo, 42, W. Mats. Thanksgiving and Fri.)

HEADS UP!—The first musical comedy of the year in which people are dressed in modern clothes and in which modern standards of comedy and music are used. Victor Moore is very funny, aided by Betty Starbuck, Jack Whiting, and Barbara Newberry. Score by Rodgers and Hart. (Alvin, 52, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Dark gaiety and dancing which begins marvellously but doesn't always sustain itself. (Hudson, 44, E. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

ROBIN HOOD—Revival of the DeKoven-Smith operetta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Engagement ends Sat., Nov. 30.)

SWEET ADELINE—A musical hit replete with good stuff (and some dull stuff). Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. Mats. Wed. and Thanksgiving.)

WHOOPEE—Last two days of this successful Ziegfeld show, with Eddie Cantor. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Closes Sat., Nov. 23.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—If you like Viennese music at its best, this Johann Strauss score ought to give you a great evening. It is well sung by the ladies. The book is what you would expect. (Majestic, 44, W.)

•

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER—In her original character sketches. Forrest Theatre, 49, W., Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, at 3, and Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:45.

HOBOKEN—"After Dark" is still at the Old Rialto (Hoboken 8088); "The Shoestring Revue" has opened recently at the Lyric (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.

VAUDEVILLE—B. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Orchestra, and Blossom Seeley, are at the Palace, Fri., Nov. 22. Beatrice Lillie and Charles King will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Nov. 23. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE GAME OF LOVE AND DEATH—Theatre Guild production of a play by Romain Rolland, with Alice Brady. Opens Mon., Nov. 25. (Guild, 52, W. 8:50 P.M.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—A three weeks' revival of the Sir Arthur Conan Doyle-William Gillette play, with Mr. Gillette in the title rôle. Opens Mon., Nov. 25. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:40 P.M.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A musical comedy by Herbert Fields, with music by Cole Porter. Opens Tues., Nov. 26. (Lyric, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

HOW'S YOUR HEALTH?—A farce by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, with Donald Brian. Opens Tues., Nov. 26. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

SALT WATER—Frank Craven in a play by Dan Jarrett. Opens Tues., Nov. 26. (Golden, 58, E. 8:50 P.M.)

SONS O' GUNS—The musical extravaganza with Jack Donahue and Lily Damita, originally called "Carry On." Opens Tues., Nov. 26. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

CHRISTOPHER RAND—A play by Eleanor Robson Belmont and Harriett Ford. (Forrest, 49, W. 8:50 P.M.)

A LEDGE—Augustin Duncan in a melodrama by Paul Osborn. (Assembly, 39, E. 9 P.M.)

DANCE RECITALS

ANGNA ENTERS—Choreomime, in her first recital of the season: Booth Theatre, 45, W. Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:45.

HARALD KREUTZBERG AND YVONNE GEORGI—Return of two remarkable exponents of the modern German expressionistic type of dancing: A.W.A. Clubhouse Ballroom, 361 W. 57, Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:30; Craig Theatre, 54, E. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. Eves., Nov. 26, 28, and 29, at 9.

TASHAMIRA—Second recital by a newcomer: Music Box Theatre, 45, W. Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 9.

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—After-theatre dancing in a Joseph Urban setting to music by Leo Reisman.*

(Continued on page 14)

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(Continued from page 12)

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Where you will find Moss and Fontana, and Libby Holman. What more could you want? Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dancing by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and undersea decorations. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many others: Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203), has Grace Hayes, and Abe Lyman's orchestra.* . . . Casanova, 151 W. 54, (Circle 7893), with Ruth Etting, Fred Keating, Ramon and Rosita, and Harry Rosenthal and his orchestra.* . . . Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, recently opened, with Florence of Paris.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, features Jack Powell, the remarkable trap-drummer. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Ye Olde Nest, 169 W. 133, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Russiana, 44th St. Theatre Bldg., 44, W. of B'way, has an amusing show, with Kosloff, of the old Katinka, presiding. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is gay and attractive. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

CONDEMNED—Love makes Devil's Island into a sort of Riviera. Ronald Colman is the star. (Selwyn, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performanee Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., and Thanksgiving, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A lavish and extensive musical revue, with a regiment of stars. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat., Sun., and Thanksgiving at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE KISS—Some pleasant moments with Greta Garbo, and a few hints on fashionable mourning. Silent. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

PARIS—The stage comedy made into a screen musical with Bordoni, Louise Closser Hale, and Jack Buchanan, but without the Cole Porter song, "Let's Do It." (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat., Sun., and Thanksgiving, 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID—Rather funny bits about life in a big department store, with a Miss Clara Bow. (Paramount, B'way at 43; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE TRESPASSER—Gloria Swanson as a Chicago stenographer who finds a rich marriage has many problems. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; performance continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Applause," Helen Morgan portraying an unhappy lady of burlesque in a fine tragic picture; "The Four Feathers," silent, especially fine pictures of the jungle animals; "Gold Diggers of Broadway," bright and amusing musical show about the ladies of Broadway and their victims of Wall Street; "Hallelujah," an unusual and distinguished all-negro movie of life in the cotton fields; "Why Bring That Up?" Moran and Mack once more going through their celebrated and uproarious routine.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

Opened too late for review in this issue:

THE LOVE PARADE—Maurice Chevalier in a picture operetta directed by Ernst Lubitsch. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

SHOW OF SHOWS—A revue, with Beatrice Lillie, John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, and many other well-known players. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

ACADEMY—Annual fall show of the National Academy of Design: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1:30 to 6 P.M.

BEGINNERS—Second show of the Opportunity Gallery, giving the unknowns a chance to break into the front-line trenches. Chosen by Alexander Brook: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DAVIES—A collection of the works of one of America's lyric poets: Ferargil, 37 E. 57. Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 22 and 23, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERN—A beautiful show of the men who are accepted as the banner-bearers of modernism, in a handsome new gallery. Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Seurat: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

PERSIAN—Paintings from the collections of the Shahs of Persia and the Great Moguls: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RENOIR—One of the thrilling experiences of the season—eleven paintings of Renoir's fine phase: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ROERICH—An amazing museum dedicated to one man. All sorts of Asian art, and 1,006 paintings by the gallery's master: Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive. Open daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

UTRILLO—Fine collection of an eccentric Frenchman who often hits genius: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

LENER STRING QUARTET—More chances to hear these remarkable Hungarians. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22, and Wed. Eve., Nov. 27.

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—Standard piano music played with originality. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:30.

FRITZ KREISLER—The old refrain: have you your tickets? Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 24.

VICTOR CHENKIN—More dramatic scenes by a singing actor who sings better than that. Times Square Theatre, 42, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:50.

ROTH QUARTET—One of the finest. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 25.

HAROLD TRIGGS—A piano discovery from last year whom you may want to discover now. Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Nov. 26.

ALFRED CORTOT AND JACQUES THIBAUD—Two of the foremost French artists in chamber music. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 26.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Still another fine ensemble! Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 26.

RUGGIERO RICCI—The little boy who wrecked them with his fiddle gives a recital. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 29.

BRUCE SIMONDS—Sound and interesting pianism. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 30.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:45. . . . Mengelberg conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 29, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 23, at 11 (Children's Concert): Sat. Morn., Nov. 30, at 11 (Junior Concert).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:30.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting. Brahms' "Requiem," with Elisabeth Rethberg and Lawrence Tibbett as soloists: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, at 4.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 9.

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Who-Do-You-Think conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Mignon," Fri. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8; "Aïda," Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2; "Die Walküre," Sat. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:30; "Girl of the Golden West," Mon. Eve., Nov. 25, at 8:15; "La Bohème," Tues. Eve., Nov. 26, at 8:15; "La Juive," Wed. Eve., Nov. 27, at 8; "Il Trovatore," Thurs. Aft., Nov. 28, at 2; "Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:15; "Don Giovanni," Fri. Eve., Nov. 29, at 8:15.

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"The Chocolate Soldier:" Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 22 and 23, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Nov. 22 and 29, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Nov. 23 and 30, at 9, over WEAF.

LIGHT OPERA—"Mlle. Modiste," by Victor Herbert: Fri., Nov. 22, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

BOXING—Fights at Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Nov. 22 and 29, at 9:30, over WMCA.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat., Nov. 23: Harvard vs. Yale, from Cambridge, at 2 P.M., over WEAF and WABC; Ohio State vs. University of Illinois, from Columbus, at 3 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Thurs., Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving): Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, from Philadelphia, at 2 P.M., over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Sat., Nov. 30: Army vs. Notre Dame, from Yankee Stadium, at 1:30 P.M., over WEAF and WABC; Dartmouth vs. Navy, from Philadelphia, at 2 P.M., over WJZ.

HENRY HADLEY—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Nov. 23 and 30, at 9:30, over WABC.

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—"Romeo and Juliet," Sat., Nov. 23, at 10 P.M., over WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Nov. 24, at 3:15 P.M., over WOR.

EUGENE GOOSSENS—As piano soloist and conductor of the Baldwin Ensemble: Sun., Nov. 24, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Sun., Nov. 24, at 9 P.M., over WOR.

LOUISE HOMER—Contralto; Lester Donahue, pianist; and Fritz Reiner conducting orchestra: Sun., Nov. 24, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Harry Ebbets vs. Rene De Vos, Fri. Eve., Nov. 22; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Some of these games are also broadcast. See "On the Air.")

Sat., Nov. 23, at 2 P.M.—N.Y.U. vs. Rutgers, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. Bucknell, Polo Grounds. . . . Harvard vs. Yale, Cambridge. . . . Army vs. Ohio Wesleyan University, West Point.

Thurs., Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving), at 2 P.M.—N.Y.U. vs. Carnegie Tech., Yankee Stadium. . . . Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Franklin Field, Philadelphia.

Sat., Nov. 30—Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, at 1:30 P.M. . . . Navy vs. Dartmouth, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.

Directions to fields—Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Baker Field, B'way at 218: Take B'way subway to 215 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for West Point, from W. 42nd St. ferry., West Shore R.R., 12:15 P.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden, at 8:45 P.M.; N. Y. Americans vs. Canadiens, Sun. Eve., Nov. 24. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Nov. 26. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Ottawa, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 28.

OTHER EVENTS

FRIAR'S FROLIC—Annual big show: Majestic Theatre, 44, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, at 8:15.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—Preliminary sprints: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Nov. 30, at 9. (The Six-day Race will start Sun. Eve., Dec. 1, at 9.)

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Gobelin and other tapestries, brocades, paintings, furniture, and miscellaneous art objects: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 22 and 23, at 2:15. . . . Modern paintings, water colors, etchings, and lithographs, and a few Byzantine primitives, from the Marie Sterner collection: Mon. and Tues. Eves., Nov. 25 and 26, at 8:15. . . . French, Italian, and Flemish tapestries from the V. and L. Benguiat Collection; Sat. Aft., Nov. 30 at 2:15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30]

A RARE POSSESSION TO CHERISH THROUGH THE YEARS

The glory of a thousand sunsets has been captured in the iridescent depths of this single Técla pearl. Only a true Oriental could match its everlasting loveliness. Yet the price of this Técla gem, even with its exquisitely fashioned platinum setting, is infinitesimal compared with the cost of the ocean variety. We shall be glad to have you examine the newest creations of our Paris laboratories whether you wish to purchase immediately or not.

Only gold, platinum and genuine diamonds used in Técla settings

•

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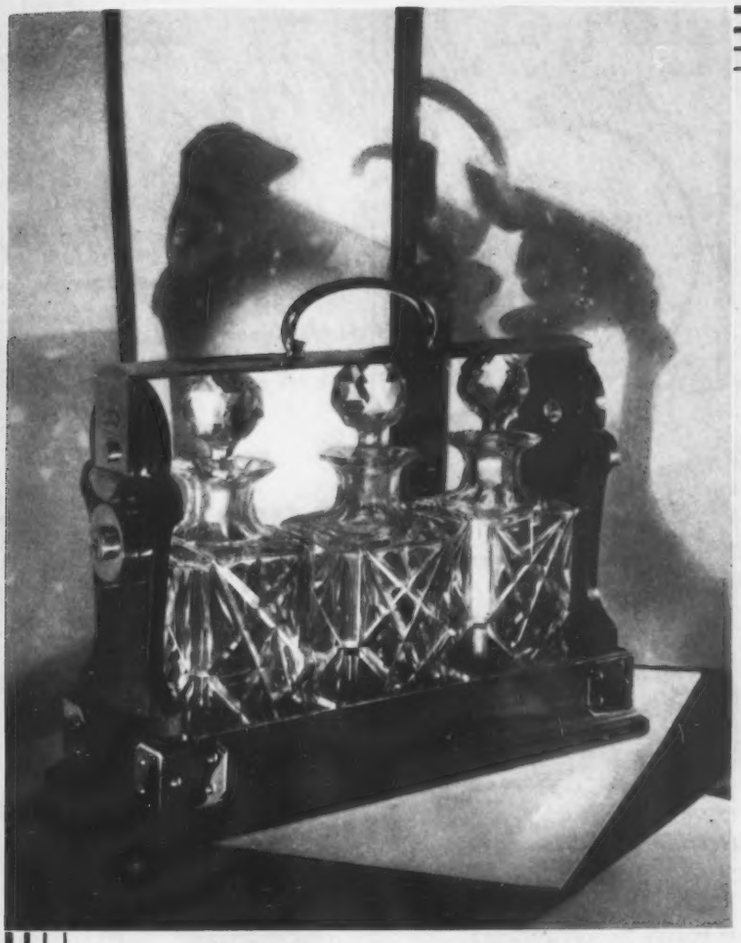


Gift Suggestions For Those Difficult Men

Not that the men themselves are difficult, but they do present a problem when it comes to buying them gifts!

So Stewart has made a special point of assembling a myriad of articles which will please even the most discriminating men.

In the Seven Art Shops on the eighth floor are game sets, decanters, beverage sets . . there is an especially fine collection of smokers' articles in a shop on the street floor . . jewelry and watches in the Jewelry shop . . all in that exquisite taste which exacting men-about-town will appreciate.

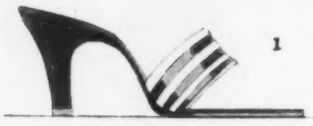
STEWART

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY SIXTH ST.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

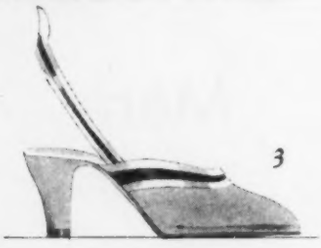
NEW YORK CHICAGO

10 Moderns! ...as Gift SUGGESTIONS



Modern No. 1... Venice... a sabot-like negligee sandal in green, blue or tango suede. 18.50

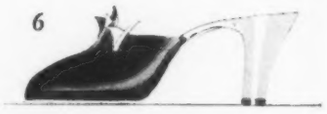
Modern No. 2... the satin mule with heel and toe appliqued with the dressmaker touch of lace. In pastel shades. 12.50



Modern No. 3... the *Vanita*... in velvet or brocade, with appliqued bands of gold and silver kid. 10.50

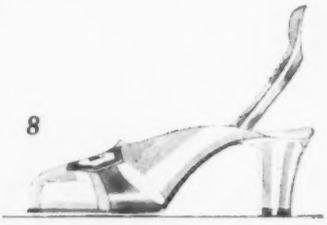
Modern No. 4... *Madriline*... an exotic imported mule in green, tango, red or yellow kid. 18.50

Modern No. 5... *Soliloquy*... of satin appliqued with gold or silver kid, and with gold or silver kid octagon heel. 15.50



Modern No. 6... *Bagatelle*... an imported mule of suede combined with gold or silver kid, green, orange, blue, red. 15.50

Modern No. 7... *Fan Tan*... imported d'orsay of suede with fan-shaped tongue of brocade... blue, red, green. 12.50



Modern No. 8... the pajama sandal ...with octagon heel... in combination of gold and silver kid. 15.50

Modern No. 9... *Tamara*... a toeless negligee sandal of black satin, embroidered with petit point. 15.50

Modern No. 10... with a two-toned velvet bow... in gold or silver brocade, pink, blue, mauve, green, peach, yellow, satin lining. 6.00—bow 2.50

SHOES BY SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MAYBE New York never was as torn up as now, though one loses a sense of comparison after hearing that from childhood on. Anyhow, the turmoil is not without a special charm. Rebuilding in Manhattan is always exposing remote corners of Nineveh, out of a forgotten past. The commoner may stand, and does, before a marble palace like a doll's house and picture just what happened, and where, in the days when there was a floor in the room instead of only the housewrecker's void and the outline of a mantel on the wallpaper. We were

reminded of this fleeting charm by the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street. A building has come down and exposed the next wall, that of the Garrick, once Harrigan's, on which in paint still bright one may read: "Francis Wilson in 'When Knights Were Bold.'" After all, there is this much in modern progress: one doesn't have to wait if one wants archeology.

THE speeding up of the traffic lights undoubtedly makes us think we are getting there faster. There being more pauses, there is more chafing at red lights, and more spurting between them. That gives the feeling of swift progress. Very likely it will be a generation before the full effects of the quickening become apparent enough for the scientific fellows to measure them. These machinal rhythms are really very subtle; it is by such nice devices that man supplants the urge of hours and tides and the phases of a moon which he never sees. The signals are the pulse beat of the mass. The individual reacts to them knowing it or not. He gets his reflexes conditioned. Twenty-

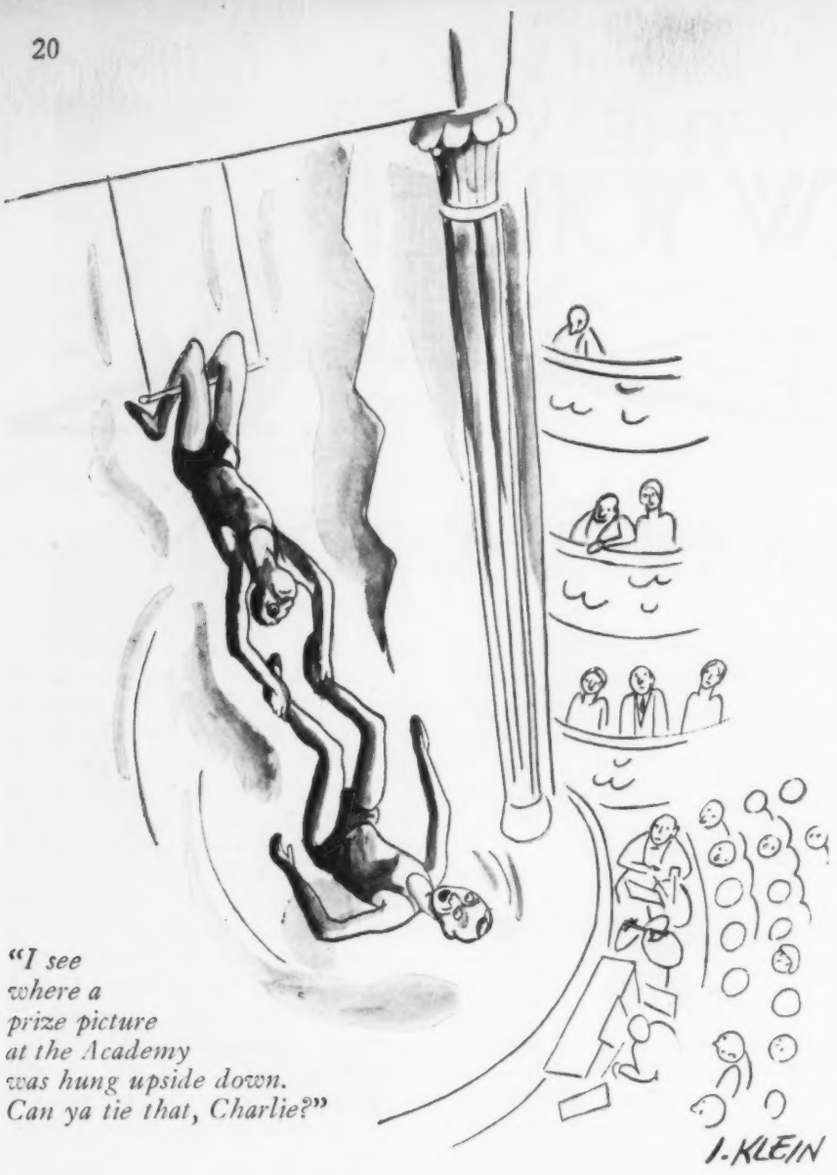
five seconds for east-west instead of fifty-five. Eighty-five for north-south instead of a hundred and fifteen. The macrocosm has a new rhythm and the microcosm is regimented to fit in like a corpuscle. It is wearing. It is also boring. If the lights would only give us a surprise now and then—a blue light, just to make us wonder, or a general all-red stop, say, for setting-up exercises led by the traffic cop. These lights haven't enough imagination.

SOMETHING will soon have to be done about the book situation, which has got even worse than the traffic situation and may have to be solved first. Five thousand books, a new record, are on the publishers' fall lists. Biographies alone far outnumber automobiles now, and they are

multiplying like rabbits. They leap out at you like rabbits too, from unexpected places. Most recently they began to leap out from cigar stores, for Schulte's, or United, or perhaps both, have just begun to sell publishers' left-overs at two-thirds off. In one store we were in, the book counter took up more space than the cigar counter. This uses up a busy man's time, for it is impossible to ignore a book sale completely, and just walk away. You find yourself inquisitive in spite of yourself. There are one or two compensations, though. It is a pleasant thrill to come upon a set of some such work as Professor Muzzey's history of the United States, two volumes, cardboard-box container, which used to sell for the prohibitive price of ten dollars, and to realize that now that the price is down to three dollars you still don't want it.

AT the corner of Madison and Fifty-seventh there is a sign that has, it seems to us, its cosmic intimations. It goes like this: "Kaskel, Kaskel &

Dunlap will open a new shop, devoted to men's haberdashery and women's sportwear." Are we wrong in ascribing to this new venture a more than casual recognition of the tender passion? Where better can the young men of the town meet the young women than at a store dedicated to their joint whims? Where else can they see each other in so true a light as in a store where the men, all haber and dash, are purchasing cravats, and the girls, all sportive and wearing, are buying polo shirts? It is a way of bringing nice young folks to-



"I see where a prize picture at the Academy was hung upside down. Can ya tie that, Charlie?"

gether under the proper chaperonage of people like the Kaskels and the Dunlaps. And with no 3 A.M. social deadline.

Late American

THE young son of a grim antique hunter—woman who lives in Yorkville—has become pretty well posted on old furniture, although he is only nine. He visited the home of a school friend recently and later was asked about it by his mother. "Have they a nice house, dear?" she wanted to know. The canny youngster elevated his nose, sniffed slightly, "Grand Rapids," he said.

Quiet Summer

WE didn't see anything in the papers about Sinclair Lewis' summer in Barnard, Vermont, so we will tell a little about it. First off, lightning struck Lewis' house and those Vermonters on the side of the angels told around that it was probably the wrath of the Almighty over "Elmer Gantry." They were shut up only when another bolt of vengeful lightning, apparently missing its aim, hit the steeple of the Methodist Church.

Mr. Lewis stirred things up when he was asked to address a summer school for creative writers, near Breadloaf Mountain. The school had a stenographer there to take down the speech, intending to send it out to the press later, but nothing was done in this direction. This was because Mr. Lewis told the burgeoning Hemingways that they were wasting their time, that it was impossible to teach people to be creative artists, and that, anyway, writers and people who want to write are a pretty bad lot. He had been booked for a second speech later in the summer, but the school just let that go.

After this happened everybody was all set for excitement when Lewis addressed the Rotary Club on ladies' night. But nothing exciting happened. He said he was glad to be with them, that in Vermont the heart leaps up just a little bit higher, that he liked Vermont and Vermont people. Later in the season he wrote an article for a farm journal on "What Is the Matter with the Farmer?," or some such topic.

An Honest People

A WAGER was made at the University Club, following an argument, that if a stamped and addressed letter were tossed to the sidewalk it would never be delivered to its destination. The proponents of this theory argued that anyone picking up such a letter couldn't resist opening it and afterwards tearing it up guiltily. To settle the matter, six envelopes were stamped, filled with blank stationery, and addressed to one of the men, who lives in East Seventieth Street. They were then thrown away—on to sidewalks and so on. The gentlemen who risked their bet on their faith in their fellow man were to win if three of the letters were delivered. They all were, five the next day, the sixth on the day after.

Under the Hammer

THEY cleaned out a lot of jewels the other day at James P. Silo, the auctioneer's, which had belonged to people who had borrowed money on them from a loan association and then hadn't redeemed them. It didn't have anything to do with the market—just a housecleaning loan associations go through at regular intervals. About fourteen hundred items were disposed of, wrist watches, necklaces, diamond rings: value about seventy thousand dollars. Nobody seemed impressed by that. No policeman was present. A small negro girl acted as custodian of the treasure. The auctioneer stood on his pulpit-like platform, the buyers sat before him at a long U-shaped table covered with dark velvet. Gems were handed about among them as casually as if they had been beans. All the men were well known to the auctioneer and to one another. Most of them came from that curious floating diamond exchange along the Bowery near Canal Street; shabby little men who carry fortunes in gems in their coat pockets. The sale moved rapidly, the bidding mixed with greetings, wisecracks, and

badinage. "Number 1154, a diamond flexible bracelet—find a seat somebody for Mr. Greenburg—twelve hundred dollars—and fifty—come on Mr. Holtz, you'd make a swell phonograph, you would, you never say a word—thirteen hundred—and fifty—sold—siddown Mr. Greenburg." Meanwhile people prowled about the rest of the room, inspecting china dogs, pewter jugs, four-poster beds, and bric-a-brac, marked for auction in a day or two. To Silo's the jewelry sale was but an incident. Next day there was to be an auction of chinaware; after that, hooked rugs.

Silo's was started by James P. Silo, the elder, now dead. He was once a professional foot-racer in Ireland. He lost a race at Belfast. He had bet all his money on himself and most of his friends had bet on him too. He thought it wise to leave. At the port of Galway he won fifty pounds at billiards. That paid his fare to New York, with enough left over to start his first shop, in Liberty Street, in 1869. His was the idea to dress up auctions, to make events of them. He held sales in fashionable ballrooms, like Sherry's and the Waldorf. He sold the household furnishings of many of the great estates, the Havemeyer, the James Hazen Hyde, the Stuyvesant Fish. Finally he sold out Sherry's too. After that he set up the present rooms at Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.

The name is pronounced See-lo.

Charity de Luxe

SOMEWHERE about town is a professional beggar who must still be all up in the air about things. He worked his way into Park Avenue the other day, asking for alms, and hooked a very resplendent gentleman, stepping jauntily downtown. The gentleman listened courteously to his story, then drew from an inner pocket a chequebook and fountain pen, and wrote, detached, and handed to the fellow a cheque for fifty cents, drawn on the Guaranty Trust Company. "I hope," he said, "this will tide you over the emergency," bowed, smiled, and proceeded on his way. When last seen the beggar, casting frequent dazed stares at the cheque, was heading for Sixth Avenue, where a dime is a dime.

Campaigner

FOR all we know, Major Warburton's decision to resign as mayor of Palm Beach may have grown out of his experiences in the last political campaign down there, in which he was a candidate for United States senator. He put up an energetic fight, but withal a rather dispassionate one, and after all you got to get passion into a senatorial campaign. Since the Major wasn't much of a speechmaker, being merely content to present his arguments calmly, his committee hired several professional speakers to accompany him on his campaign tour. One was a real spellbinder. He had a deep, silvery voice, he knew how to get the nation into a crisis with a wave of his arm, and out of it with another wave, and moreover, and above everything, he looked like Bryan. Put on paper and analyzed his speeches wouldn't amount to much, but they sounded fine. They paid him two hundred dollars a speech, with the arm-waving thrown in.

At St. Petersburg, the campaigners addressed a mass meeting of several thousand. Major Warburton was to speak next to last, so that the big wind-up would be in the hands (and arms and voice) of the man who looked like Bryan. The Major, as usual, arose and told about himself and Hoover, pretty quietly. When he sat down, the audience started to drift out. It had been getting a little restive anyway. The local chairman rose to meet the situation. "Wait a minute, wait a minute, folks!" he boomed. "The program isn't concluded. You haven't heard anything yet. Now you're about to hear a *real* speech."

At one place, on the West Coast, the

"Getting out, please."

local chairman called on Major Warburton at his hotel to escort him to the meeting hall. He inspected the candidate carefully, having heard he wasn't as crafty an old-line campaigner as he might be. Suddenly he stared intently at the Major's feet. "Gosh," he said. "You're not going to wear *those?*" The Major looked at his patent-leather pumps, which it is his habit to wear of an evening. "What's the matter with them?" demanded the Major. "My God," said the local chairman, "they look effeminate! They got bows on 'em!"

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TO indicate the extent of this book-writing business: At Macy's the other day a gentleman, after asking the way to bedroom slippers, remarked to the girl at the information desk: "People must ask you a lot of curious questions." "Yes," said the young lady, "but I'm afraid I can't go into that. You see I'm saving all my material for my book. It's coming out next spring."

Progress, with Variations

ALL sorts of expensive monkey business has gone on over the transatlantic telephone since last we reported on it. An American talking to a friend in London was told to hark, that Big Ben was striking the hour; he harked, and heard Big Ben; a baby has cooed to its papa; the daughter of a professor of music at Smith College sang to her old grandparents in Germany, very nearly breaking their hearts. Even more interesting, if less romantic, was the case of a man here who tried to describe the sound of a new two-tone auto horn for the benefit of his English distributor. The Englishman didn't get the idea, so the American, with quick native resourcefulness, put the horn itself on the wire and honked it a couple of dozen times. The Englishman was favorably impressed. There have also been costly publicity stunts, such as Arthur Murray's teaching dance steps to some pupil across the Atlantic, and a song composed here being sung over the wire so that it could be inserted the next night into a London music-hall sketch.

A new high for tolls has been set by a New York businessman (not for publicity—his name has been withheld) who talked for an hour and thirty-seven minutes; cost, fourteen hundred and forty-five dollars. Mr. William C. Durant seems to hold second place in the endurance trials, with a conversation of an hour and a quarter from Berlin. In the matter of total number of hours on the air he probably is first, for on a recent trip abroad he put in sometimes as many as a dozen calls a day. One week his phone bill was twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. John McEntee Bowman once sat in on a conference at the Biltmore while he was in London, by being hooked up with the conference table and talking with six different executives individually. An executive of General Motors addressed a convention of automobile dealers in Stockholm by phone, amplifiers carrying his words to those present. Dr. Rosenbach phoned his agents to purchase a rare book which was to be put up for auction at Sotheby's in London.

Since London operators complete all calls from here to the Continent, New York operators do not need to speak foreign languages, but all the girls who "sit on the Channel" know at least a second language, anyway. This winter, when a South American service will be opened, operators who speak Spanish will be engaged here. Two watches are used in timing calls, the first one registering the gross length of each call, the second, a stop watch, keeping track of the net, or chargeable, time. If static holds up a conversation, the stop watch halts during that period. Engineers have made great strides, however, in eliminating atmospheric interference. One way they do this is by varying the length of the electrical

Two minutes to go

• •

SOLDIERS' FIELD ON THE AI

Betw

waves which carry the voice overseas. There is a different length for night calls, day calls, and sunset calls.

Study in Brown

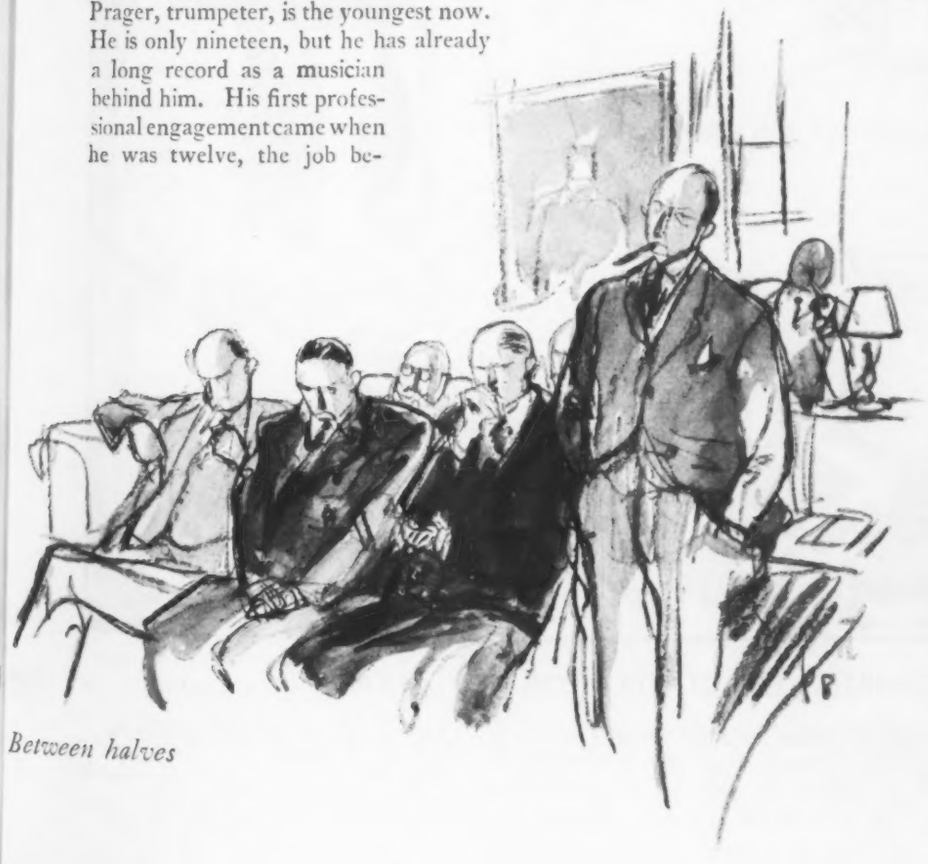
A WOMAN advertising writer in one of the large department stores which has been boosting brown as *the* color for fall wear quite naturally lapsed into French when she sat down to think up the main line for a big advertisement. Cleverly avoiding threadbare words like "chic," she got this off: "Brown has a certain *je ne sais quoi.*" The morning the ad appeared in the papers, the president of the firm saw it and called a hurried staff meeting. "What's this '*je ne sais quoi*'?" he demanded. "What the hell is it? What's it mean?" The copywriter came to her own defence. "Why, *je ne sais quoi* —'I don't know what,' " she translated. The president fumed. "That's just the fix we're all in!" he howled. "You don't know, I don't know—nobody knows what it means. Get out of here, all of you!"

Trumpeter

WE mentioned about a year ago that Saul Goodman, the tympanist, was the youngest member of the New York Philharmonic. Things have changed since then, and Nathan Prager, trumpeter, is the youngest now. He is only nineteen, but he has already a long record as a musician behind him. His first professional engagement came when he was twelve, the job being to play trumpet calls backstage in a Yiddish Art production of "King Lear." After that he played with a number of out-of-town orchestras. His chance with the Philharmonic came last March. He was playing in the Cleveland Symphony when a telegram came, offering him an audition with Toscanini. He hurried to Pittsburgh, where the Philharmonic was on tour, and while the great conductor listened, played trumpet calls from Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Wagner. Then Toscanini drew five parallel lines on a piece of paper, set down the notes for an impromptu selection of his own, and handed it up to the boy. Prager played that, too. He was engaged immediately.

Music runs in Prager's blood. He is named after his great-grandfather, who was a concert violinist in Russia, as was his grandfather. His father is a trumpeter; his brother plays the drums. Nathan began playing the trumpet when he was eight: since then his teacher has been Max Schlossberg, who was a trumpeter with the Philharmonic before Nathan was born. Lately he has been learning the piano. His first appearance with the Philharmonic was last summer, at the opening concert in the Lewisohn Stadium. He got a big thrill out of that, but he expects to get a bigger one on the tour the orchestra will make through Europe next spring. The only times he has been abroad were in the summer of 1927, when he played with the Leviathan's ship's orchestra. That didn't give him much time to see the sights. One trip, however, they carried General Pershing, with a contingent of Legionnaires for the Paris convention. Nathan played a cornet solo, "The American Fantaisie, with Variations," at the request of the General, who likes cornet solos.

He was born in New York, went to P.S. 188, and still lives in the Bronx. If you want to know, he likes baseball and basketball, Debussy's "La Mer," Beethoven's Fifth and Ninth Symphonies and the "Leonore" overture, the short stories of O. Henry and de Maupassant, most of Richard Strauss—"Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Death and Transfiguration"—and Zane Grey. Figure that out.



Between halves

Blank Years

ON a rainy day a lady in a sable coat got on a Madison Avenue street car. "I don't suppose I've ridden on a street car in two years," she said to the conductor, a gloomy fellow, as she gave him her fare. "I ride in my own car," she explained. The conductor rang up the fare. "You don't know how we missed you," he said.

At Dawning

TOGETHER with other sporting equipment, such as heavy wool socks for duck-shooting, large-bore rifles, silk tents, hand axes, compasses, and thermos bottles, Abercrombie & Fitch now sell a special phonograph to wake you up in the morning. Very fine for archers, deer hunters, trappers, and small clerks. We discovered it while buying three double-barrelled shotguns and a jade ashtray. The new device is supposed to be less offensive than an alarm clock. One puts on any record at all, sets a clock mechanism concealed under the hood, and goes quietly to bed. At the appointed hour, the record begins to play. That is your signal to get out of bed, unless you like music—in which case you can lie there and listen to the record.

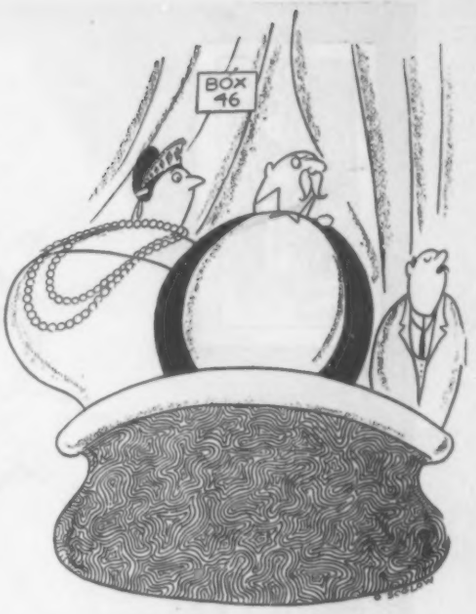
The thing is also useful to persons who want music at bedtime, just as they are dropping off to sleep. Put on a soft record and give yourself twenty minutes' head start. A sort of Rudy Valedictory.

—THE NEW YORKERS

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF CONTEMPORARY GIANTS

The Honorable and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge Put in a Literary Afternoon at Northampton

ODD MONDAYS AND EVEN TUESDAYS



THE list of boxholders at the Metropolitan Opera reads like a veritable roster of Society this year, if you skip a great deal of it. And it's as fascinating as ever, and as baffling. How *do* they do it? How *do* they know that Mr. Frank Vance Storrs wants to sit in Parterre Box 18 only on odd Mondays? Mr. Frank Vance Storrs is human; he must have that even-Monday feeling once in a while. Don't tell me.

Take the case of Parterre Box 23, fairly typical. Box 23 will scarcely have a minute to itself this season. Heaven help the carpet and upholsteries in poor old 23. It belongs to the Estate of Elbridge Gerry, but Walter J. Salmon has it on odd Mondays. H. F. du Pont has it on even Mondays. William Ziegler, Jr., has it on odd Wednesdays and John W. Campbell on odd Thursdays. On even Thursdays Mr. Vincent Bendix sits in it. Mr. Cass Gilbert has it on odd Fridays and Mr. Joseph Ferris Simmons on even Fridays.

Now, what I want to know is, first, when do the Gerrys sit in it? Or aren't there any more Gerrys? Seems to me Gerrys were right plentiful two or three years ago. Maybe the Gerrys have given up opera. Maybe they've succumbed to this jazz-mad age. Where *are* the Gerrys?

In the second place, how did those boys partition old 23? Did the International Amalgamated Association of Members of Box Twenty-three have a mass meeting and cast lots? Or did they match coins? Did they shut their eyes and stick a pin in a calendar? Or did everybody in Box 23 get just exactly the odd Thursday or even Monday he'd been hankering after all his life? Ah, go on. Don't tell *me*. Life isn't as simple as that, not by a long shot.

If we all wanted exactly what we got and got what we wanted, where would we be? In Box 23, that's where.

WHAT *is* Life, anyhow, but just a great big immense Box 23? What are we? We are the William Zieglers, and the Cass Gilberts, and the Robert Walton Goelets, and the de Lancey Kountzes and the Cornelius N. Blisses, striving for our odd Mondays, or our even Fridays, or our pale lavender Thursdays or our Wednesdays *du jour*, with horse-radish sauce. All in the great operatic drama of Life.

Do we get an even Monday whenever we want an even Monday? I mean an even Monday in the larger sense, the sense meant by Dr. Phillips Brooks when he said "even Monday." In the sense of living, pulsating, throbbing humanity. We don't get an even Monday handed to us on a platter whenever we want it. Then no more does that little cross section of Life we call Box 23 get its even Mondays. Or that tiny but faithful replica of a cosmos, Box 25 (Mr. Forsyth Wickes, Mr. Gerald Livingston, even Mondays; Mr. James Lees Laidlaw, part Mondays; Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Mumford, part Wednesdays, part Thursdays). Or Box 22 (Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mr. E. F. Hutton, Mondays; Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilkes, odd matinées). Or Box 45 in the Grand Tier (Mr. Winchester Fitch, odd Mondays; Mr. and Mrs. John Speed Elliott, even Mondays; Mr. Francis E. Haag, Wednesdays; Scudder School, Thursdays; Comstock School, Fridays; St. Agatha School and Miss Emma Sebring, even Saturday matinées, and the Dwight School, odd Saturday matinées).

How do we know Mr. E. F. Hutton wanted Box 22 on Monday? How do we know he isn't a Tuesday man? After all, haven't most of us got a little "Tuesday," a little "E. F. Hutton" in us? Scratch a Tuesday and you'll find a Hutton. And poor Miss Emma Sebring, who probably would really like to hear the singing, cooped up there in Box 45 on even Saturday matinées with a girls' school!

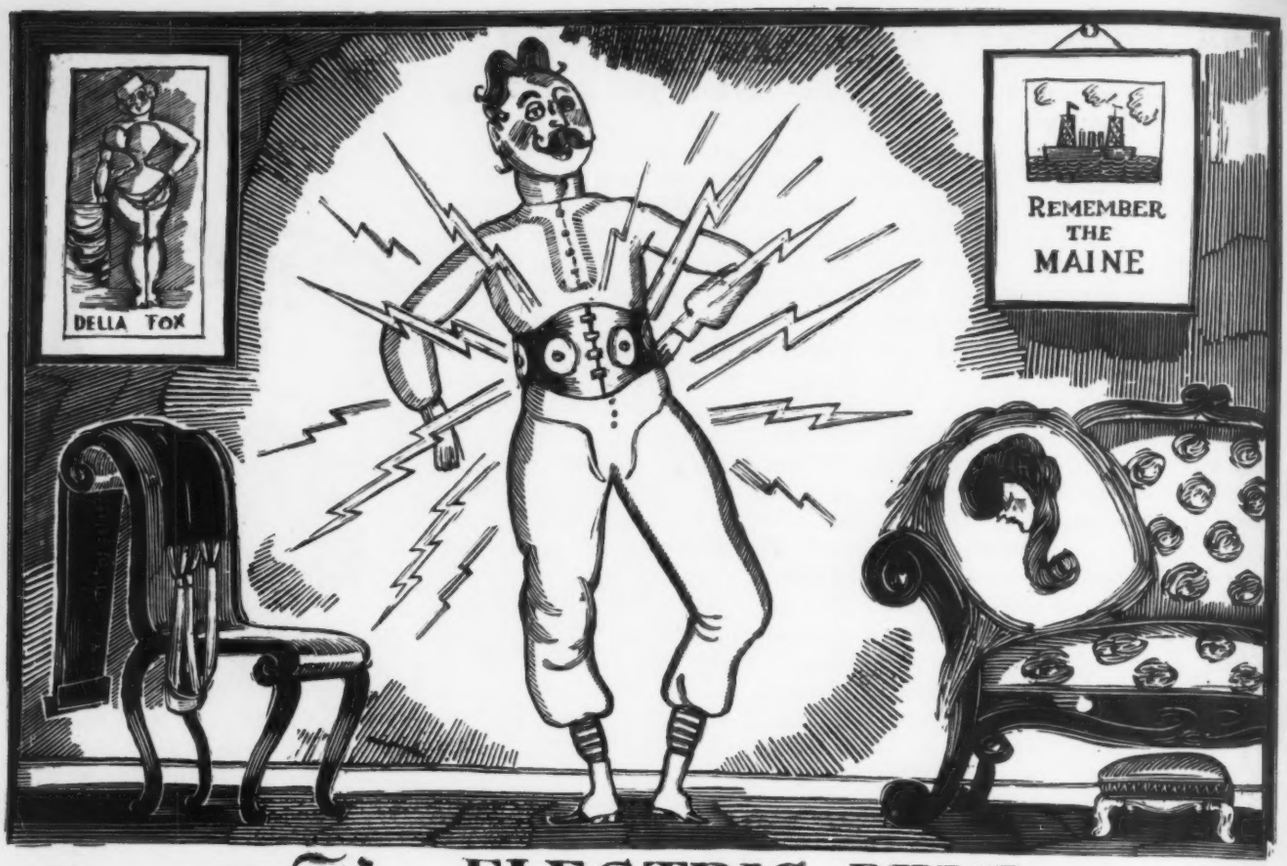
Ah no, don't tell me that that seating arrangement at the Metropolitan settled itself with magic perfection, as if some giant jigsaw puzzle suddenly took itself out of the hands of a baffled devotee and benevolently flew together of its own accord.

By the time they got the Tuesdays and Wednesdays straightened out at the Met there were heartaches. There are square pegs there, in round holes; Thursday people in Monday boxes. And people in boxes with people they wish were in other boxes. And vice versa.

IT is to these unhappy, maladjusted boxholders that my message is especially directed. I want them simply to ponder on this truism: we are all gregarious, every mother's son of us, to some degree. We must all share our box at the opera (called Life) with someone. That is how we grow and that is how these discontented boxholders at the Met are going to grow; by rubbing against each other, getting rid of the sharp edges, becoming mellowed, understanding the other "fellow's" point of view. Sharing a box at the Met is as fully a matter of give and take as is Life itself, as Bishop Phillips Brooks used to say.

To these boxholders who want every even Tuesday their own way, I say, "Why, bless you, you don't know what you're missing. By the end of the season, after you've shared your box with eight other fellows, you'll love it. You'll love the hearty, healthy coarseness of it, the good-natured elbowing and pushing to get to the best seats in the box, and to get your wife the most pearls. You'll never be without it after."

If I had a chance to share either Box 1 (The Duchess of Roxburghe), or Box 32 (Mr. de Lancey Kountze, Mr. Henry Walters, Mr. E. S. Harkness, odd Wednesdays; Mr. Herman D. Kountze, odd Fridays), I should choose to share Box 32, because by sitting in Box 32 I should grow—mentally, morally, and spiritually—if, as I feel sure is the case, the holders of the box are the right sort of people. I should become a bigger Sullivan because I should become a Sullivan who would have not alone a Sullivan point of view but four other points of view: a Walters, a Harkness, and two Kountzes. If I sat with the Duchess I should emerge from the opera season



The ELECTRIC BELT

JOHN HELD JR REFLECTS the ROMANTIC PAST in WOOD-CUT.

•

with only two points of view, one Sullivan and one Roxburghe.

IN Box 32 I'd have to learn to give way in little things, in the little details of opera-going, to the Harknesses, the Kountzes and the Walterses, and they to me. We all would grow. Simply a matter of the inevitable give and take of life in an opera box. Statistics prove that people who share opera boxes live fuller lives and last to a greater age than bachelors; and are far less troubled by nervous ailments, such as anxiety neuroses, tic, stuttering, ringing noises in the head, agoraphobia, sopranophobia (fear of soprani) and Tenafly (fear of tenors).

Oh, I admit it is not the easiest thing in the world to adjust one's self to others in this way. But *mon Dieu*, it is *Living!* I know one has one's weaker moments when one would like to have a box at the opera all to one's self, like the Duchess of Roxburghe, or Mr. Frazier Jelke, or Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, or the Estate of Elbert H. Gary.

A box all to one's self, on even and odd Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Nobody to bother the Duchess of Roxburghe. Nobody coming into *her* box on an even Friday and saying, "Oh, I *beg* your pardon. I am Mrs. Flogginsby Gillip. I thought this box was mine on even Fridays. I remember now it's odd Fridays."

How glorious for the Duchess! How glorious to awaken in the morning, look out at the trees, hear the birds twittering away (mad with the joy of life, as Phillips Brooks put it), and say to one's self, "Ah, but it is good to be alive! Just the day for the opera. Perhaps Gatti will be singing."

No need to worry lest it may turn out to be an even Wednesday and hence Mrs. J. Snifton Gooble's whack at the box. Even Wednesdays, odd Wednesdays, all days alike for May, Duchess of Roxburghe.

BUT there we are—right back where we started. All days alike. Who *wants* all days alike? Every day just like the day before. Yesterday and tomorrow, all alike, into infinity. The monotony of it all. No chance to experience the thrill of sharing a box with Mrs. Dimp von Domp (whom one doesn't like) and then seeing her walk into the box on a day when it doesn't belong to her. The thrill of saying to her, "Pardon *me*, but I guess I'll thank you to kindly remember that this is my box on even Thursdays. Outside!"

No, Duchess. You take the high road. I'll take the low road. I prefer to share my box at the opera, if it's all the same to you and Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Jelke and Mr. Gary's Estate. I prefer to rub elbows with Harry Payne Whitney, Richard V. N. Gambrill, R. Fulton Cutting, Harris Fahnestock, Vincent Astor, and the rest of the boys, in the merry hurly-burly of the larger life, buffeting them and being buffeted by them.

I want to *Live*.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

•

EASTGATE—Enjoy the winter months at the *Eastgate*. Near to the heart of things, yet away from the noise and crime of downtown.—*Adv. in the Chicago Tribune.*

Live in Eastgate and walk to death.

HURRAH FOR MRS. PORSENA

A SLIGHTLY COCK-EYED EPIC UNACCOUNTABLY OVERLOOKED BY THE SPORTS WRITERS WHO EAT THEM UP

A BREATH-TAKING climax to one of the most dramatic struggles in the history of the two institutions came in the last minute of play. It was Yale's ball on Harvard's one-yard line. The score was 0–0. Silence hung over the massed stands with an almost tangible weight—here and there a man cursed softly, here and there a bright bouquet rose and fell more quickly at a slender throat.

Down on the field the two elevens were in a last-minute huddle. Big, good-natured Lars Porsena, the Harvard captain, his normally placid face a mask of grim desperation, whispered hoarsely, entreatingly.

"Fellows," he whispered, "we simply *got* to hold that line. . . ."

"Hold that line—hold that line," repeated the team. It was a chant, a dirge.

"Fellows," said the captain, "think of old Harvard, think of your sisters, think of your sweethearts, think of your *mothers* up there in those stands."

"Think of our *mothers*. Think of our *mothers*," echoed the players. Their faces hardened into expressions which boded little good for the Yale players, standing in a smiling, confident knot a few yards away.

"LET'S *go*," said the captain, and with one accord the Harvard team sprang into position opposite their heavier rivals. Suddenly the Yale quarterback's voice rang out, shattering the silence, "Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, *fifty*."

There was a sickening impact as the lines crashed together. For a moment nothing was visible save a writhing, tossing sea of arms and legs—then without warning a brown oval bounced eccentrically out on to the field. For a moment it lay unguarded on the turf and then a figure tore itself loose from the scrimmage, scooped up the vagrant spheroid and dashed off toward the Yale goal, dim and shadowy in the November twilight. It was Lars Porsena.

The stands were in pandemonium as line after line passed under his speeding feet. Only one figure—Quilter, the rangy Yale fullback and the most deadly defence man in the East—stood between him and the distant goal. At the last possible instant Porsena swerved desperately, but it was too late. Quilter flung himself forward and the two figures crashed together to the turf. For a moment they lay stunned, while the ball, jarred loose by the fury of the impact, again rolled free upon the field. After a second Quilter rose unsteadily to his feet; Porsena, however, lay where he had fallen, motionless, curiously inert. A groan went up from the Harvard stands as the great Quilter started toward the ball. A second later it turned to a gasp of astonishment as a strange little figure raced out from the sidelines.

"Porsena's mother!" It was a prayer, an entreaty.

The little old lady, looking oddly out of place with her umbrella and dusty black skirt, didn't hesitate. With barely a glance at the prostrate figure of her son, she trotted to the ball, picked it up, and set off sedately for the distant goal. After a moment in which resignation succeeded incredulity on his face, Quilter proved himself a superb sportsman as well as a great player. It would have been the work of an instant for the rangy tackle to bring his lighter rival crashing to the turf—instead, after a deep bow in which tenderness and humility were oddly blended, he offered her his arm and together they trotted across the last white line for the tally which gave Harvard the victory. A few seconds later, wrapped in an American flag, and amid frenzied cheering from friend and foe alike, Mrs. Porsena kicked a beautiful placement for the extra point.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

A comprehensive program to find out what noises bother New Yorkers and then mitigate them was set in motion yesterday.—*The World.*

"I'm so mitigated and bothered."
—OLD SONG.

"Why, she's got a wonderful maid and a Frigidaire, and her husband's come back to her—"

TO MY COUNTRY

O curious acre, blossoming with gall,
Tender and terrible and sweet and crass;
Beloved bitterness, rock, custom, grass,
Untutored substance that knows nothing and all,
Ruin and freshness, serpent, scourge, and bird;
You with your stillborn look, you with your light
Surround me, you are day, you are heavy night,
You are maculate silence, good colored word.

How could you matter, mattering not at all
To time, to matter? And numbering none
In the account of the celestial,
How do you then outnumber anyone?
And yet you do, and I can hear you call
With the dear voice to my supposed free bone.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN

• •

OF ALL THINGS

IT is unfortunate that Bishop Cannon was not in Wall Street in its hour of trial. Last week, if ever, the market needed the prayers of a devout man on the long side.

•

The bankers are saying in their cheery, bankerish way that the weak spots in the situation have been removed. Those who have lost their all will be comforted to know that they were nothing but a lot of weak spots all along.

•

Congressmen would like to go home for a rest, for the good of their country and for $226,000 mileage fees.

•

Since the election some of our citizens are taking the gloomy view that the G.O.P. is facing extinction. We have no such fears whatever, but it might be prudent to preserve one pair of Republicans.

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Meanwhile let us all look on the bright side of things and be glad that Jimmie Walker did not have to go back to song writing.

•

Mr. Luther Gulick says that our J. Walker is a great open-field runner and a swell dodger. How different the season might have turned out if he had played for the Princeton instead of the Tammany Tiger!

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Our admiration for Senator Moses remains practically unbounded. One must admit, however, that his wisecrack, "Sons of the wild jackass," did not do much toward making us a happy and reunited people.

•

What ever became of the Herbertian theory that Washington, D. C., meant Washington, Dry City?

•

Perhaps Mr. Grundy was wise not to issue his list of common and preferred senators. These shares would probably have been quoted as New Lows.

•

Yale announces that one-third of its students are earning their expenses this year. It would be just like the Carnegie Foundation to ask: "And how?"

•

A mechanical cotton picker tested in Texas promises to reduce costs ten dollars a bale. Like the present type of picker, it would not be allowed to vote.

•

Doctors are protesting against the return of the unsanitary long skirt. We may yet stage a revival of the old fiction classic: "She came sweeping down the stairs."

•

Problem for home work: How much is one-per-cent tax reduction on a net income of nothing whatever?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"You and Stanley simply must come out here for a real Thanksgiving Day in the country. We're in apartment C9."

quarterback. Of course, at the fifth touchdown, when his team was penalized fifteen yards for sideline coaching, he protested vigorously and claimed he was nervous and merely picking grass to calm his agitation. He has until next fall to think up a successor to this, and there is no evidence to support the belief that he will be unable to do so.

THE OLD MAN may, and in fact often does, sigh for the good old days when the goal-posts were a part of every football gridiron and the rules weren't changed between every down; but the truth is that he wouldn't go back to the good old days for anything. To be sure, his life and his task were easier then by far. When The Old Man started in you could buy a good football coach who would fill in on Saturdays at left guard for twelve dollars a week. You could have bought *him* for exactly that sum; people did. Today he receives somewhat more than this; twelve thousand a year from the university alone. That, you understand, is what he receives—not his salary. His salary, as the President is only too pleased to explain to inquisitive strangers, is six thousand a year—exactly the same as the professors'. The funny thing is that the President is right. The Old Man's salary on the books is just that, six thousand a year. It so happens, however, that he also gets a fee of six thousand a year from the funds of the Athletic Association. Only The Old Man, the Graduate Manager of Athletics, and the President know about this, and none of them is likely to talk about it.

The Old Man is nothing if not versatile. His revenue from the university by no means exhausts his possible income. "If we talked less in the press and more among ourselves we would do better," he remarked sagaciously one year at the annual Coaches' Meeting. This was before he himself became an author, before he had that chance to syndicate his daily football dope. Now he appears every other day during the football season in six hundred and eight newspapers. Sometimes he is just a little surprised when some of his remarks which he has never seen before appear in print; but he is always reassured by the size of his monthly cheque.

The Old Man is a great radio fan but he sees little of his radio—or his family, either—between September and Christmas. Shortly after lunch he is on the field, and following practice he eats dinner with the boys. At night there are coaches' meetings—The Old Man has a staff of twenty to direct and superintend—and reports from the various scouts to read, digest, and master, a conference on the arrangements for the next game, and he seldom gets home before midnight, when everyone is asleep. He lets himself in quietly, goes to the icebox, where his wife has left a slice of home-made apple pie, drinks a glass of milk, and goes to bed. He is devoted to his family and wrapped up in his eldest boy who, although light, is quarterback on the local high-school team and will enter the university next fall. But if he makes the varsity it will be because he has the goods and proves it in action to The Old Man.

The Old Man could easily support his modest family on his proceeds from literature; but his versatility by no

"Honestly, Professor, do you get any kick out of bacteria?"

means ends there. Author, teacher, he is an endorser of various articles such as toothpaste, cigarettes, belts ("Sampson's Belts build up the abdominal wall for crashing football"), suspenders ("Janeway Suspenders save stomach muscles for hard, bruising football"), and chewing-gum ("Chew Hickory Gum between each quarter and save yourself for the game"). He is also an organizer of more than ordinary ability. Since his "system" has been used with such success in various institutions where he has been installed in the course of his career, his pupils have gone forth to imitate his triumphs. Observing this, he decided that since nothing succeeds like success, that inasmuch as his former players were spreading his name and fame throughout this football nation for their own benefit, he might as well share in the harvest he had sown. Accordingly, he started, at the university where he teaches, a school "to prepare men to discharge efficiently the duties of football coaches and athletic directors," lasting six weeks each summer. He began it the year after the war with seven pupils. Last July he had four hundred and sixty-three enrolled, with fourteen instructors to help put across The Old Man's system. He expects the enrollment to reach well over five hundred next year, and he has managed to rent the new Intramural Sports Building of the university, which has recently been erected from football profits and is, of course, in line with The Old Man's slogan of "Athletics for All." This building he will use for classrooms. There are really no intramural sports to amount to anything that time of year; anyhow, if there are, they aren't as important as The Old Man's school.

The Old Man is President and Director and also Professor in the Theory and Practice of Athletic Coaching, although his executive duties only permit him to spend two hours a week in actual demonstrative work upon the field. He has, however, capable assistants, who were his former players, giving courses in Kinesiology, Anthropometry, Football 1-a, Football 2-b, Athletic Training, Scouting, and an advanced course, for coaches only, on Football Rules and Officiating. The Old Man's services to the cause of sound learning were worth over ten thousand dollars to him last season.

THE football season runs from early September until some time in the middle of December, when there is usually an intersectional game to be played involving a three weeks' transcontinental jaunt. Sometimes The Old Man's team plays in the Tournament of Roses, that great football saturnalia which takes place at Pasadena on New Year's Day. The expenses of this trip are usually charged by the college authorities to the college advertising fund. Yet even so, how can he manage to keep busy the rest of the year? The Old Man might be reluctant to explain what he does to justify his drawing a salary during the months from January to June; but the fact is that spring is his busiest time. He is then occupied in making what he calls his "contacts." Early in April he harnesses up his Buick sedan and, installing his wife, sets out for a ten weeks' trip among the bigger high schools and academies in his section of the country. At each place he visits he first looks up the football coach, who happens by some coincidence to be a good friend. Then he calls upon one or two of the football stars at home or in their rooms. No promises. At least, no written promises. Just a little conversation, a short talk about the benefits of "personal supervision" they will get under his watchful eye. You'd be surprised how many of The Old Man's freshman teams are all-star aggregations.

"Don't put it that way, Bill; say you're expectin' a blessed event."

The Old Man is also much in demand as a speaker at alumni meetings and scholastic banquets throughout the country. He intersperses a sardonic wit with a high moral tone in his talks; never failing by ending on the clean-living - and - clean - sport - has - made - America-what-it-is-today note, to send his listeners home in a pleasant and glowing frame of mind.

But in spite of his apparent popularity, in spite of his income from various sources, which rises with the years, in spite of an assured position in the athletic and the collegiate world, The Old Man's life is not quite a happy one. With the President, with the alumni (whenever he has had a bad season), with his fellow coaches, with the press, and even with a growing section of the undergraduates themselves, his prestige suffers from year to year. In spite of his surface jocularity, in spite of the fact that he is The Old Man to everyone, and that everyone is Tim and Jack and Joe to him, he is a lonely soul. It is not likely that The Old Man's son will become a football coach.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

•

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

When I was young, my mother said
That I should never let my head
Be turned upon its axis by
A heaving chest or tender sigh
Or even by a lovesick gaze
Delivered with a honeyed phrase.

Said she: "My dear, if I were you,
I'd take them with a grain or two
Of honest salt, for it's a fact
That hearts are happier intact,
And nice serene indifference
Provides an excellent defence."

And that in short was her advice,
And very sound it was and wise. . . .
But in my youth she *made* me eat
My daily stint of Cream of Wheat.
She *made* me get my hours of rest.
She *made* me do as she thought best.

And now I rather wish that she
Had kept on sternly *making* me
Conform to her ideas instead
Of letting me go straight ahead
And rove deliberately from
Beneath that safe and prudent thumb.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

"And the background suits her too, don't you think?"

• •

THE BLACK LIST

Miss Cleaver looked at herself in the mirror with satisfaction. Not with vanity. She was pleased with the thin gray hair over the narrow temples, with the lines around the mouth, because she felt that she looked like a respectable woman who was about to do her duty. There are times when it is an advantage not to be pretty or young. This strange gentleman, this Mr. Brush, who was coming to call, would see that she was a woman of conscience, a good woman. He had said over the telephone that he wanted just a brief chat with her, one of those little interviews that take place in mean, dingy flats and yet can have resounding consequences in charming expensive apartments far away.

Oh, my goodness, there was the bell now. It startled her so that before she knew what she was doing she had knocked a little porcelain box off her bureau and it smashed all to bits on the floor. After she had pressed the clicker she had to wait while he climbed the four flights of stairs, but she hadn't time to get the broom and dustpan and sweep up the pieces which lay gleaming, all gold and blue and rose, upon her dingy bedroom carpet. It had been a wicked bright toy, with cupids pinching the ankles of ladies in billowing golden skirts. Daisy Durante had given it to her, had brought it to her from Paris years ago. Of course no duty had been paid on that either. That too was smuggled goods. If Mr. Brush saw those pieces all aglitter there in the afternoon sun he might be suspicious about them. She had just time to shut her bedroom door before he arrived.

Mr. Brush loomed in the doorway, and for one agitated moment Miss Cleaver thought that he was not going to take off his hat. If he didn't treat her like a lady she would do nothing more with this affair. Daisy Durante would have put him in his place right off. Miss Cleaver remembered how Daisy had once dealt with a man, even bigger and more formidable than Mr. Brush, who had been rude. She had looked him up and down just once and said "You can't talk to me like that," and the man had withered, just withered.

Mr. Brush did remove his hat, however, and then Miss Cleaver began to wish that she had some tea ready. Of course, this was not a social call, but tea made things easier. Daisy would have had tea. Indeed Daisy would have had some liquor on hand. After a long disagreeable business talk, Daisy would say: "Now, my boy, have a drink." She would have called even a man like Mr. Brush, who was grim and ill-mannered, "my boy," and he would have liked it, and later they would have had a good laugh together, and you would understand that the business details had been nicely settled. Miss Cleaver being on the side of the angels, of law and order, at the moment, could hardly, however, offer the gentleman anything illegal.

"As I understand it," said Mr. Brush, sitting down before he was asked to, "for some ten years you were this here Mrs. Durante's personal maid."

Miss Cleaver choked. This was an

unexpected insult, after all she was doing for the government.

"I was her secretary and companion," she said haughtily.

"Sure," said Mr. Brush with composure, "and she fired you last winter."

How glad Miss Cleaver was that she had not offered tea to this man.

"We had a disagreement," she said icily.

"Women who want to smuggle shouldn't fight with the hired help," said Mr. Brush sagely. "Half the names on the black list are given us by personal maids—or companions—who've been fired, or had disagreements with their bosses."

"The black list?" There was something unexpectedly alarming in the idea.

"Sure," said Mr. Brush. "Nobody on that list has any chance of running any booty through the customs."

"Oh," breathed Miss Cleaver.

She was relieved that Mr. Brush was taking some papers from his pocket and preparing at last to get down to business.

"As I get it from your report," he said, "it's this Mrs. Durante's custom to go abroad every year, and lay in a stock of stuff that she don't declare. Two years ago it was this pin of flat diamonds, then last year the emerald brooch—"

CAREFULLY he went over the list with her, every gem, every trinket, which she had described already to the inspectors when they had been so insistent on accuracy. She saw them so clearly now, saw them bright and beautiful on Daisy Durante when she was going out to a party. "Oh, Miss Cleaver," Daisy had told her, "you know they don't really cost anywhere near as much in Europe. That is how a poor widow like me can have such pretty things."

At last Mr. Brush folded up his papers. That part was over.

"I just wanted to make sure we had it down right." His eyes rested on her suddenly as though he noticed her for the first time. "You saw her getting this stuff through for years and never thought to report it to the government?"

Miss Cleaver was terrified. What did this man mean?

"I didn't realize it," she cried. "It was after our disagreement and I spoke to my brother-in-law about it and he said it was a crime and it was my duty to report it to the government and I did report it. I did my duty."

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Brush. "I get you. You're all right. You'll cash in on it too. You did your duty and the government appreciates it."

His eye wandered around the room.

"Any pictures of this Mrs. Durante? Somehow I got the idea she's good-looking."

Miss Cleaver shook her head. She had no picture of her, but she had the very curious impulse, though, to show Mr. Brush the broken porcelain pieces. That was obviously nonsense, one of those ridiculous wrong notions people get once in a while.

At last he was gone. She was so glad to be alone. There was something she didn't like about him, something that frightened her. At once she must sweep up the broken box. As she swept the bright glittering fragments she thought that she would never own such a pretty cheerful thing again, unless, and this idea made her tremble, she received so much money from having done her duty to the government that she could go to Paris and buy one for herself, for they were not so expensive there.

Suddenly, perhaps from stooping over, she felt dizzy, and then she threw herself across her bed, and began to cry for no reason, since, after all, she had just acted according to her conscience. —JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

"You know, girls, I'm just too nervous to finesse."

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—VII

THE AUTHOR ENCOUNTERS A STORM AT SEA AND LEARNS THAT ON THIS SINGULAR PLANET NATURE HERSELF CONSPIRES FOR THE TRIUMPH OF SPIRITUAL LOVE

THANKS to the trusty's opportune utterance, I was provided with a definite clue to Millwood's intentions; and, hurrying to the nearest steamship office, succeeded in procuring passage upon the Southern Cross, which was indeed sailing that night. On leaving the office I was overjoyed to encounter Johnson, who, I learned, had devoted the period of my imprisonment to a fruitless search for Mollie. He had by this time exhausted his own resources, and when I told him of Millwood's plans and pointed out that the scoundrel probably knew something of Mollie's whereabouts, Johnson readily agreed to join me.

As we ascended the gangplank I saw Millwood leaning against the rail, watching us with narrowed eyes, a cigar clenched at a sinister angle between his lips. Of Pansy there was no sign, and I wondered what the scoundrel had done with her. But several days were to elapse before we learned news of her.

FOR most of the passengers, the voyage was brightened considerably by the presence, on board, of an unusually stout lady and her travelling-companion (who was one of those maladjusted little men with ill-fitting trousers to whom I have already referred). This pair furnished considerable amusement to the other passengers by virtue of the fact that they appeared to be chronic sufferers from seasickness, a complaint which among the Purilians is regarded as highly comic. Lest this view of an ailment, which among us is looked upon as singularly unpleasant, should strike the reader as odd, I had best attempt to set forth some further observations concerning the physiology and the pathology of the Purilians.

As I have already explained, the Purilians, while bearing outwardly a close physical resemblance to the inhabitants of the earth, have a physiological constitution which is infinitely less complex than ours. Not only are they devoid of a reproductive system, but (with such exceptions as I shall note) they lack a digestive system as well. The absence of all this complicated apparatus naturally relieves them from the innumerable organic disorders to which we humans are subject; and it can be truthfully said that, as a people, the Purilians enjoy an immunity from disease which may well give us less fortunate humans occasion for envy.

Such diseases as occur are found usually only among the lower orders of the population; and by lower orders, I mean, of course, those persons whose emotional life cannot be regarded with any degree of seriousness. I am unable to state authoritatively why disease should be more frequent among the lower orders than among the higher; but I assume that as the Purilian advances in emotional profundity, he comes to live more and more in a spiritual zone in which corporeal disabilities are unknown. Or perhaps it is that the high-caste Purilian's susceptibility to wounds, bruises, contusions, fractures, and swoonings has bred in him or her an immunity to organic disease. Certainly, it is difficult to see how any organism could endure our own common illnesses in addition to the abrasions and maimings which the ordinary Purilian suffers almost daily. (I should add that fortunately these wounds heal with astonishing rapidity, and without leaving disfiguring scars.)

Whatever the reason, the fact is that the victims of organic disease are not only persons of low station but objects of mirth as well. In addition to seasickness (of which I have already spoken), influenza in all its forms invariably provokes merriment. All its ordinary symptoms, such as sneezing and coughing, are conducive to great hilarity. I am quite within the facts when I say that no Pudencian, Paragonian, or Umbilican has ever been known to sneeze. (This might argue an absence of the respiratory system, as well as of the generative and digestive, were it not for the anomaly that not infrequently a Pudencian falls victim to pulmonary consumption. This, it is scarcely necessary to add, far from provoking mirth, occasions profound grief.)

Delirium tremens, by us regarded as a malady of the utmost gravity, is a source of unfailing delight to the Purilians, especially when accompanied by hallucinations of a zoölogical character. Inflammatory disorders, particularly gout, are also a source of much good-natured amusement. Sufferers from this latter disorder are easily recognizable. The ailment, which always settles in the right foot, is treated by swathing the diseased member in voluminous bandages.

TO be afflicted with parasites is also considered comic. The same may be said of maladies of the teeth. The latter always result in the swelling of the victim's jaw to prodigious size.

In addition to these ailments, persons of low caste are constantly subject to mishaps of a decidedly painful nature, which, however, are by universal acceptation essentially comic. Among these risible minor disasters are violent blows upon the head (particularly those resulting in optical illusions of an astronomical nature); loss of footing due to contact of the pedal extremities with fruit peels, ice, or some other lubricous substance; rents of the apparel of the nether extremities caused by enraged canines; bullet wounds, in the gluteal region; the loss of false hair in a sudden gust of wind; and the accidental gulping of artificial teeth.

There are, however, several diseases which are regarded as being dignified and to which members of the higher castes are not infrequently subject. Chief among these are heart-failure and apoplexy, both of which are deemed highly respectable and worthy of the expenditure of a good deal of emotion. The symptoms of these two ailments are almost identical. The victim opens and closes his mouth several times in rapid succession, rolls his eyes, and then slumps heavily either upon the floor or into a chair. If the attack is particularly acute, he dislodges a vase in his fall, or else clutches at a tablecloth, with a resultant breakage of crockery. Now and then a Paragonian falls victim to temporary blindness, but happily this dreadful affliction is always completely cured by a simple operation the exact nature of which I was unable to learn.

In a land so happily free from disease one [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

THE THEATRE

IMMODERATE GLOOM

AS if we all didn't have enough to worry about, the local theatres must pick last week to fill up with the season's most depressing dramas.

Young people got into trouble, old people went mad, nobody had any money (this is all in the theatre, mind you), and everybody went about sobbing and running fingers through hair at a great rate. Probably the toughest break was achieved by the heroine of "Veneer," who, in one day, announced herself as being in an interesting condition, had her lover walk out on her with her savings, was fired from her job in the Free Public Library, and, as a matter of course, committed suicide. You can't top that, not even if you had a lot of Montgomery Ward.

Thanks to the straightforward, simple art of Miss Joanna Roos, however, the cumulative tragedy of "Veneer" did not seem so burlesque as it sounds. The little, wool-gathering librarian who wove a spell of romance around her drab affair with a four-flushing sheik emerges from Mr. Hugh Stange's play as a pretty real little lady, but an actress with less ability might have made her something quite different. The material for something quite different was there. Mr. Stange has written an old, old story with characters who make love, crack jokes, and break hearts in exactly the short-story *clichés* utilized by real people of their type—a brave loyalty to realism on his part but one which, in the hands of less capable actors, might have resulted in a rousing burlesque. Henry Hull, fortunately in one of his less tempestuous moods, was also a lucky choice for the success of the play and even succeeds in making one a little sorry for the lying bounder he plays. The only bit of miscasting, in fact, was in choosing a man to play the sympathetic rôle of unsuccessful suitor who bore such a striking resemblance to President Lawrence Lowell of Harvard.

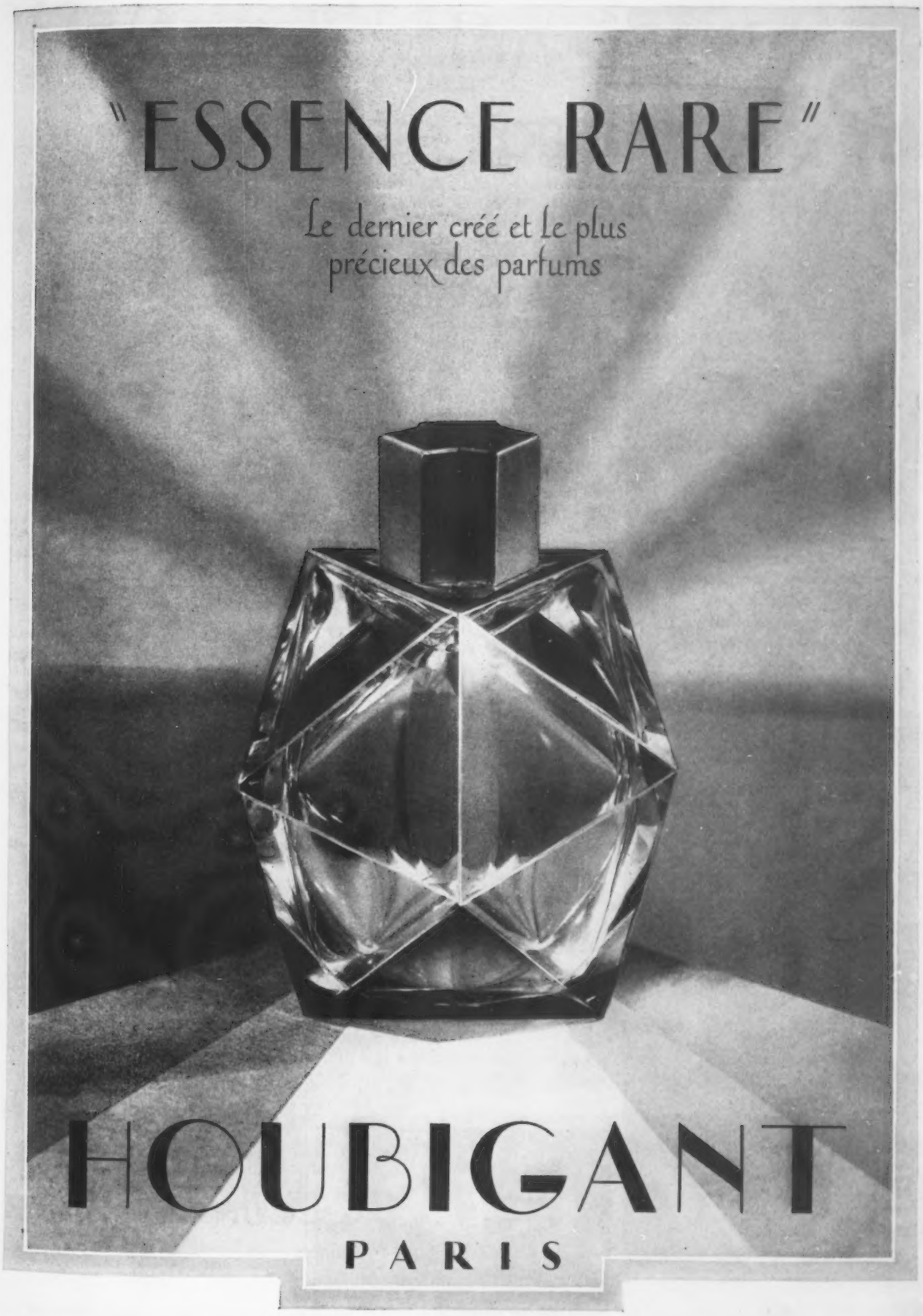
THE young people in Martin Flavin's "Cross Roads" have almost as dreary a time as those in "Veneer." Miss Sylvia Sidney scarcely stops crying once, and Eric Dressler could hardly have been blamed if he had committed suicide early in the first act. Any young man with such high principles who gets caught in a raid the very first time he slips has a right to claim prejudice on the part of Fate. Mr. Flavin went a little too far, however, when he so neatly balanced his hero's mishap with one for his heroine with almost identically the same proportions of irony in it. Even the two disclosure scenes were similar in staging, the ringing of the door-bell, the entrance of a strange man bearing the bad news, and the grouping of the characters. It was like having two Lawyer Markses and two Topsys in the post-Stowe version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Here again, however, as in "Veneer," the sincerity of the two young people made the thing a little more credible. "Cross Roads" has a highly promising first act, enhanced by a beautiful setting of Robert Edmond Jones'. And, even after Mr. Flavin begins his tricky balancing act, Mr. Dressler and Miss Sidney manage to project enough personal misery across the footlights to give the audience the feeling of extremely individual suffering. A little more of the languorous comedy of Oscar Polk, as the colored retainer in the fraternity house, would have made things a bit easier to bear. And Mr. Dressler had at least one break in the show in hitting on such an attractive waitress as Miss Peggy Shannon for his first venture in informal love-making. He wouldn't find another like that if he stayed in college for fifty years.

THERE is a different kind of gloom in "Thunder in the Air," and at least the semblance of a new idea. I am not quite sure what the idea was, but it wasn't hackneyed. Out of a family spiritualistic séance comes the ghost of the son who was killed in the war. He remains quite a long time for a ghost (overnight) and appears to the various members of his circle in various forms, presumably those in which they themselves most often pictured him in their memory: in uniform to the man whose life he saved in the war, in tennis togs to the girl who loved him, as a little boy to his mother, and to his father in the new and grisly rôle of a shattered dead man. To add to the unusualness of the situation, we learn on the unimpeachable authority of those who knew him in life that he had been a complete cad, and he does nothing in his return to earth to clear his name except to disclose to his father that his death came not from a German bullet but from one of his own.

Here, you will see, is material for a fine and stirring play. That "Thunder in the Air" is not entirely such is owing partly to the difficulties of putting such a situation on the stage and partly to the artificial language and moony behavior of those who employ it. Except for the last scene, with the father, there is little feeling of the supernatural except that everyone speaks as if he were about to toss a tambourine over a screen. And, oddly enough, in the presence of Freddie Stange, one of the few stage-children not to produce nausea, the soldier lives again in most convincing form. His question to his mother: "How old are people when they die?" stirred memories of Barrie which made one realize what it was that Robins Millar's play chiefly lacked.

IN the midst of all this *Weltschmerz* we should have been grateful for "Other Men's Wives," but not even its bright outlook on life could keep it from being just a moderate form of entertainment. There is plenty of plot; so much, in fact, that I soon lost track of it. There is plenty



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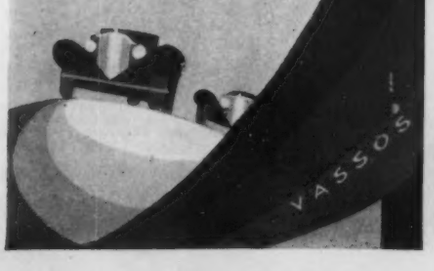
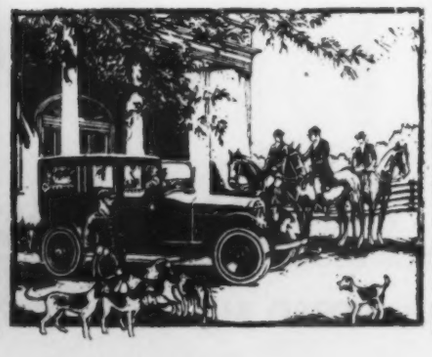
Ask The Man Who Owns One



of action, indulged in by such pleasing people as Claiborne Foster, Hugh Sinclair, Dorothy Hall, and Percy Ames. But as to who stole the diamonds or who got a divorce or who fell down in the next room or who got to Le Touquet, I, for one, do not intend to give another minute's thought. Even Walter Hackett, the author, couldn't have thought that he had written another "Captain Applejack" when he wrote "Other Men's Wives." Maybe by now he doesn't even remember that he wrote it.

THE only real laughs of the week (or the month for that matter) may be credited to Victor Moore in "Heads Up!" After a season of musical shows in which Quaintness and Delicacy and Charm have been the sole selling points, with bustles and sidewhiskers the only plausible reasons for laughing (Mr. Charles Butterworth always excepted), it is a great relief to sit back and watch a lot of people in charming costumes of the *present* day (and the costumes in "Heads Up!" are charming), pulling the good old new-fashioned gags of the present decade. "Heads Up!" is the first real musical show of the season in which the characters might not all be sisters and cousins of Chester A. Arthur, and it certainly seems good to let out a good Broadway guffaw again.

Victor Moore is, as I have intimated, the show, but this department could not suggest a better comedian for Messrs. Aarons and Freedley to make a show out of. Fed, with considerable grace, by Betty Starbuck, who can make people laugh in her own right on occasion, Mr. Moore is one of the few unfailing fonts of comedy in town. I, personally, never know whether to laugh or cry at him, but I usually laugh, and right offensively, too. Messrs. Paul Gerard Smith and John McGowan have seen to it that he has plenty to do (but *still* not enough) and that justly busy team of Rodgers and Hart have



Come and see our new clothes . . .

There's a lot being said, these days, about trailing 'elegance' . . . you haven't been nowhere and you haven't seen nothing in the line of elegance . . . if you haven't seen the Aquitania and the Berengaria in their 1930 costumes. Not that we've had the hulls done over in emeraude or Paquin's vermilion or tried a high waistline on the Berengaria . . . But we have done our bit for elegance in the new staterooms on B-deck in the Aquitania (and when we say new we mean new) and the redecorations of the 'Maure' . . . (God bless her!) Our opening was as full of silk and satin and velvet as anything on the Rue Cambon . . . our staterooms are as luxurious as this season's sables and, if you ask us, a sight smarter . . . And you can be a lot more comfortable in them than in the new "foundation" garments . . . (We know, we've tried both.)

In fact, we think no chic New Yorker is quite as chic as she should be unless she's done her six days on caviar and Veuve Clicquot, with a B-deck stateroom in the Aquitania as her base of operations . . . Q. E. D.

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

MAURETANIA	Nov. 27 . Dec. 27 . April 9
BERENGARIA	Dec. 14 . Jan. 4 . March 8
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REGIERUNGSRAT DOZENT DR. PAUL GERBER, of Vienna, is chief physician of the Department of Internal Medicine in one of the largest hospitals in that great medical center. Each year hundreds of graduate doctors from all over the world study under him there.

"IN a run down condition of health," Dr. Gerber declares, "fresh yeast is a source of renewing energy and endurance.

"It gently stimulates intestinal action. It decreases fermentation in the intestines and improves appetite. It is efficacious in the treatment of pimples and boils.

"The production of vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin, by irradiating yeast, should be a boon to millions who are indoors most of the day. Vitamin D builds hard bones and teeth."

The astonishing ability of the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, to tone up the run down system lies in its unusual *purifying* power.

As the millions of living yeast plants in every cake flood your intestinal tract they soften the clogging food wastes, stimulate sluggish bowel muscles, check the depressing poisons that constipation caused.

Fresh, joyful energy is your body's response! Harassing minor ailments disappear —bad breath, colds, indigestion, unsightly skin eruptions.

And now, the *new* "irradiated" Fleischmann's Yeast brings you an added protection—the "sunshine" vitamin—the energizing, bone- and tooth-hardening health principle of hours in the summer sun!

Start today on this easy, *natural* way to health. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-111, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

"WHEN YOU MARRY AN ARMY OFFICER, your home may be anywhere," writes Mrs. Tyda Stanley of San Francisco. "While in Honolulu the climate seemed to wilt me. I lost all my vitality . . . Returning to San Francisco, I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel so well I expect to return to the Orient soon."

"I FACED THIS PROBLEM—taking a less exacting job with lower pay or building up my health," writes W. T. Henneman of Buffalo. "I decided to try yeast. Indigestion vanished and I was soon absolutely changed."

ALL FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—in the foil wrapper—now contains vitamins B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. As effective as ever for baking.

TUNE IN! RUDY VALLÉE and his Connecticut Yankees in Fleischmann's Yeast Radio Hour. Every Thursday evening—47 associated N. B. C. stations—coast-to-coast.

"WHEN I JOINED THE HORSE ARTILLERY," writes Roland L. Havard from Winnipeg, Man., "I found army food quite different. I was constipated, lost weight and couldn't eat. At the company canteen I noticed the boys asking for yeast. I decided to try it and in three months I felt better than I had since leaving the ranch. My system became regular and my appetite improved."

Thanksgiving... oui, nous prepararons

"Yes, we will prepare..." wisely nods the chef of the Sherry kitchens, as he suggests a Thanksgiving menu for the private table...

Canapé of Caviar
Potage Mongole — Lobster Newburg
Potatoes Parisienne — Roast Turkey... étoffé
Cranberry Sauce — Candied Sweet Potatoes
Stuffed Orange Salad — Mince and Pumpkin Pie
Edam Cheese — Coffee
Nuts — Raisins — Mints

All the ingredients for the above menu are available at Sherry's, Madison Avenue and 62nd Street, priced as follows:

FRESH BELUGA CAVIAR... Premium stock, fresh shipments, large gray eggs, latest catch . . . $12 the pound in Sherry tins; $6.25 the ½ lb. glass jar; also in three sizes of imported pottery crocks, $2, $3.75 and $6.50

POTAGE MONGOLE in glass . . . prepared in the Sherry kitchens upon short notice . . . $2 the quart (6 portions)

LOBSTER NEWBURG... prepared in the Sherry kitchens upon half an hour's notice... $2 the portion; $12 the quart (6 portions)

TURKEY... at market price, according to size

ENGLISH CRANBERRY SAUCE in glass . . . 65c the jar

YAMS IN PURE SUGAR, in glass . . . plump, deep-yellow yams . . . 75c the jar (3 portions)

STUFFED ORANGES in glass . . . large California oranges stuffed with cherries, prunes, raisins . . . 2 and 4 oranges to the jar . . . $1.25 and $2, respectively

PIES . . . by the Sherry pastry cook. Thanksgiving orders taken until 2 p. m. Wednesday the 27th

Mince . . . in $2.50, $3.50 and $4.25 sizes
Pumpkin . . . in $1.25, $2 and $3.25 sizes

RAISINS... from Spain... 90c the package

EDAM CHEESE... Sherry-approved import ... 90c each

SHERRY COFFEE... the special blend of the Sherry restaurants... $1 the pound, bean or ground

Selected displays in Shop. Consultation on cuisine by appointment, or telephone REGent 8530 for Sherry catalog.

TWICE-A-DAY MANHATTAN DELIVERIES
SPECIAL DELIVERIES AT SLIGHT CHARGE

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AT MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET

furnished Jack Whiting and Barbara Newberry with some very nice song numbers which they more than do justice to. Perhaps it is because I am a little sick of polkas and bouncing twosteps, but the chorus and individual dancing also seemed refreshing. At any rate, it is great to be back in 1929 again.

—Robert Benchley

•

A BALLAD OF BACHELOR MAIDS

Tessa and Kitty and Jenny and Joan
Took an apartment and went on their own.
"Ours," they declared,
"Will be full independence!"
Little they cared
For a husband's attendance.
Breathlessly shopping, without any stopping,
They bought what they needed, and wasn't it topping?

Kate had a boy friend who came with his car,
Carried their baggage from near and afar—
Weekending cases
And circular hatboxes,
Delicate vases
And bulgy and flat boxes,
Lamps that had bases of bottles and prisms,
Oceans of lotions and unguents and chrisms.

Tess had a boy friend who borrowed some tools,
Clambered around upon tables and stools,
Putting up hooks
And then wiring a switch in,
Shelves for the books
And the things in the kitchen,
Tacking and hacking and patching and matching
And seeing the windows were safe in their latching.

Joan had a boy friend who revelled in paint,
Slapped it on everything, minus restraint,
Table and canister,
Doorknob and shelf,
Bookrack and banister—
Lots on himself . . . .
"Here we are, settled in comfort!" said Jen.
"Isn't it lovely to do without men?"

—Jerome Barry

"WHY... the very idea!"

• "Honestly, I never heard of such nerve", protested Mrs. Pertwee. "This man was trying to rent me an apartment and I asked him where the Frigidaire was and he showed me a funny-looking thing in the kitchen that wasn't a Frigidaire at all!"

• Indignant, she was. And, after all, the agent meant well. He'd provided automatic refrigeration all right. But the mistake he made was trying to rent the apartment to someone who was used to Frigidaire. A fellow like that would try to rent a horse and buggy to a mail pilot.

• And by the way, if you're living in an apartment that is not Frigidaire equipped, don't go near the Frigidaire showroom at 39 West 45th. If you do, you'll never be content until you have Frigidaire. The line of apartment models is as modern as day after tomorrow. Winston Paul is the Frigidaire distributor and his phone number is Bryant 8700.

Helen E. Hokinson

FRIGIDAIRE
MORE THAN A MILLION IN USE

Winston Paul
39 West 45th St., New York

How about me having my own Frigidaire?

Name .....

Address .....

HANDS MUST NOT AGE

SOME hands look as though they did the work of the world—others as though they were made to capture and hold all the lovely things of life. You may make your hands as white and delicately charming as gardenia petals if you will but care for them with affectionate interest.

Elizabeth Arden knows the swiftest and best way of transforming hands. Each of the preparations listed below has been created by Miss Arden to contribute something definite to hand loveliness. Use them faithfully and you will be rewarded with hands of silken whiteness.

Venetian Velva Bath. A cream soap, in a big chubby tube that softens the hands as it cleanses them. Tube $1.50.

Venetian Velva Liquid. Its delicate oils prevent roughness and chapping. Does not leave the hands sticky. $1, $2.50.

Venetian Milk of Almonds. A real skin food for the hands made from fresh almonds. $2.50.

Venetian Velva Bath Mits. Fabric bags filled with cleansing and fragrant cosmetic preparations, to rub the body in the bath and shower—and make a gorgeous lather, even in salt water! $3 a box of six.

Venetian Hand Cream. After washing them with an Arden soap, smooth your hands with Hand Cream and they will be velvety. $1.00

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE
PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix
LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street BERLIN W: Lennéstr. 5

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

CONGRATULATIONS!

WELL, congratulations on your team's victory, old man. A great game, and you sure deserved to win—absolutely. . . . Still, of course if Millard hadn't muffed that pass I guess we'd have licked you at that. But no use crying over spilt milk. The best team won. . . . Only if the faculty hadn't put half our team on pro last week it sure would have been a different story. By the way, I've got to hand it to that halfback of yours—but I would like to have seen how he'd have compared with Spafford if Spafford hadn't wrenched his knee at the start of the game. Still, you deserved to win; no doubt about it. . . . Only if you hadn't got that lucky break in the first period when Joyce fumbled it might have changed the whole course of the game. But I'm not complaining; we were up against a swell team. . . . But that missed signal sure did us a lot of harm; we were headed for a certain touchdown when it happened, and Lord knows what might have happened if we really got going. But don't think I'm trying to alibi; you won a well-deserved victory. . . . Only if—Etc., etc. —PARKE CUMMINGS

•

SONG FOR AN ALLEY CAT

I've never sauntered down to Kew
When lilacs were in bloom.

I've never seen a tropic isle
Emerge from out the gloom.

No princess have I by the hand
Escorted to a ball.

Nor have I sat and sunned myself
Beneath the Taj Mahal.

My ordinary habit is
As soon as it grows dark

To search for sustenance about
The fringes of the park.

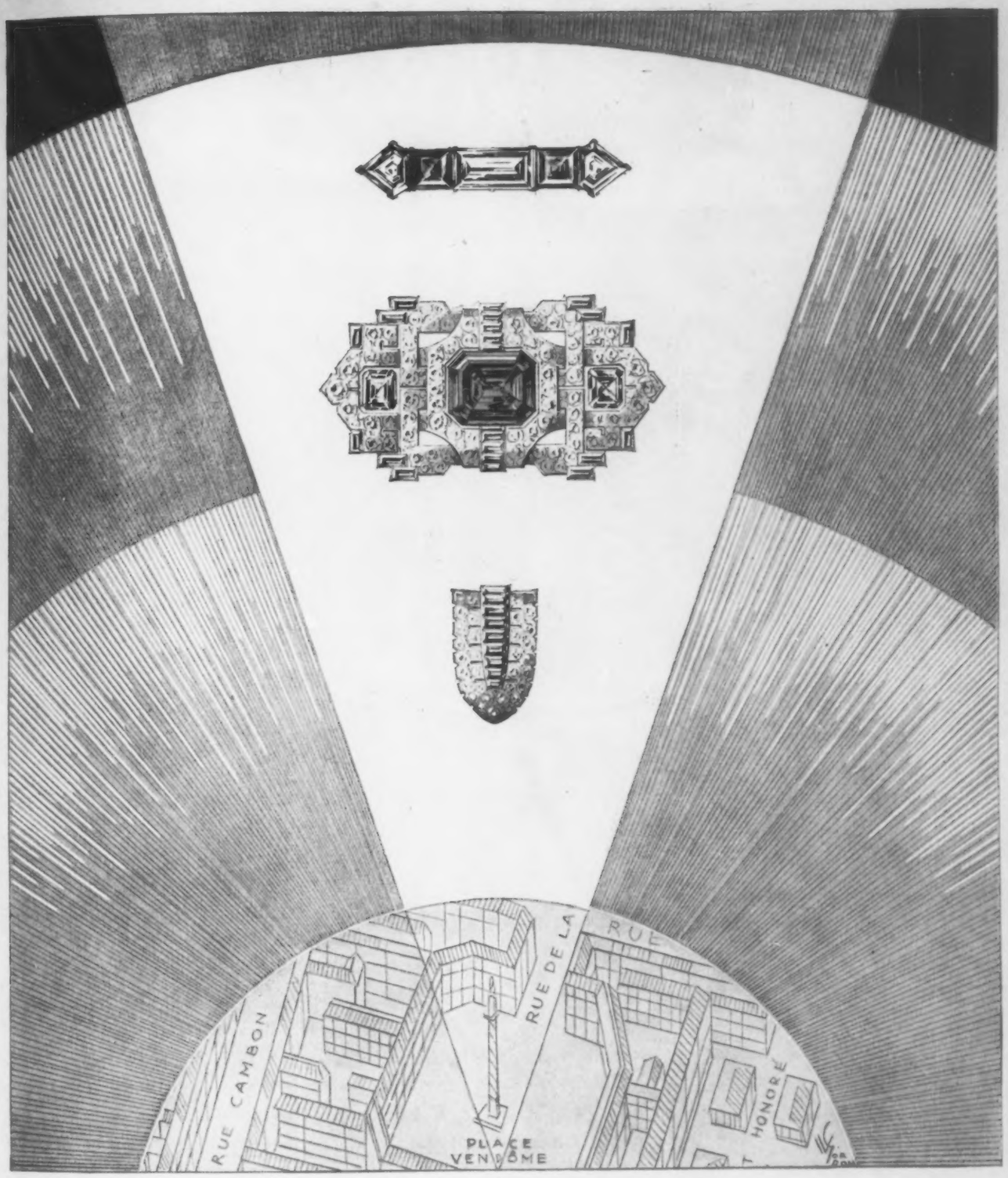
When later on the moon appears
Above the water tower

I hurry to a fence, my dears,
And sing for hour on hour.

My ballad's gist is this that I
Who am so badly boarded

Have nine long lives before I die—
What then! if one is sordid.

—P. G. W.



VAN CLEEF & ARPELS JOAILLIERS *Place Vendôme* PARIS

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS Inc. JEWELERS · FIFTH AVE., at 53rd ST., NEW YORK

The charm of the Place Vendôme . . . . . reflected in every stone . . . . . in every creation

STEWART
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH ST.

ENTHUSIASTICALL

1 POUND $4

1½ POUNDS $6

2½ POUNDS $10

ONE EAST 43rd STREET SALON STEWART, FIFTH AVE. AT FIFTY-SIXTH

ANNOUNCES

Verlaine

Chocolats Distingués

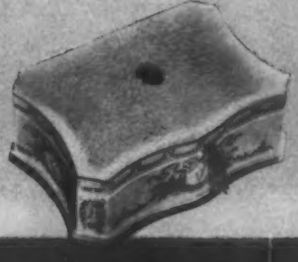
WITH pardonable pride, Stewart announces Verlaine, a French Chocolaterie of Paris and New York ... transplanted from the Savoy Plaza to Stewart ... a shop of many individual shops.

Verlaine, you know, is that "confection perfection" which does not affect the silhouette ... a candy of distinction ... in concept! ... in taste! ... in packaging!

The perfect gift candy ... to yourself or for a friend ... and the inevitable choice of those admirable people who can distinguish between high quality and extravagance. Four dollars the pound.

Direct mail orders to 1 East 43rd Street. Telephone Murray Hill 5453.

A PRODUCT OF
NICHOLAS PUTNAM INC.



5 POUNDS $20

THAT WAS NEW YORK

ITEMS FROM THE PRESS IN 1776

News:

IN Congress, a Declaration by the Representatives Assembled against the Tyranny of Great Britain, Declare the United Colonies Free and Independent States, absolved of all allegiance to the British Crown.

The King in his Address to the House of Lords spoke as follows, viz: The Spirit of the British Nation is too high, the Resources with which God has blessed her too numerous to give up the many Colonies which she has planted with great Industry, nursed with great Tenderness, encouraged with many Commercial Advantages.

Amusements:

TO the Inhabitants of the City of New York:

All Gentlemen & Ladies who are curious to see the FIRE ENGINE of the Water Works are Desired to take the Present Opportunity as it is possible it will not be worked after this week for some Time.

Educational:

WRITING taught in six weeks at one hour per diem by the Subscriber at his house the lower end of Crown-Street next door to Mr. Ralph Thurman's where SPECIMENS of IMPROVEMENT may be Seen.

Literary:

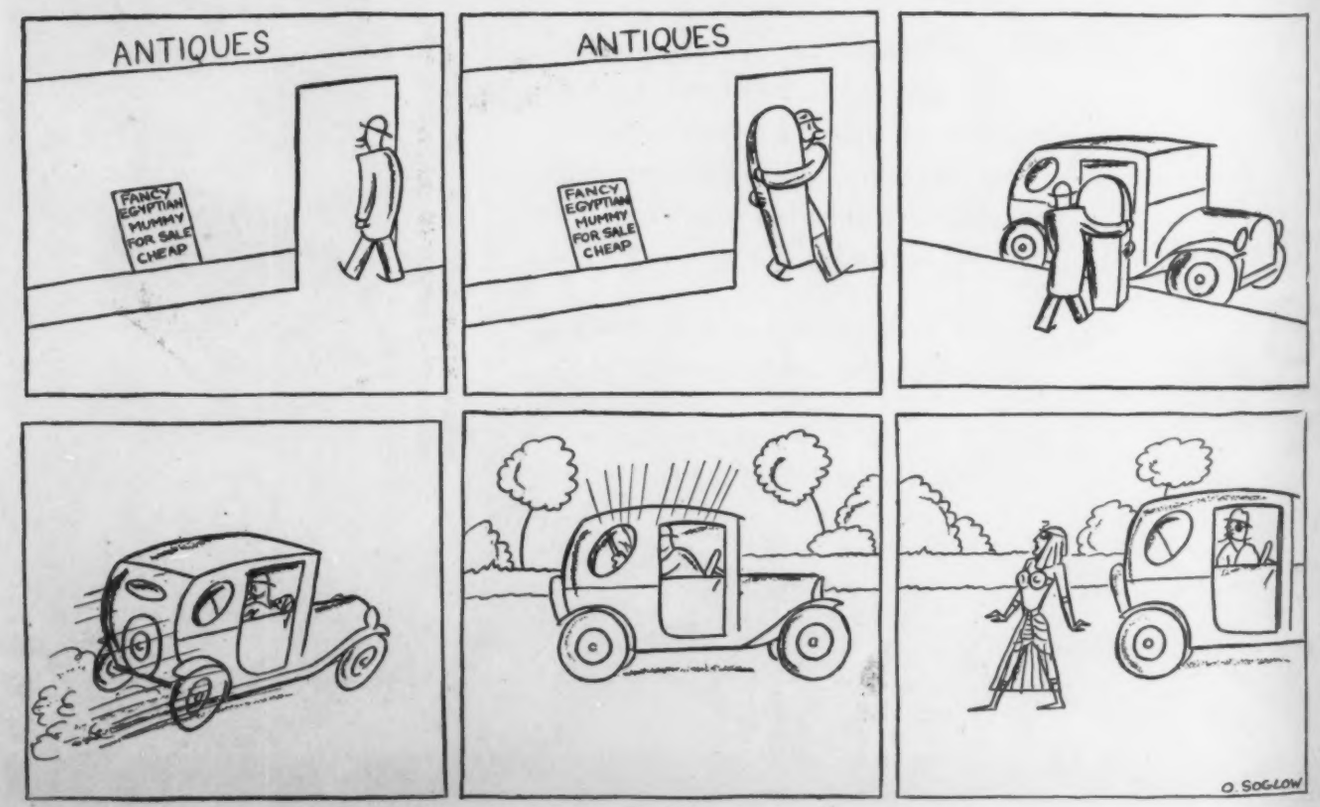
JUST come to hand and now selling by H. Gaines (neatly bound, gold plain, very cheap) COUNSELS & COMFORTS to Troubled Christians in EIGHT Sermons by James Rohe, Minister of the Gospel, with an Essay shewing that TRUE Religion is neither the CAUSE nor the EFFECT of Vapours & Melancholy.

WILLIAM GREEN of Maiden-Lane has just published and is selling (price ten shillings neatly bound) THE DISEASES INCIDENT to ARMIES with the METHOD of CURE.

Rewards:

BROKEN open & Stolen out of the House of EBENEZER BEDNAH, living in the Broad-Way, on the 28th instant, the following goods, viz:— One Suit of brown cloth with silver buttons, one broad cloth jacket with silver buttons, one broad cloth green coloured jacket, one striped jacket, one green dimothy jacket, one calico banyan and jacket of the same, one pair of velvet breeches, two pair of stocking web breeches, one pair of broad cloth breeches and two pair of drilling breeches, one pair of nankeen breeches, one pair of silk stockings, two pair of thread stockings, three Holland Shirts, three old shirts, four pocket handkerchiefs, three stocks, a pocket book with one pound eight shillings in money and sundry papers of value, a tobacco box with one pound twelve shillings in silver and a black coat and seven hats not finished, and sundry other articles too tedious to mention. Any person that will find out the above goods or secure the Person that offers them for sale shall be rewarded with eight pounds currency by Ebenezer Bednah.

For a negro man, named POMPEY, who ran away wearing a fashionable new cocked beaver hat, a Blue Whitney half lapeled outside jacket with white metal buttons and tasty slash pocket, a blue and white woolen underjacket, white leather breeches, blue stockings and brass buckles in his shoes, about 24 years old, stout and strong made, his natural color quite black, but when challenged and he is going to lie his eyes will twinkle and his face change colour, whoever will bring said negro man to the Printer so his Master may have him again shall be entitled



"... and Gas Refrigeration"

READ the specifications of a fine apartment, and you are likely to see something like this—"automatic elevators, glass-enclosed showers, lighted closets, Electrolux Gas Refrigerators."

Electrolux just naturally belongs with the other things. That is why it is now standard equipment in hundreds of the newest, finest apartment buildings. It is marvelously convenient, because there is nothing about it to oil, grease or repair—or get out of order. *And it can't make a sound.*

All this because this Gas Refrigerator hasn't got a single moving part. No motor, no pump, no flywheel needed to make Electrolux go. Just a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water—and that is all. It doesn't get out of order because there is nothing about it to get that way. It just goes on maintaining constant, steady cold, freezing all the ice cubes you want, for years and years. In fact, laboratory tests by nationally known magazines and the like, have been able to find no reason why Electrolux should ever wear out.

And because it uses only small quantities of gas and water—both cheap—the operating cost is a mere trifle. Actually less than the cost of ice!

We have prepared completely illustrated information for those who wish to know more details about Electrolux. Write or phone us for a copy. And to see the various models, sizes and colors, Crystal Green and Silver Grey in addition to gleaming white, visit your gas company's display room. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d Street, New York City. Telephone Vanderbilt 5700.

Servel Sales, Inc.
51 East 42d St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: Please send, without obligation to me, complete literature about Electrolux.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

This proud house wife is showing her Hostess Model Electrolux. Plenty of food space (5 cubic feet), and freezes 45 large ice cubes at one time

No mechanical noises to interfere with sound sleep when you have Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator, in the kitchen.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all machinery.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL

the sub·deb bends her bow..

You'll never *guess* what I dreamt about you . . .

O-o-h! Too *clever* for poor little me, not even *out* yet . . .

Sit it out? I'd *rather!*—Cutting-in's a *bore* . . .

You carried it *ten* yards! How *absorbing!* . . .

Of course I'm flattered *dead*, but I can't *imagine* why you're asking *me* . . .

***Fishing?* Wherever did you *get* such an odious idea! Why, I use Lux Toilet Soap especially so I won't *have* to!**

VIVIAN TOBIN, starring in "The Perfect Alibi," says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves the skin so delightfully smooth."

MILDRED MCCOY, starring in "It's a Wise Child," says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so clear and fresh."

PEGGY WOOD, London star of "Bitter Sweet": "I always use Lux Toilet Soap, it keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."

ERIN O'BRIEN MOORE, star of "Street Scene," says: "I find Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in perfect condition."

Conspicuous among the fortunate ladies who find it quite unnecessary to angle for masculine appreciation are the Broadway stars. Both on the stage and off, theirs is the compelling charm that earns ready homage. A charm in which a flawless skin plays an all important part. And therefore, they will tell you, Lux Toilet Soap!

For, like 9 out of 10 of the Hollywood screen stars, they use this delightful soap to keep their complexions smooth and soft—as flawless as critical eyes and close-up lights demand.

So enthusiastic are they, that Lux Toilet Soap has been placed for their convenience in the dressing rooms of legitimate theaters all over the country (in 63 out of the 65 in New York). And in Hollywood, at the request of the screen stars, it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

You, too, will want to keep your skin at its loveliest with this fragrant, white soap. It is made, you know, exactly as the finest French soaps are. And that is why it offers you luxury such as you have found only at 50¢ or $1.00 a cake for just 10¢.

VIVIENNE OSBORNE, star of "Week End": "I use Lux Toilet Soap because it cares for my skin so perfectly."

QUEENIE SMITH, star of "Street Singer," says: "I couldn't do without it. It keeps my skin so very smooth."

EVELYN HERBERT, star of "The New Moon," says of Lux Toilet Soap: "This delightful soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth. I always use it."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, star of "Candle Light": "Keeps my skin smooth."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, star of "See Naples and Die": "A truly delightful soap."

MURIEL KIRKLAND, starring in "Strictly Dishonorable": "It certainly is a wonderful soap."

CATHERINE DALE OWEN, star in "His Glorious Night": "I depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin lovely."

ANNE FORREST, star of "The Channel Road": "I always use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin in perfect condition."

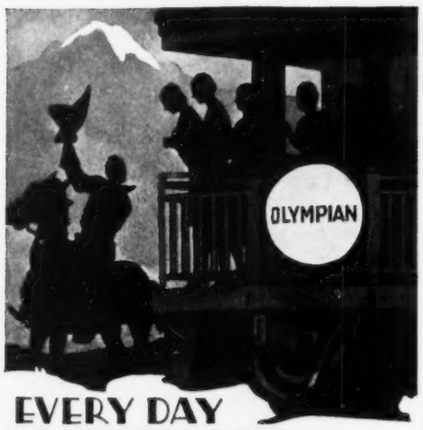
EVELYN WILSON, enchanting in the "Scandals," says: "I find it a delightful way of keeping my skin smooth."

FRANCES WILLIAMS, featured in the "Scandals": "I am devoted to it."

BEVERLY BAYNE, starring in "Escapade," says: "It keeps my skin so smooth."

ANNE SHOEMAKER, charming in "Button, Button," says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin wonderfully soft."

BETTY STARBUCK, starring in "Heads Up," says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin a velvety smoothness."



EVERY DAY
IS LADIES DAY
ON THE NEW
OLYMPIAN

So many lovely features to delight feminine fancies. So many things to see and do to brighten the hours of travel. This queen of de luxe trains is, indeed, considerate of her ladies.

And such marvelous riding ease—only transcontinental roller bearing train. *Electrified* for 656 clean, *sootless, cinderless*, spectacular mountain miles—over the Rockies to the Sea.

Rector's delectable meals—as only the king of cuisine can prepare them. Broadway's own is now The Milwaukee's own.

If you contemplate traveling between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest, consult us. At our ground floor office, 547 Fifth Ave. (at 45th St.) you'll find competent, courteous travel specialists. Phone Vanderbilt 3721.

G. L. Cobb, General Agent

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA

to TWO DOLLARS reward for his kindness.

Real Estate:

TO be Sold. Twelve years unexpired term of a SMALL Farm on the Bowery, contains 25 Acres of which 3 is now in Wheat and the rest Meadow Ground in Excellent Heart. There are on the Premises two Houses with a capacious barn, stable, Chair House and other outhouses, an exceeding good garden, well stocked, a young orchard and a variety of thriving fruit trees. The dwelling house commands an excellent view of the No. River &c. Apply to William Sexton.

For Sale:

FOR Sale, a likely handy negro wench aged 18 years, has had both the small pox and the measles, sold for no fault but want of cash. Apply H. Gaines.

For Sale, a likely healthy negro lad about 18 years old, a good hostler, and postillion, brought up to domestic business, handy, well tempered, sober, and has had the small pox and the measles. Enquire of H. Gaines.

Richard Dean, Distiller, now has ready for sale at his Distillery, between the College and the North River in Murray Street: Rasberry Brandy, cherry brandy, cherry rum, shrub of the best Quality, Geneva, Spirits of Wine, Jamaica Spirits, Red Ratisse. Royal Usquebaugh, Cinnamon Water, Clove Ditto, Orange Ditto, Anniseed Ditto, All Fours, Dr. Stevens, West India and New-York Rum, Madeira Wines, and other Liquors.

Travel:

TO the PUBLICK. The New Stage Coaches that ply between New-York and Philadelphia, the one sets out from Pawles-Hook Ferry opposite

Exclusive news photo of David Pfsst
(Circle indicates David Pfsst)

"Alas Alack and Heigh Ho"

—Murmurs David Pfsst of East Bohokus

Night Club Patron Learns About Women From Automatch

"Alas alack and heigh ho," murmurs David Pfsst of East Bohokus, "and am I not the merrio itself since Automatch came into my life."

With a few of his fellow-buyers, Mr. Pfsst was in a speak-softly one recent evening giving our little girls a big hand. He had a lighter when he went in but in the scuffling which ensued with the set-ups he lost it. He also lost his rubbers but somehow he acquired an Automatch so he considers the evening—well you can see how merry he is about it all.

Small wonder. Automatch is entirely different from any other lighter . . . it is utterly devoid of finger-smudging, temper-destroying gadgets . . . it has an asbestos wick that never wears out . . . an automatic flint-replacement signal . . . Energine is the only fuel needed . . . and—mirabile dictu—it lights *every* time.

Smart, trim, covered with genuine leathers, Automatch sells for $5.00 at leading department stores, jewelry stores, drug stores, and specialty shops. Automatch Corporation, 267 Fifth Ave., New York.

AUTOMATCH

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The NEW *and* DIFFERENT *Lighter*

The Lovely Ladies OF '29

THIS autumn will long be remembered for its lovely ladies, beautiful women in glamorous gowns—mysterious, new, romantic! We claim not the slightest credit for these bewitching fashions. But we know how to make you look loveliest in them! Your softly feminine frock loses half its charm unless the throat, the back and shoulders it reveals are like creamy velvet, smooth as polished ivory. And Dorothy Gray Finishing Lotion instantly gives your skin this more-than-rare perfection.

You have never tried Finishing Lotion? Then your skin has never looked its best. Finishing Lotion is a creamy liquid which makes arms, throat, and back look unbelievably smooth and soft, utterly faultless. It lends your skin the lustrous softness of finest velvet.

Finishing Lotion smooths on easily; it does not rub off, nor does it dry the skin. It may be had in seven different shades to match your own skin tone: *Blonde, Natural, Rachel, Aureate, Tawny, Sunburn* and *Orchid.* Dorothy Gray Finishing Lotion may be had at the Dorothy Gray salon, and at leading New York shops. It comes in two sizes, at $1.50 and $2.50.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

©D. G. 1929

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

JUST A TIP

DON'T be annoyed, when your favorite smoke begins to sour a bit. Take a little word of wisdom — Squibb's Dental Cream will spruce it right up again.

Squibb's is a grand thing for smokers. The tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia it deposits in the mouth crevices, keep your mouth sweet and healthy—your breath pleasant.

Use Squibb's Dental Cream — see for yourself how it keeps your smoking taste keen and alive. All drug stores carry it. 40c a generous tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

GUARD THE DANGER LINE

New-York, and the other from the sign of the Indian Queen in Philadelphia every Tuesday & Friday morning at or before Sunrise, and meet at Princeton the SAME night, where they exchange passengers and return the next day to Pawles-Hook Ferry and Philadelphia so as to perform this journey in TWO days EITHER way. The Coach which leaves from Pawles-Hook is THE FLYING MACHINE.

Died:

ON Tuesday last departed this life, greatly loved and lamented by all who knew her, aged 17 years, Miss Johanna Smith, only daughter of Mr. Cristopher Smith, Merchant of this City. Adorned with every virtue and amiable accomplishment this young lady was a shining ornament and pattern to her sex. Religion had taken early and deep possession of her mind. As she advanced in years its influence became stronger and added lustre to the inherent Benevolence and Tenderness of her heart. The dawn of life was bright and promised an unclouded day. Alas! It was soon overcast. Her sickness was lingering and painful. She bore it with unshaken fortitude with the exemplary submissive resignation of a CHRISTIAN. Not a murmur or complaint escaped her during its fatal progress. As she approached the verge of eternity the lamp of Piety and heavenly hope shone brighter. In her life was exemplified the native power and efficacy of Christianity. In her Death, its Triumphs.

—DAVID BOEHM

(*This is the second of a collection of clippings from Colonial newspapers. A third will appear in an early issue.*)

•

DEFENCE

The four tempestuous seasons of the year,
Which were my downfall, are as little now
As any amber leaf that, from the bough,
Dropped long ago to death. I have no fear
Now of high, evening pastures, or the flight
Of swallows south, or of a scarlet wood;
Armored am I against a snowy night;
And I would wish it plainly understood
That in my citadel of careful reason,
I am most secure against the mating season.

—FRANCES M. FROST

For that COLD-WATER *Shave . . .*

WHEN you have to shave in cold water, here's a trick a lot of tough-bearded men are grateful to know about:

Cold water doesn't soften the beard very well. Keep a bottle of Hinds Cream with your shaving kit. Rub it into your beard for a few seconds, then lather right over it. Whether your beard is hard-boiled or gentle—the difference in your shave is amazing —warm or cold water.

If the family bottle isn't handy, use the coupon below.

HINDS CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Before and After Shaving

Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 919
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, I want a smooth, quick shave.

(*Print name and address*)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after November, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8
(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

This IMPRINT—

on fine leather means high craftsmanship . . . a high tradition . . . and generations of knowing how

IF YOU WOULD see how people of a certain position choose fine leather, go into an exclusive Fifth Avenue establishment some afternoon. . . . Watch them as they hold the gift in their hands . . . a casket studded with lovely cinnabar, a handkerchief case, perhaps a bag of ostrich skin from Africa . . . judging with quick, approving glance the quality of the leather, the care and skill with which it has been fashioned. . . . The price, high or low, will not matter . . . for with such people, quality must be the first consideration. But they do insist, almost without exception, that the article bear this tiny golden keystone R . . . and they buy accordingly! Almost eighty years ago, the first Rumpp craftsman, finding his product as it should be, set his mark upon it. The imprint stands today, as it did then, for the finest materials, unhurried care in manufacture, and the most expert workmanship. . . . That is why you can be certain that any leather bearing this imprint is, without question, the best that you can buy. C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather gifts of every description, excepting luggage. At the better jewelry, department and leather goods stores and stationers.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, *Inc., Philadelphia . . . Est.* 1850

$14.50

Formal Shoe Fashions

For formal wear smart women are selecting white evening pumps—and having them tinted to complement their evening ensembles. So Modernmode presents this distinctive model in white crepe or moire—and will tint it any shade for you—free of charge.

MODERNMODE Footwear
535 FIFTH AVE.
Bet. 44th & 45th Sts.

FITTING THE NARROW HEEL
AAA to C

GOING SOUTH

THE taxi-driver who believes it is better to be safe than sorry. The tactful friend who can't resist telling about his cousin who misunderstood the sailing time and had to wait for the next boat. The nervous opening of your bag to make sure of your American Express cheque. The tense moment when you think you've left your ticket at the hotel. The discovery of the ticket in the inside pocket of your purse. The arrival at the pier.

The large passenger steamer which is just leaving, and your conviction that you ought to be on board. The unbridled frenzy. The information that the departing vessel is bound for Oslo. Your own boat, which is loading cargo and doesn't look as though it would be ready to sail for several days.

The jolly group who have come to see you off. The lounge done in cool chintz and wicker, and already crowded. The well-powdered Spanish lady over whom eleven impassioned relatives are holding a wake. The stout gentleman telling little Edward that he must take good care of Mummy because Daddy is going away on the big boat but he'll be back soon. Little Edward, who manages to convey by a fine restraint of manner that it will be all right with him if Daddy never comes back. The delegation from the Old People's Home discussing cures for seasickness. The decision to find your cabin and do your entertaining there.

The suites with bedroom, sitting-room, and bath. The de luxe cabins with twin beds and painted dressing-tables. Your own modest accommodation down near the freight-hold.

THE veteran traveller who wants to know why on earth you let them give you such an awful cabin. The playboy who guesses he'll stow away and go with you and wouldn't that make a scandal? The girl who is reminded of her last trip abroad when her berth was so covered with packages and letters that the stewardess complained. The realization that you haven't got even a post card. The humiliation. The still hunt for the steward in charge of distributing mail.

The cabin next door which looks like a branch office of the parcel post. The girl covered with orchids, and cooing. The girl opening American beauties, and squealing. Your broken-

d'OUCHY
Pronounced du shay

A Nosegay . . .

As daintily fresh with Parisian charm as the flowers vended on the boulevards. Light, joyous, exhilarating as Spring is Bouquet d'Ouchy. Fragrance melting into fragrance, blended by a master parfumeur of France.

Made, bottled, sealed and packed in France.
On sale in
Smart Retail Shops

PARFUMS d'OUCHY, Inc.
655 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Fifth Avenue Office—Fifth Avenue at 44th Street

IN the heart of the mid-town business and residential sections of New York—conveniently accessible by all routes of travel.

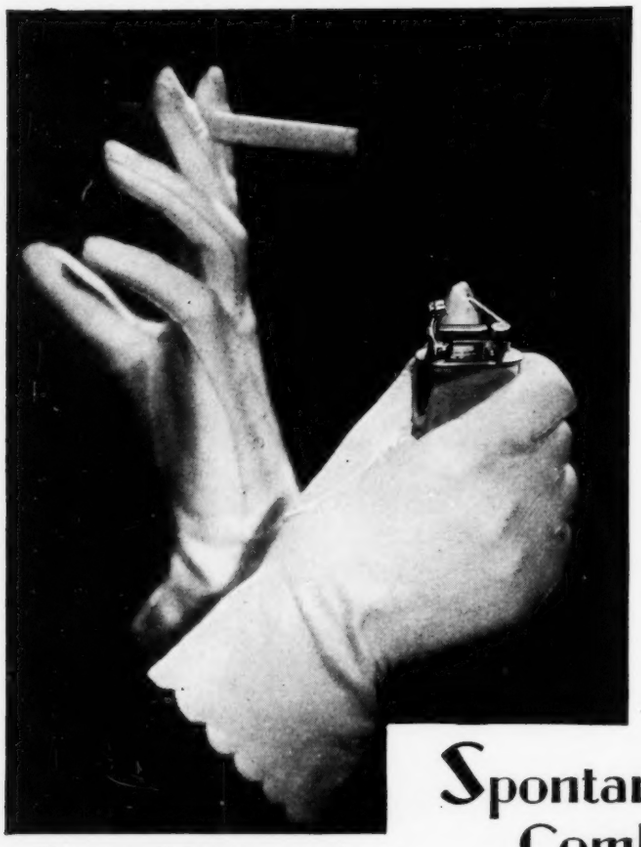
Complete Guaranty Service Convenient to You

AT our Mid-town Offices, conveniently located, you can obtain the fullest benefits of this Company's facilities. Each of these Offices is completely equipped, and has all the local and world-wide facilities of the Guaranty Trust Company at its command. The utmost in modern safe deposit service is available at our Forty-fourth Street and Sixtieth Street Offices. We invite you to talk with our officers about any banking trust, or investment service in which you may be interested.

Mid-town Offices

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

FIFTH AVENUE AT 44TH STREET	MADISON AVENUE AT 60TH STREET	MADISON AVENUE AT 39TH STREET



"It's a snap!" Literally, a single flick of the finger suffices—a boon to the impatient man. Women prefer it too because it will not soil or scuff the glove.

Spontaneous Combustion!

Never before has any lighter been given such far reaching commendations as Bettini — the International lighter. And there is a reason for Bettini's universal acceptance.

Fascinating, individual, smart and unfailing, with the advantage of a patented action that is UNIQUE.

Every Bettini Lighter is guaranteed and is backed by two years of exhaustive research and experimentation.

Already carried by smart people the world over, Bettini Lighters may be had in a wide choice of colorful enamels—black, green, blue, red, white, orchid, yellow, French blue and jade—as well as genuine snake, and ostrich.

EVERY CORRECT SHADE
FOR DAY OR EVENING USE

Pocket Type: $5.00 and $7.50
Table Type: $7.50—$10.00 and $12.50

Table or desk model Bettini comes in two heights with rectangular base—2½ and 5 inches, respectively. There is a color to harmonize with any room in your home or office. An Xmas Gift sure to please, because one can't have too many!

Bettini

«THE INTERNATIONAL LIGHTER»

BETTINI LIGHTER CORPORATION
258 Fifth Avenue · New York City

At all leading Department Stores, Men's Shops, Jewellers and Tobacconists.

spirited return. The arrival of your haul, which probably won't bother the stewardess but which enables you to hold up your head. The gratitude that nobody has sent fruit and the timely appearance of a basket which any Greek would regard as a good business start. Your one consolation —the respectful silence of the girl who went abroad.

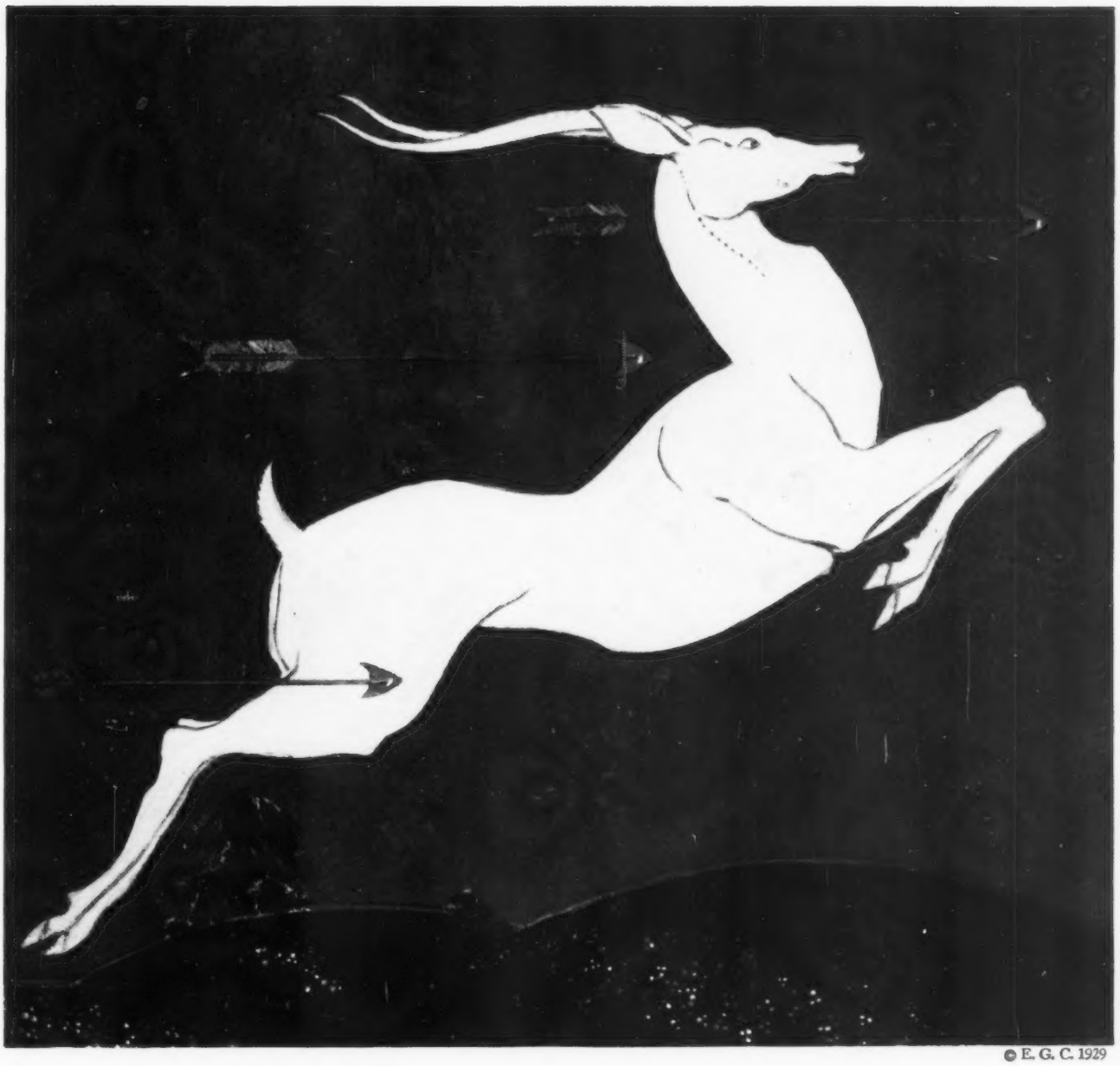
THE discovery that it is three o'clock and the race for the deck. The witticisms. The farewells. The depressing news that the sailing has been delayed until four. The friends with urgent business uptown. The friends who announce their noble but slightly misguided intention of staying until the bitter end.

Your keen sense of social responsibility and the increasing boredom. The lounge, which is cold. The deck, which is colder. The friend who agrees with you that only earnest and persistent effort could have collected such a large group of terrible-looking passengers. Your regret that you started on this trip. The signal for visitors to go ashore.

The man you had regarded as your forlorn hope, who is the first to leave the ship. The fat gentleman by the rail, blowing his nose. His wife on the pier, wiping her eyes. Little Edward, safe on shore, bellowing with loud, untimely anguish. The man with the lodge emblems, shouting intimacies under the false impression that nobody else is listening. The girl in the leopard coat, urged by her boy friend to take a long drink for him. The references to Havana and prohibition. To Spanish señoritas and moonlight. Your own friends who are too inhibited to shout much but who gesticulate and make faces.

THE gangplank. The hawsers. The handkerchiefs. The shouting. The emotion. The increasing distance from the pier. The tenderness for your friends, who continue to wave although probably frozen. The hurt disappointment when they leave while still recognizable. The surprising appearance of two or three passengers who look human.

The thought of sunshine and summer clothes. The high adventure. The possible romance. The carefree exhilaration, undimmed by any thought of dull old ladies, nights when it is too hot to sleep, or the possibility of your ever needing to open the box of Mothersill's. —ALICE FRANKFORTER



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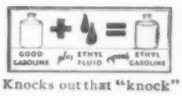

Knocks out that "knock"

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Marmon now presents a new, big fine car. + + + over two years designing and proving out the chassis; a like period in finding here and abroad the exact last note in body architecture and fitments. + + + UNDER THE HOOD—125 H. P. straight-eight engine. + + + INSIDE—roominess and luxurious detail beyond any previous fine car conception. + + + pictures, specifications and prices on application. + + + Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Boos at the National—Dark Rex vs. Belle Delight—Improvement

THAT New York is not an American city was shown in a most disquieting and unsportsmanlike demonstration on the last night of the National Horse Show. All week the Poles and the Italians had been receiving ovations, in striking contrast to the polite, and more or less perfunctory, applause for the Americans, Canadians, and Irish; but Wednesday night an animosity crept into what had been mere noisy vociferation. Lieutenant Thomson and Captain Formigli had the only clean scores for the individual Military Championship, the former riding the ill-advised Tan Bark, who had lost America the cup in the team class by his inopportune and time-consuming squats the night before. Tan Bark finished up by laying the already battered gate flat with his forefeet. Captain Formigli then came in, knocked a block off the wall in front, and then got another front knockdown on the triple bar. Either the crowd did not see accurately what happened or else thought Tan Bark's spectacular crash of the gate a more heinous offence; at any rate, the announcement that Lieutenant Thomson had won was greeted by such a full-throated and savage volume of boos as would cause any Polo Grounds umpire to run for his life. They continued right through the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and would not permit the announcer to explain the decision for many minutes.

THE poor showing of the Irish team in the National illustrated again that horses do not go off their form after an ocean trip until they have been ashore several weeks. In Boston the Irish were brilliantly successful, but by the time they reached New York again, the change of air, feed, and water had begun to tell; and those horses that were not actually sick were dull and away off. The Poles have the acclimatizing problem down to a nicety, as their record of three wins in four years amply proves. They land their mounts a few days before

PHYLLIS *and her* BANISHED BIRTHDAYS

PHYLLIS is all bubbling smiles and sweet young ways. Her bright loveliness has broken hearts for years.

But Phyllis scorns her years. Renews the radiance of her own young beauty at Marie Earle's luxurious Salon. The skilled beauty-bringing ways of clever fingers coax away the tell-tale lines. Marvelous preparations feed youth and velvet smoothness back to the skin. Complexions become so petal fine and supple never a smile line or ageing wrinkle shows. Marie Earle has banished birthdays. "That," says Phyllis, "is why one dares to laugh one's way around the world."

And Phyllis recommends even one treatment at Marie Earle's, "Just to know," she says, "how young and lovely one can look." Marie Earle's Salons are exclusive and very smart. Paris, Southampton and New York.

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¶Smart simplicity; highbred ease; freedom from pose or self-consciousness; astonishing lightness and luxury of fabrics; lavish hand tailorwork—these distinguish the well-turned-out New Yorker and his overcoats as presented by John David.

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the Show, bring all their own feed, and are off with the cup before the horses realize they are breathing an alien air.

LAST year the civilians kicked because they couldn't win a jumping class against the military, so this time several classes were provided for privately owned horses. Danny Shea won every class that the Army was barred from, but mostly with ex-military horses like Popover and Fairfax; the rest of the private horses, with few exceptions, went pretty horribly. Where is the sporting spirit which should make people want to have really good jumpers, learn to ride them properly, and compete with the best, instead of first admitting and then proving their woeful inferiority?

THAT Dark Rex, Mrs. Goodman's ex-five-gaited champion, would win the saddle stake was considered a foregone conclusion by many. We don't recall a big winner at the Garden less popular with the crowd. The applause was all for Quinn Davis, his rider, who, after all, is a true artist in the saddle.

Herbert Woolf of Kansas City, whose horses are always causing excitement of one kind or another, has thrown a big rock into our placid millpond by posting a five-thousand-dollar challenge for Dark Rex to meet his new million-dollar purchase, Belle Delight, née Roxy Highland. Belle Delight had her first defeat in a hundred shows when she met Dark Rex recently at St. Louis with Thomas Wilson, as at the National, the judge. Under the terms of the challenge, Woolf will pick one judge, Mrs. Goodman one, and the two judges chosen will select a third. Personally, we doubt if the match ever comes off—but some fun if it does.

One thing is certain—there must be a reorganization of saddle-horse judging, an infusion of new blood and malleable opinion, before next year, or the game will die out altogether. Saddle horses, as such, both three and five-gaited, give American horse shows their unique and indigenous flavor. Without them all but the most important shows would fall quite flat; and the effort of having developed a distinct breed would be completely nullified. The few big exhibitors must no longer be allowed to dictate who shall judge whom, because the order of merit in saddle horses, unlike hunters, is in the last analysis a personal preference, and to show before a man known to dislike your horse, or to be mad about some-

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For illustrated booklet or reservations at the Carolina Hotel (now open) address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

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RONEY PLAZA HOTEL
MIAMI BEACH
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One of America's
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one else's, is just to lay your head on the block.

THE schedule at the Garden was better arranged this year, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been. The draft-horse classes were few and far between; the artillery drills short, and given only once a day; the exhibitions of Walter Dear, the three-year-old trotting champion, were a pleasure. For the rest, all the evening classes were good, and did not run much overtime. It would be a great improvement, though, to put some of the big jumping classes, which were called early in the morning (to the edification only of those who had to be there), —into the afternoon session, because sometimes there were long arid wastes with not a single good class, resulting in a very small and apathetic crowd.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

THE MORNING AFTER

I have a strangely holy feeling
That if my bathroom floor were ceiling
And that smooth ceiling were below,
I should be more at ease than now
And, standing downward rakishly
With water hanging to my knee,
See clear the subtlest how and why
That man was ever muddled by.
That geniuses have lived and died
And left so many tricks untried
Is not a reason why this bath
Should have no startling aftermath.
For instance, there's the little matter,
Forgotten now, of wine to water,
And I have more than a mild chance
Of learning to make beer from ants.
But that will have to wait, I fear,
Till I have studied how to steer
The washcloth toward my rumored nose,
Counted my disconnected toes
And made one final, solemn grope
To find the quick, momentous soap.

—RICHARD PECKHAM

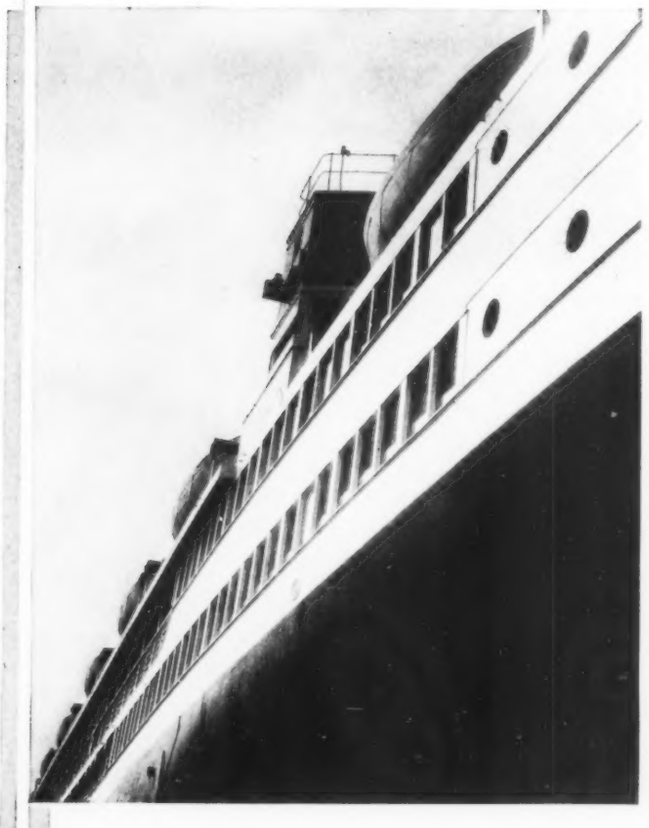
•

Joan Lowell, author of "Cradle of the Deep," has separated from her husband, Thompson Buchanan, playwright, and will soon file suit for divorce, it was learned today. Buchanan is living at 116 Washington Pl., while Miss Lowell is living three miles from New Hope, Pa.

"I like to live quietly here in the country with my horses and my books and my dreams, while Mr. Buchanan likes city life," Miss Lowell is quoted as explaining. —*The Telegram.*

With his horse shows, his book reviews, and his dream analysts?

TO MIAMI AND HAVANA



A glorious winter journey with new refinements of equipment and service. Good taste everywhere—spacious lounges—tempting food—concerts and dancing—deck sports—a book in a big easy chair or just watching the sea—bridge to your heart's content—these ships really entertain while performing the delightful task of getting you there.

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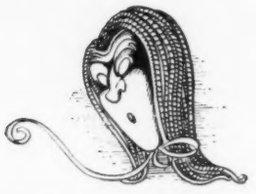
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



DOCTOR MACLURE

I WISH I had space here for a fitting forecast of the impending magnum opus of Anita Loos which is alluringly entitled "A Child's Life of Oscar Wilde." Then, I wish there were room to report a tenth of my deep delight in two newcomers to the bookshelves—this magnificent work called "Twelve Against the Gods," by the endlessly amazing Bolitho, and the utterly engaging memoir of Mark Hanna which it has been Thomas Beer's chivalrous caprice to winnow from his lazy researches into the manners of the mauve decade. Above all, I wish I had time to talk about the cheapest and most blandly offensive editorial of the past ten years. It appeared one day last week in the *Times*. But this page is firmly set aside today to herald the reappearance of a gentle, mauve-decade masterpiece which, amid all the stories I know, holds first place in my affections, and, after an acquaintance of twenty years, still seems to me the most deeply moving one I ever read. It is called "A Doctor of the Old School" and it was written by a Liverpool clergyman who, under the pen-name of Ian Maclaren, set down his memories of the Perthshire countryside where he had preached as a young dominie.

In the pages he left behind him, the readers of the new generation may come to know Doctor MacLure, and I could wish them no richer experience. William MacLure was the gaunt, solitary, weather-beaten physician who for forty years, in fair weather and foul, did battle with the Angel of Death in behalf of the dour folk dwelling in the glen below the Grampian Hills where he was born. They had no friend like him on this earth—this lank, gruff, homespun healer, whom they trusted utterly. In time of trouble the sound of his mare's hoofs pounding on the road bore to anxious ears through a mile of frosty air such music as the drums played in the relief of Lucknow. While he lived, it was not their way to speak their gratitude. But the reapers who saw him ride by in a cloud of dust at harvest time, the cottagers around the peat-fire on winter nights who heard the clip of Jess's hoofs on the road outside, the shepherds who sighted the black bent figure battling across the upper glen on his way to some snowbound sickbed—their thoughts rode ever by his side, and ever their thoughts were a prayer for him.

IF you do not already know it by heart, you *must* push through the ephemera of this season and ponder the deathless chapter which tells how MacLure, heartsick with the knowledge that Tammas Mitchell's Annie —Annie, whom he had brought into the world—was dying now, of a malady that was beyond his rough skill to cure, himself raised the money to fetch a famous surgeon from Edinburgh, and how himself, with the unfailing Jess's aid, brought the great surgeon through the flood which, black, sullen, strong, seemed likely to sweep away dog-cart, surgical instruments, surgeon and all. Sir George was as brave as most men but he had never forded a Highland river in flood, and the mass of black water racing beneath, before, behind him affected his imagination and shook his nerves. He rose from his seat and ordered MacLure to turn back, vowing that he would be damned eternally if he allowed himself to be drowned for any person.

"Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "damned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk yir duty, but through the water ye gang the day."

You will watch MacLure lay hold of Tammas Mitchell, a heap of speechless misery by the fire, lead him to the barn, spread corn on the threshing floor, and thrust a flail into his hand. If you stand guard through the next intolerable hour, while the surgeon works in the cottage and Tammas bends his back to the stint set before him, you will be there when MacLure comes at last with the news that Annie is going to live—when the door swings open and MacLure fills the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun has risen on the snow. You will even witness that scene in the railway station next morning when the surgeon tears into fifty pieces the check MacLure has handed him, and you yourself will know something of the pride that swelled the bosom of the glen when the great man called out from the train:

"Give us another shake of your hand, MacLure. I am proud to have met you. You are an honor to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

But the great chapter is "The Mourning of the Glen." It had always been predicted that when MacLure died there would be the most michty turnout of old and young that any funeral had known in the history of the glen. But the hearts of his friends sank when, before he could be carried to the churchyard, there came down from the hills such a snowstorm as no one living could remember. Yet, somehow, beyond all expectations, beyond all belief, through snow the wind had banked twelve feet high, not only the men from his own village but men from distant valleys—men to whose sick he had gone through weather as bad—men who had risen at dawn and battled for hours through the drifts, came in their precious blacks and stood, a great, mute, unbonneted throng, while the coffin was lowered into the hole in the snow and, for the cross to be set above it, the old dominie chose the text which begins, "Greater love hath no man than this." In *my* five-foot shelf there is no chapter so uplifting as "The Mourning of the Glen."

NOW, cut from its context in that best-seller of yesteryear, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," published by itself for the first time in five and thirty years, "A Doctor of the Old School" is brought out again this month by Coward-McCann, and don't you let any lethargic clerk in a bookstore tell you different. In re-reading it from time to time, and knowing all the while how many of my own contemporaries had never even heard of it, I have myself sometimes felt that all my journalistic days were wasted, and that I might better have spent my time going from house to house with a wheelbarrow full of copies of "A Doctor of the Old School." But it is not too late, and for my convenience in such a work of devotion and high service here, at last, is the story, between covers of its own.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

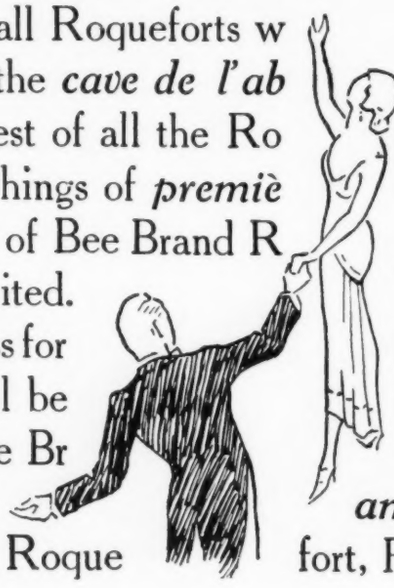
ANTON BRUEHL

Until just lately, most men wore evening clothes only at the point of a gun. And when they did wear them, they usually dragged out suits that were new when Roosevelt ferried up the River of Doubt... suits that exuded an odor of moth-balls... suits of a greenish ancient tinge, with three or four buttons, a high waist and a slit in the back that touched the middle vertebræ. Today all that is changed. Men now dress for the evening with a glad sense of expectancy. They dress for bridge, for hockey matches and for seeing people off on the Ile de France. And they are full of knowledge about the style of their clothes, insistent upon shoulders of the proper breadth and lapels that do not jar the æsthetic sensibilites. Our own Tailor Guild dinner clothes are cut in deference to the best metropolitan taste and tailored with an exquisite sense of the proprieties. Sixty-five and seventy-five dollars.

THE WEBER and HEILBRONER SHOPS

à travers les âges

It happened centuries ago. But surely a gre at contribution to civilized liv ing was the discov ery of the magic caves of Ro quefort, Fra nce. These caves make Roquefort ch eese. As thoroughly interesting as the conversion of sticky grape jui ce into a vintage wine in the *cave* of a Burgundy Chateau, is the metamorphose of a flat sweetish sheep's milk cheese into Roquefort—piquant, Queen of Cheese. Those in the know can tell you that Roquefort too has its vintages. Selected sh eep's milk, the *grand cru,* formed into cheese by a small gro up of masters, becomes the finest of all Roqueforts w hen aged in the *cave de l'ab eille,* the finest of all the Ro quefort caves. Like mo st things of *premiè re marque,* the quant ity of Bee Brand R oquefort is decidedly limited. The greater your fond ness for Roquefort, the keener will be your appreciation of Bee Br and. *Quel gout, mes amis! Société des Cav es,* Roque fort, France.



HELPFUL HINTS FOR MARGINAIRES

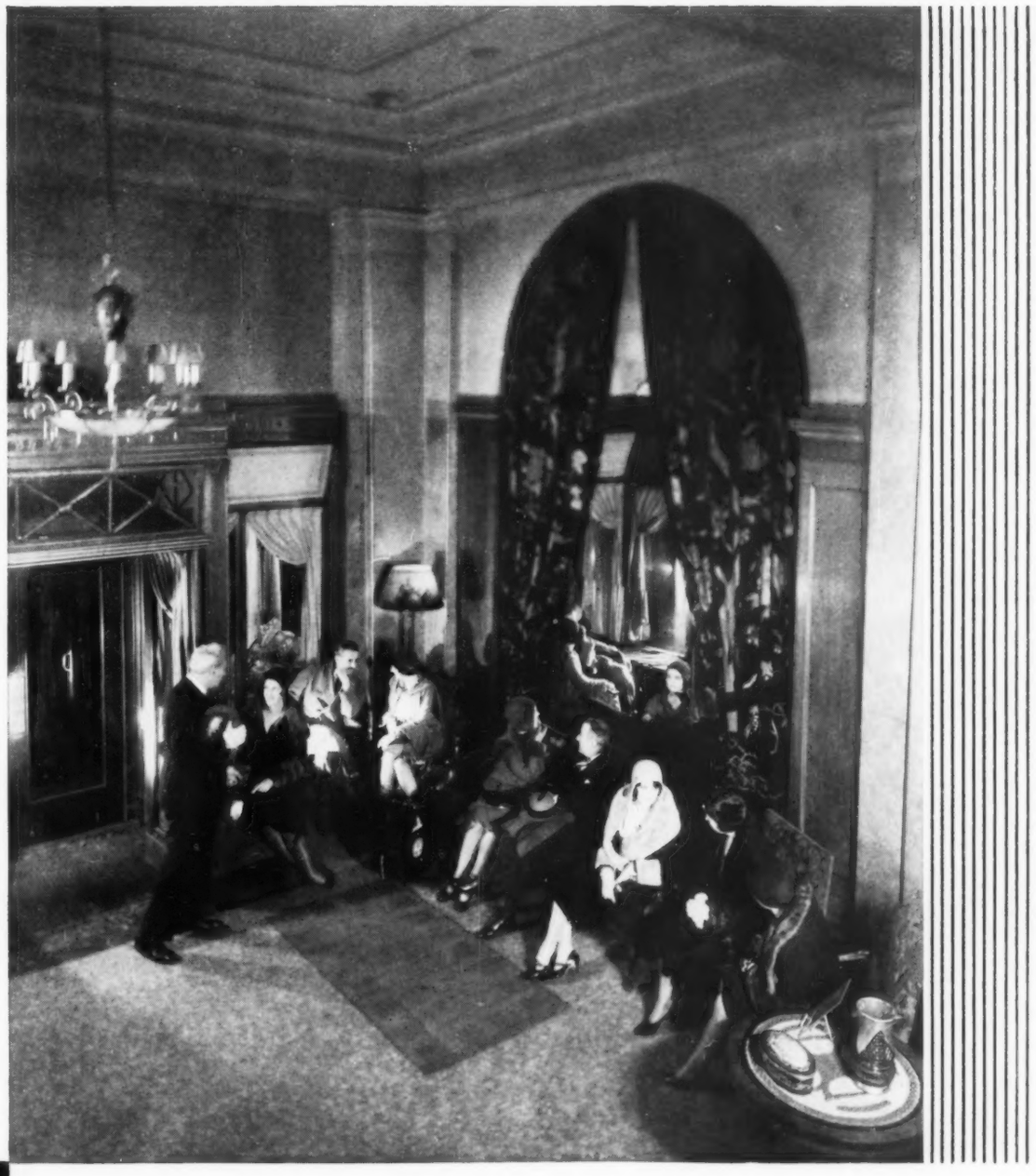
AT this season when everybody is wondering whether to go back to Kansas or put the children to hawking newspapers in the subway, the following suggestions may be welcome. No matter how often you read about stocks going down, down, down, the country *is sound*, and if you practice the small economies described below you should come through in great shape.

NOW tobacco is something we all pay a lot of money for every day when, as a matter of fact, a perfectly good tobacco substitute can be obtained by scraping the cork off the bottom of the linoleum in your kitchen. With a bandage about the eyes you'd never know the difference.

For milady, a lipstick compounded of five parts creamery butter, three parts crimson-lake oil paint, and two parts cornstarch is suggested. Thus, for about a dollar, the smart milady should have well over a pound of lipstick.

The débutante expecting great big enormous floral displays need not be disappointed. Perfectly lovely carnations, daisies, and violets can be made in a few afternoons with some rolls of colored tissue paper and green twine for stems. Red peppermint hearts make dandy favors for one of these "affairs."

Speaking of paper, and its uses, a first-class overcoat can be made of old newspapers stitched together and covered with a heavy coat of the varnish over which you pour boiling water. A collar of rotogravure sections gives a strong impression of fur at a distance. Care should be taken, however, not to

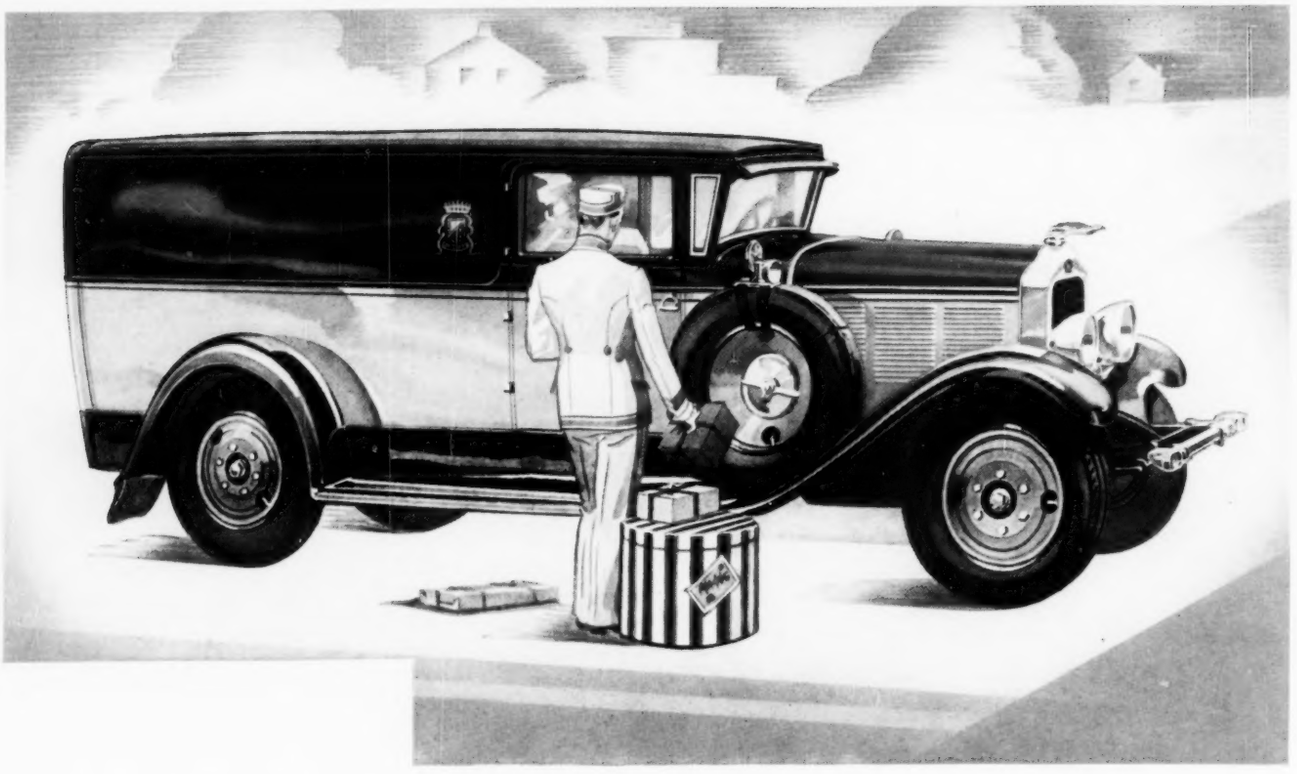


LE restaurant sans pareil où l'on rencontre ses amis et l'on dine à loisir

Maillard's

MADISON AVENUE AT FORTY SEVENTH

MIDI ET SOIR



Smart delivery is a part

87
DEPARTMENT STORES
Operating
2817 White Trucks in Fleets of 10 or More

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Broadway Department Store	36
Bullock's	30
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Eleto Delivery Co., Inc. (Buffalo)	65
The Fair (Chicago)	12
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Fair Store Company (Cincinnati)	10
Frank & Seder	46
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Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Milwaukee)	14
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (New York)	118
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Philadelphia)	108
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Pittsburgh)	51
Hahn Department Stores	19
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Halle Brothers Company	27
Hecht Company	24
Hecht Bros.	10
Higbee Company	23
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	25
D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.	10
Joseph Horne Company	59
The Hub (Baltimore)	15
J. L. Hudson Company	90
Hudson's Bay Company	32
Hutzler Brothers Company	15
Jones Store Company	21
S. Kann Son's Company	21
Kresge Department Stores, Inc.	21
Lansburg & Brother	19
LaSalle & Koch Company	17
F. & R. Lazarus Company	10
Lightning Delivery Company	11
Lion Dry Goods Company	11
Lit Brothers, Inc.	61
Frederick Loeser & Company	44
R. H. Macy & Company, Inc.	14
Mandel Brothers	49
May Company (Cleveland)	60
May Company (Los Angeles)	43
May, Stern & Company	14
McCreery & Company	13
G. M. McKelvey Company	27
Mercantile Stores Company	31
Henry Morgan & Company, Ltd.	24
A. I. Namm & Son	63
M. O'Neil Company	13
Oppenheim, Collins & Company	40
Palais Royal	17
H. & S. Pogue Company	23
Powers Mercantile Company	25
Frank G. Richards	21
Rollman & Sons Company	10
Rosenbaum Company	41
Saks & Company	57
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Dry Goods Company	10
Sears, Roebuck & Company	10
Shepard Stores	13
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Company	14
Franklin, Simon & Company	34
Stern Brothers	36
Stewart & Company	20
Strawbridge & Clothier	60
Wm. Taylor Son & Company	30
John Wanamaker	120
Raphael, Weill & Company	20
R. H. White Company	10
W. A. Wieboldt Company	26
Woodward & Lothrop	31
C. H. Yaeger Company	11
Zions Co-Operative Mercantile Institution	24

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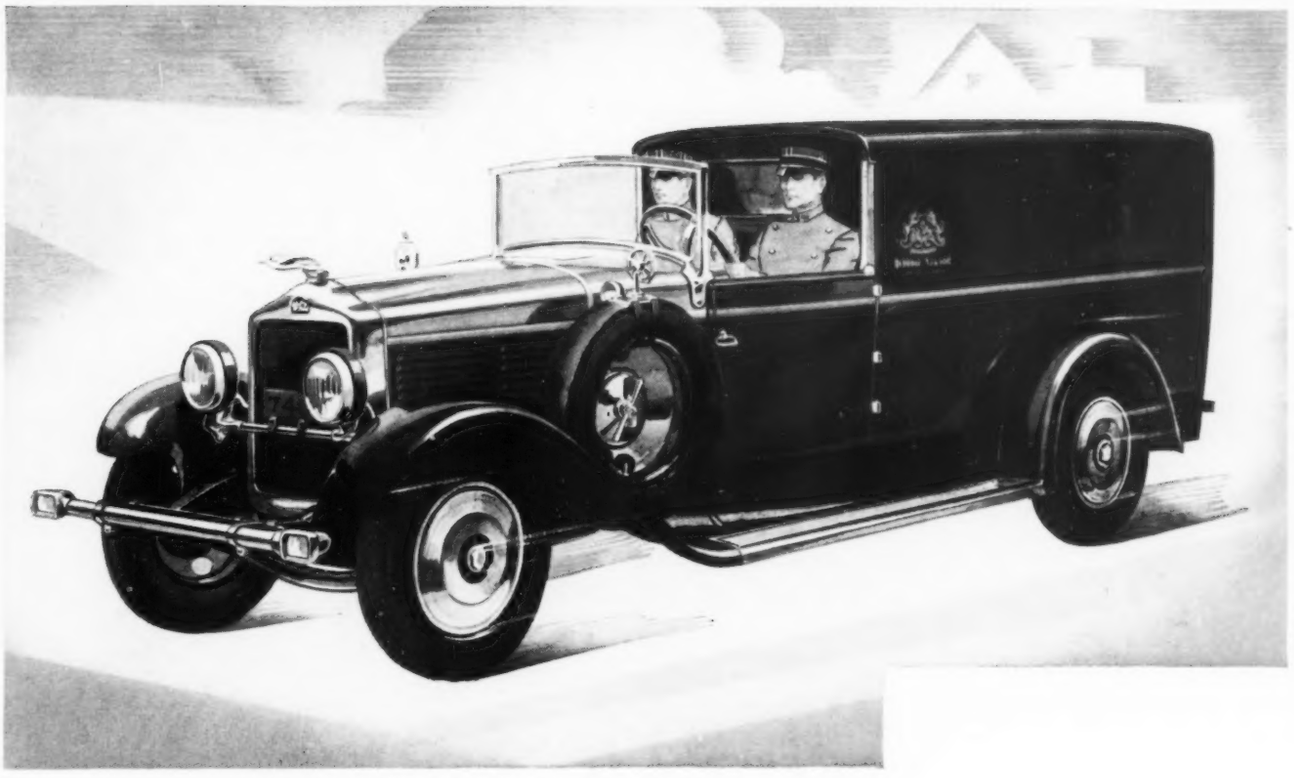
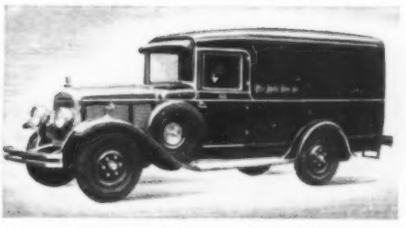
Miller & Rhoads	Richmond
Blumn's Inc.	Chicago
Franklin-Simon & Company	New York
Abercrombie & Fitch	New York
Tiffany & Company	New York
Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc.	New York

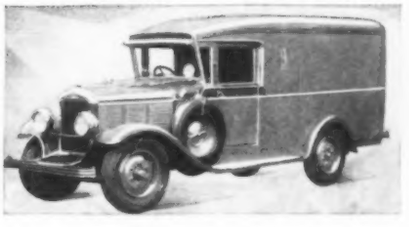


# of smart merchandising

over a period of the past fifteen years. Housed in the same garages with the new, smartly styled, six-cylinder Whites are many of the old veteran Whites that are still covering their daily routes with over 200,000 miles of service to their credit.



The new Whites are designed for ease of handling in modern traffic. Flexible, fast and traditionally dependable, they are capable of higher average speeds and greater coverage per day.



In New York, as in all metropolitan cities, you will find White Trucks the predominant choice among the leading merchants.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

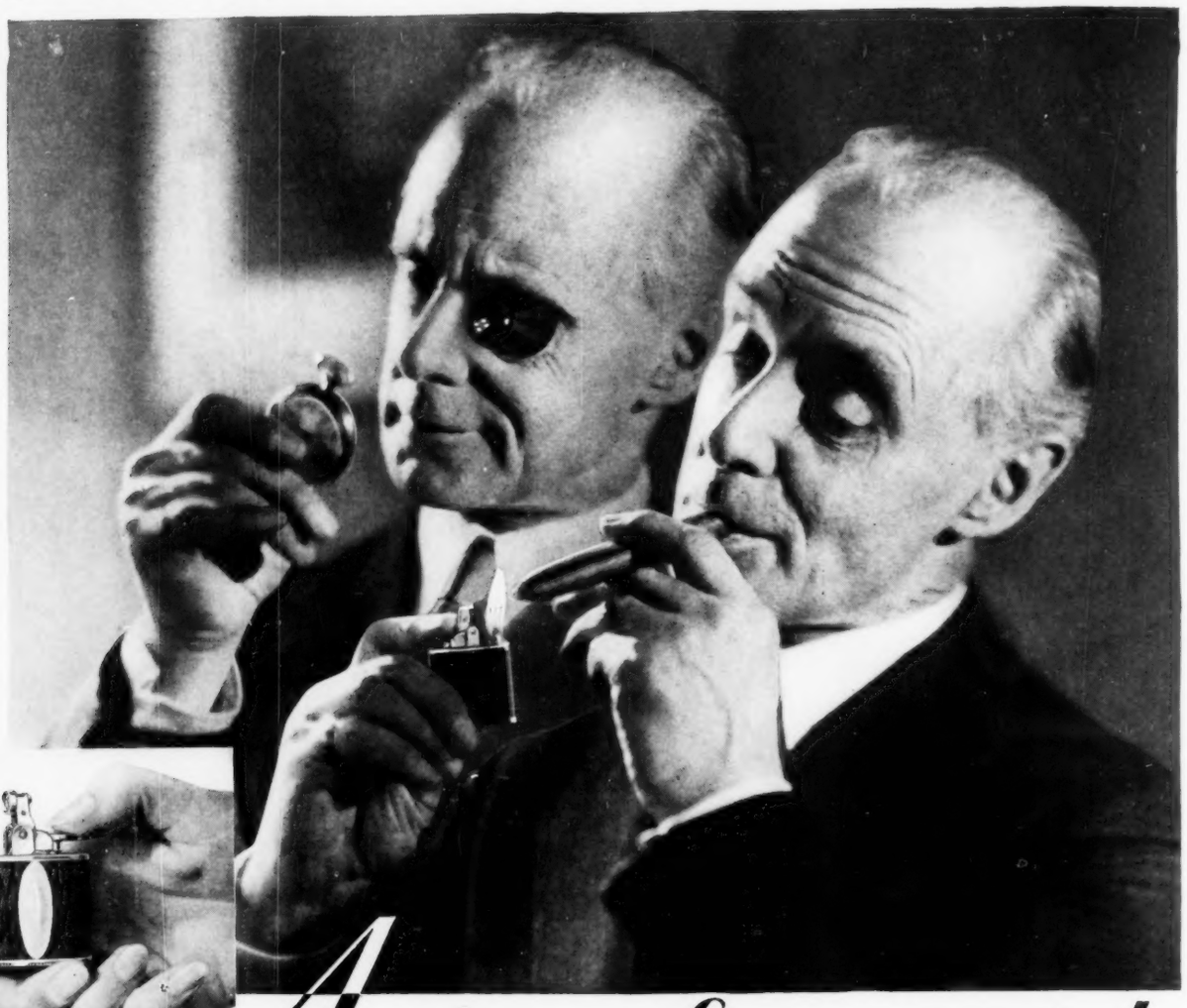
WHITE

A COMPLETE LINE OF FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER

TRUCKS
BUSSES

J771

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



As in a fine watch

.... the movement is the secret!

THIS IS THE RONSON MOVEMENT

Just press—and *up* flips the snuffer cap, *Flash!* goes the spark, *Zip!* there's your *light!*

The action is entirely automatic—precise, uniform—and unfailing.

A flip—and it's lit!

Release—and it's out!

PRINCESS

DUPLEX

FRAT

TABOURETTE

WINDBREAK

JUDGE a lighter, as you judge a watch, by its *works*—by the worth of its *movement* as well as the beauty of its case.

The one-finger Ronson automatic action has revolutionized lighter design and construction—made possible smarter, smaller, slimmer, more convenient cases.

It has given the Ronson supreme reliability—ticking off lights with the steady regularity of a watch.

There's no substitute for Ronson perfection. Get the genuine. All sizes, all styles, all finishes, for pocket, desk or table. $5. and up, at jewelry, tobacco, drug, haberdashery, and department stores.

ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

NEW 1930 MODELS

RONSON

TRADE MARK REG..FULLY PATENTED .OTHER PATS. PENDING

De-light

THE PERFECT LIGHTER IN THE PERFECT CASE!

allow scare-heads such as "FIEND SLAYS 6 TOTS," or "LOVE NEST ORGY BARED," stock-market tables, or other riot-inciting matter to appear in too prominent a position.

WITH Christmas coming on and everything, it may be wise to consider Junior and his little mates. Any man who is handy with tools should be able to make an excellent bobsled out of an old bathtub, a couple of pairs of ice skates, and a can of bright red paint. If Junior isn't delighted, slap his face and tell him that the market wasn't your fault.

Razor blades are expensive and take money which should go to other things these lean days. A perfect substitute can be obtained by breaking a milk bottle, glass paperweight, or windowpane in clean, straight lines. Unevenly broken glass makes a rather unsatisfactory cutting edge, as it tends to make gouges or depressions in the face.

The question of a substitute for gin is unfortunately one which was solved long before the market broke—years ago, in fact. Consequently nothing much can be done about the liquor situation at present. I can only suggest that you keep right on having it analyzed. —CREIGHTON PEET

•

SCALAWAG

He used the moon for a skillet
To fry his bacon and corn pone,
A bridge of stars was his billet
Every night he was alone.

A hundred dusky women daily
Planned for him a tasty feast
While he greased his skillet gaily,
Never minding in the least.

A hundred golden women waited
For him nightly, so he said,
But alas, he just was fated
To prefer a single bed.

Every time it started raining
He alone could tell you why,
J[illegible] those women all complaining
B[illegible]use he had passed them by.
—DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

•

"People," he said, "simply have not been thinking about going to the theaters during the past few days. It's the worst business I ever saw. It's worse than Yom Kippur and Good Friday put together." —*The World.*

Let's keep 'em apart.

"I *Hate Christmas Shopping*"
She Used to Say

Now she plays bridge while other women shop . . . and shop . . . and shop. We evolved the new Poole Clock Gift Service for her and you—who wish to remember your friends with distinctive gifts—and don't like Christmas crowds.

Now you merely give a list of those you wish to remember to the merchant who handles Poole Clocks. The clocks of your choice will be delivered in a handsome gift package five days before Christmas. A beautiful presentation card is enclosed . . . Your friends are flattered by your thoughtfulness. A Poole Clock never has to be wound or oiled; there are no outside electrical connections to make. Beautiful cases lend their charm to any setting. It is the clock of modernity, for modern homes, and modern minds. There is a merchant near you who will extend to you the new Poole Clock Gift Service. If you don't know his name . . . write us.

POOLE MORSE PRECISION PRODUCTS CLOCK

POOLE CLOCK DIVISION, MORSE PRODUCTS, INC.
ITHACA, N. Y.
NEW YORK OFFICE, 233 SPRING ST.
Phone Canal 1155

PLEASE—*the name of the merchant near me who sells Poole Clocks.*

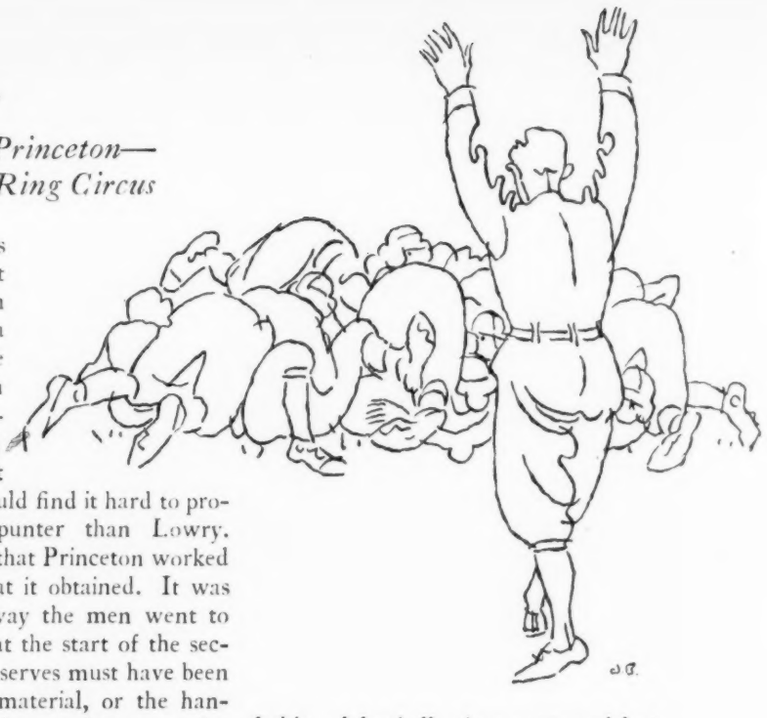
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... 3

FOOTBALL

A Game for Yale and Work for Princeton—
What Might Have Been—Three-Ring Circus



GREAT as the disappointment of many a comfortably seated spectator at the Bowl must have been, the absence of Albie Booth from the Yale line-up for the Princeton game had some advantages. For one thing, it became possible to see the team without being dazzled by the brilliance of its star, the most widely touted player since Red Grange, and to discover, with some surprise, that this year's eleven is a first-rate one.

There have not been many of these games of late with so little individual starring. To be sure, Don McLennan was singled out for praise, and justly so, but it was team play that opened the way for him and the other Yale backs. It was a singularly well-coached eleven. No matter who was sent in, the team as a whole never seemed to suffer. In fact it actually gained strength as the game progressed.

AS is always the case, the question was immediately and scornfully put: "Who did Princeton beat this year, anyway?" On Monday, the team which on Saturday had been an even favorite against Yale was relegated to oblivion and told that as a matter of fact it never had been much. Yet, for a good part of the game, it was an exceedingly dangerous team; even the great Middle West would find it hard to produce a better punter than Lowry. The trouble was that Princeton worked too hard for what it obtained. It was astonishing the way the men went to pieces physically at the start of the second half. The reserves must have been very indifferent material, or the handling of substitutions rather poor, for halfway through that first touchdown rush of Yale it was obvious that the reeling Princeton line had no chance in the world of shutting off a score unless some new men were put in action. Yet the substitution of Hockenbury for Whyte, who was out on his feet, seemed to be the only move made to stave off calamity.

AFTER the game, Yale was accused of playing straight, old-fashioned football. As a matter of fact, most of the early-season Stanford hocus-pocus was missing. Yale played, for the most part, Tad Jones football; but in addition to the famous cut-back off tackle, there was a sweeping end run, and though McLennan ran most of the time, Taylor and Beane and others helped him a lot. There was never any sign of the old tradition that only the single ball carrier in the backfield should touch the ball.

Most encouraging of all to Yale men, with horrid memories of Doc Jordan ramming his head against a goal-post, and similar goal-line stodginess, was the method of putting across the final punch. For years Yale used to gain like mad in the middle of the field and then pile up short of the goal-posts. Things are different now. There was, for example, the play that led up to the final touchdown of the game. It was a spinner play, which McLennan started. He whirled and handed the ball to Taylor, who then carried it within a foot or so of the line, leaving McLennan only a step to make on the next plunge.

Then there was the second touchdown. In a similar situation,

McLennan whirled to hand the ball to Taylor. Princeton must have remembered the first play. It seemed very much as though the middle secondary closed in, to realize too late that Taylor was going to pass, not rush. Taylor's left-handed toss just reached Hickok above the despairing hands of Princeton's middle defence back, racing in to shut it off. Perhaps this is reading too much into the mind of the Yale quarterback, but it looked like smart football. When Yale was held

in the final period the quarterback was not shooting for the goal-line, he was aiming for a first down a foot or so away, and couldn't be blamed for his men's piling up there. And even so, the distance had to be measured exactly.

Yale, so often accused of stupid football, played intelligent football almost without lapse. There were three real chances to score, and two were realized. The refusal to use a forward pass more than twice was fully justified. The forward pass is still a gambling play. If you don't need to gamble, it's wise not to try it. Ask Dartmouth. Or ask Cornell, after last week's Dartmouth game.

PRINCETON, of course, has had its worst season in years. It was pretty soundly defeated Saturday. Yet what might have happened in the third period if Wittmer, loose with a forward pass, had managed to get by the last man in his way is hard to tell. At that the score might have been tied if Wittmer had had enough strength left to gain through the line on the second down. Princeton would not have been forced to pass.

This year's team was the heaviest in Princeton history, and it seemed

Distinguished Overcoats

FOR GENTLEMEN

READY FOR WEARING

Approved and correctly styled overcoats of character in woolens of the most desirable weights and textures from the world's finest makers, are presented for town, country and formal wear

Hickey-Freeman tailored these coats with the exceptional ability and extreme care that has given this house preëminence in the production of gentlemen's clothes ready for wearing

PRICED FROM SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

Visit *both Coasts of* Florida *without extra fare*

THE privileges of a round-trip ticket to "The Palm Beaches" and Miami, via Seaboard, permit you to visit Tampa, St. Petersburg, and other West Coast resorts without additional fare.

Seaboard's hospitality and Southern cooking make this the most enjoyable route south.

Southern States Special
Leaves Pennsylvania Station, New York—
10.10 a. m. Daily

New York-Florida Limited
Leaves Pennsylvania Station, New York—
6.40 p. m. Daily

For further information or reservations consult your local Ticket Agent, or

W. H. DONNY, General Eastern Passenger Agent
8 West 40th Street, New York City
Phone PENnsylvania 3283

Florida
via **Seaboard**
AIR LINE RAILWAY

bogged by its weight. It had nothing to offer but crushing power, no relief in the way of sweep runs. It chose the hardest method known to gain ground, and it took too much out of itself.

FOR several weeks now there has been a desperate, sullen struggle going on in New York—the annual battle to get seats for the Army-Notre Dame game at the Yankee Stadium. When Tammany Hall, baseball people, the numerous Army and Notre Dame organizations of the East are through, the huge baseball park is filled to capacity. There is never any public sale of tickets for this game, but that doesn't keep the public from trying. Aldermen, even district leaders, are appealed to; congressmen demand blocks of seats from West Point, and far away at South Bend Knute Rockne is forced to have assistants devoting their time to nothing but the avalanche of letters and telegrams, all from his "friends," pleading for tickets.

Which is all by way of leading up to the fact that New York is about to see a three-ring circus, the greatest thing of its kind, the mammoth attraction which has been playing the sticks for most of the season. After tuning up in Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Indiana, and way stations, and an engagement in Chicago, Notre Dame heads for New York and the annual game with the United States Military Academy.

By way of rounding off the Chicago engagement, Rockne's outfit proceeded to overwhelm Southern California. That leaves nothing but victories behind. You can't go wrong on this at-

LIKE NO OTHER MUSIC YOU'VE EVER HEARD!
GUY LOMBARDO
and his
ROYAL CANADIAN
Over the dance floor spreads a coral glow . . . A poignant jazz rhythm has begun. From amorous saxophones and muted cornets comes the quickening strains of hidden music . . . Lights change to dream-dim sapphire. A waltz like the whisper of warm winds holds you captive to its spell . . . Such is the ecstacy of GUY LOMBARDO and his Orchestra, playing nightly for dinner and supper in
THE ROOSEVELT GRILL
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
Broadcasting Exclusively Over the Columbia System

traction. If you can get a ticket, go by all means, for this is undoubtedly—well, practically undoubtedly—the best team in the country.

At New Haven: Bill Roper grinning as his varsity and scrubs played the afternoon before the game. . . . Al Wittmer, in the Taft lobby the night before, refusing to believe that Booth would be out of the action. . . . Stan Keck, sitting in the press box during the first half, squirming and muttering to himself. . . . Both sides cheering Eddie Wittmer when he finally quit. . . . The eagerness of Booth when the coaches almost sent him in to dropkick at the close. . . . Princeton players shaking hands with Yale after the game—and the sudden memory of the Illinois players dashing from the field before the final whistle of their game against Army had died away.

—R. F. K.

•

WORD FROM THE YO-YO BELT

1929 NOV 14 PM 9 46

NDA727 159 NL INDIANAPOLIS IND 14

YOYO DEPARTMENT

THE NEW YORKER 25 WEST 45 ST

NEW YORK NY

QUOTE YOYO IS A SMALL YELLOW TOP UNQUOTE MY EYE YOYO IS SMALL TOP COLORED YELLOW RED BLUE GREEN MAUVE PINK BROWN BLACK WHITE PURPLE BEIGE SUNTAN AND DAWN ALSO BLACK AND WHITE BLACK AND ANY OTHER COLOR IN FEARFUL COMBINATIONS AND DESIGNS SQUARES CIRCLES GRAPES STARS AND CRESCENTS ALL SAME TO THE SPECIALIST AS FOR TRICKS THERE ARE THE MOANIN LOW THE TOUCHDOWN THE STANDING SITTING STANDING THE LINDBERGH LOOP THE DOUBLE TROUBLE THE LOWDOWN THE BOOP A DOOP AND THE FOUR EASY MARX BROTHERS STATISTICS PROVE THE TOP LASTS FOREVER BUT THE STRINGS WEAR OUT THERES THE RACKET BECAUSE NEW STRINGS ARE TEN CENTS HOME MADE YOYOS DISPLAY INGENUITY NOT TO SAY GENIUS ONE HAS BEEN MADE WITH TWO DIMES AND A SOUPCON OF SOLDERED METAL ALSO WITH TWO FORD WHEELS FUNNY THING IS THEY WORK A NEW DISEASE CALLED THE YOYO ARM HAS DEVELOPED OFTEN REQUIRING MEDICAL ATTENTION IT IS ALL VERY SAD THE HELL WITH IT

MARY ROSE HIMLER

We have only yellows in the office; we have to have a yellow for the boop-a-doop.

•

Picture yourself in a gathering of "up-to-the-minute" people. Someone mentions Sinclair Lewis or H. L. Mencken. What do you do? Do you try to swing the conversation back to bridge?—*From a magazine ad.*

Why, yes.

before dinner
—Vermouth!

To be more explicit, here are words and phrases describing Martini & Rossi Vermouth: tart, no cloying sweetness, snappy, appetizing, dry—sec, palatable, whets appetite, no heavy body, strength with smooth herbal flavor, a natural appetizer used in beverages and foods by the better thinking people.

For drink concoctions, salads, sauces, desserts . . . such as Europe boasts about. Note this: Changes in drinking customs do not affect Martini & Rossi Vermouth. Its glorious flavor is intriguing under all conditions. Gastronomic and non-fattening.

SEND FOR

Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes and Score Pad

Nineteen recipes that are jewels of the shaker and culinary art. See your food shop for Martini & Rossi Vermouth. Two kinds: Italian dry and French extra dry . . . often combined equally. Address sole importers, W. A. Taylor & Co. 94N Pine Street, New York, N. Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI
Vermouth
. . . before dinner

GIFTS . . . WITH A PERSONALITY AS

COMPACTE

le Début

PARFUM

Compacte le Début . . . thoughtfully complementing the ensemble mode with the four color combinations of its exquisite *cloisonné* top—gold finish with black or jade green . . . silver with ivory or Mediterranean blue. From its trim octagonal shape to its silken-like powder and rouge, it is the embodiment of smartness and convenience. Price $5.00 (with chain $7.50). *Chatelaine le Début* . . . the *Compacte* with matching Lipstick attached by a graceful chain. Price $10.00 : : : Refills of powder, rouge and lipstick in the popular shades.

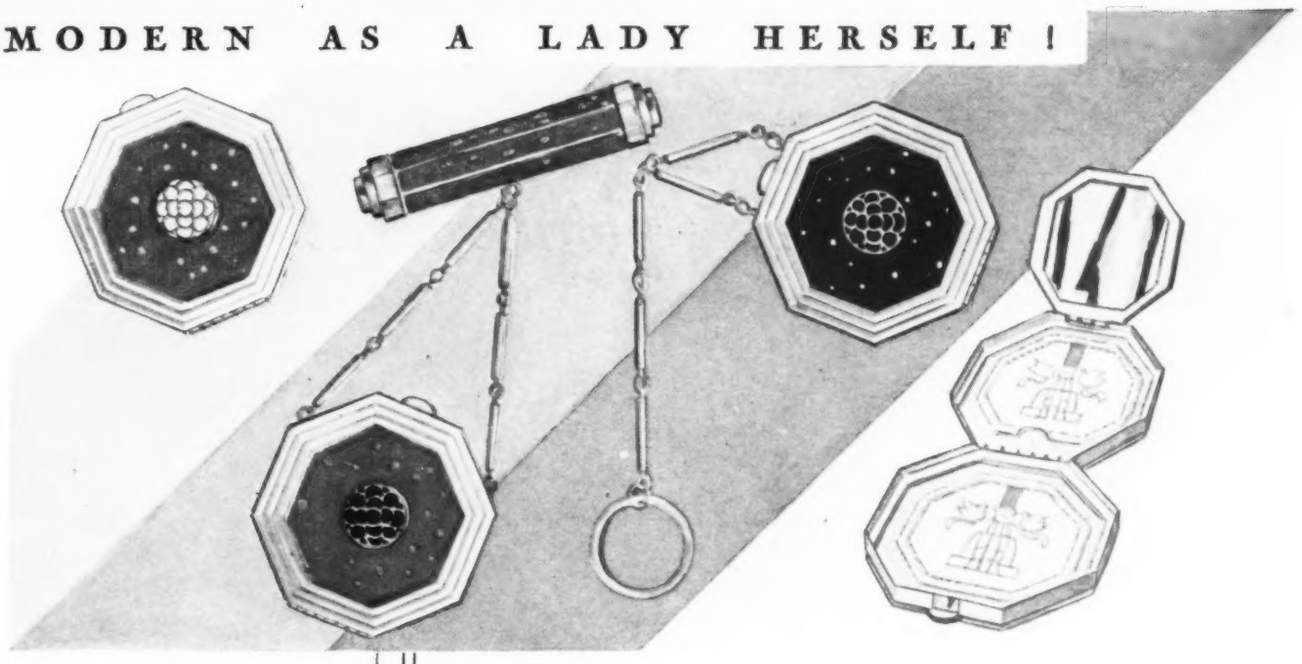
Parfum le Début . . . the fragrant expression of the moods which are an important part of woman's charm . . . created and sealed in Paris. Four distinctive *odeurs* . . . in flacons of symbolic color. Three sizes . . . $3.75 . . . $7.50 . . . $12.50.

Le Début Bleu	in blue *flacon*	Romance
Le Début Vert	in green *flacon*	Adventure
Le Début Blanc	in ivory *flacon*	Gaiety
Le Début Noir	in black *flacon*	Sophistication

At all modern shops.

RICHARD HUDNUT • *PARFUMEUR* • New York • Paris

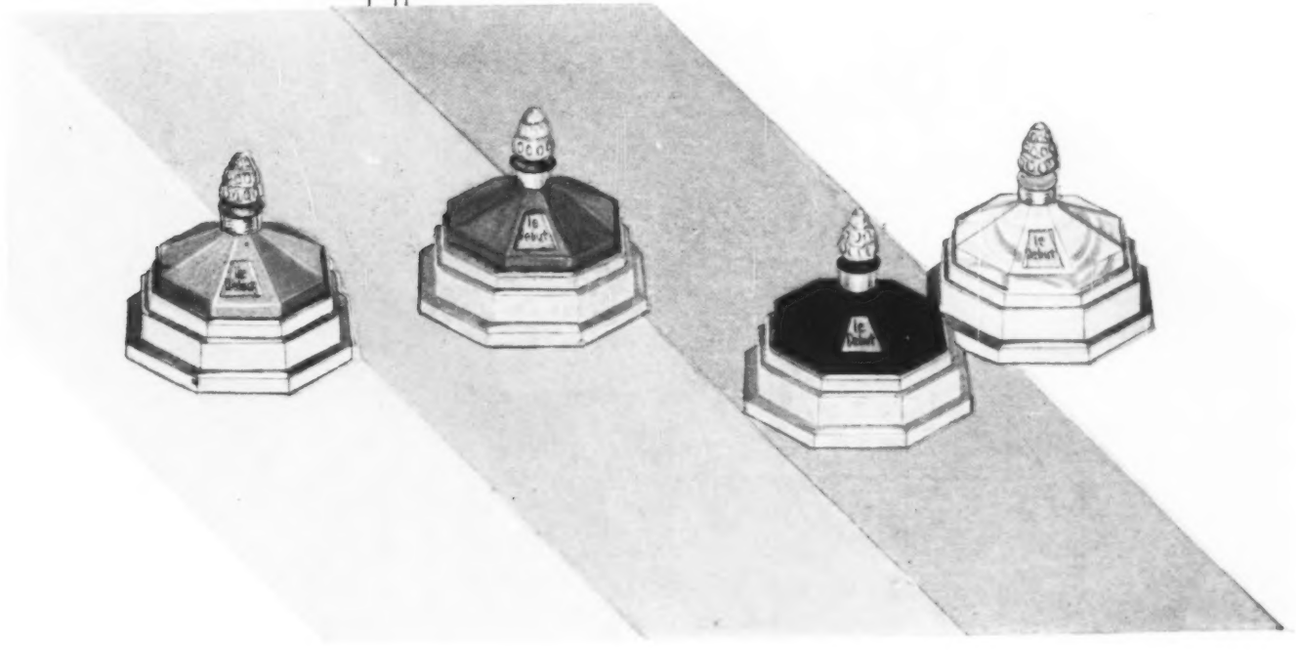
MODERN AS A LADY HERSELF !



COMPACTE

le Début

PARFUM



what a whale of a difference
just a few *points* make

Yes . . .
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents *make*

. . . a definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

AMERICANIZATION

I WONDER if I said that the Orange County Afternoon Delphian Society has been neglecting a patriotic duty, a duty that devolves upon all good Americans, I wonder if I said that would I be torn limb from limb? I'm afraid I would. I'm afraid I would.

And yet I'll risk it, knowing that if Afternoon Delphian *does* resent a charge like that, nevertheless the resentment quickly gives way to an intense, overwhelming desire to rectify things. Isn't that true? I'm sure of it, and that's why I hereby make the charge and before you have a chance to assail me, I'll tell you what and why and wherefore.

The patriotic duty we have been neglecting is just this: What about Americanization? . . .

I knew—I knew just as *well*. I would have staked my life on it that you'd be surprised. Well. Isn't it true? Isn't it true that with all the good work we have done for the community, we have neglected our alien friends? And after all, if we neglect our alien friends, how are we to expect them to be good citizens? How can we expect them to be citizens at *all?*

Because that's what Americanization is. Americanization is nothing more or less than helping the aliens that aren't naturalized by taking out citizenship papers. Americanization helps those aliens in the first steps. They have to file the intention to become a citizen, and then by Americanization we help them through all the stages of citizenship until finally the alien is a regular American, entitled to vote and entitled to the protection of the government. Entitled to everything but

• •

go buccaneering
on this delightful cruise

Winter Cruises to the WEST INDIES
Panama Canal
Venezuela and Nassau
S.S. *Reliance* and S.S. *Resolute*

Dec. 17, 1929—16 days
Jan. 4, 1930—16 days
Jan. 23, 1930—27 days
Feb. 22, 1930—27 days
Mar. 26, 1930—16 days

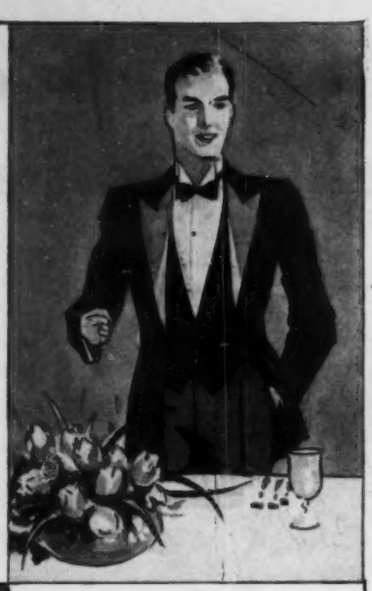
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
39 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

TURN pirate for 2 weeks or a month. Join the merry band of buccaneers aboard the *Resolute* or the *Reliance* . . . members of the "Order of Pleasure Pirates" calling from port to port along the Spanish Main, visiting the haunts of Kidd and Morgan.

And if at La Guayra you zigzag up the precipitous mountainside on the world's greatest scenic railway, you'll see spread out far below, the colorful island-dotted harbor once the rendezvous of pirate ships.

It's from invigorating tropic mountains such as these that Beech-Nut brings rare coffees. And it's from Beech-Nut that the *Reliance* and the *Resolute* buy the delicious coffee they serve you—the same Beech-Nut Coffee smart New Yorkers are enjoying at home.

Beech-Nut Coffee
RARE FLAVOR FROM TROPIC HEIGHTS



Watch Your Waistcoat!

Styles in dress waistcoats can change almost as quickly as a woman changes her mind.

Watch *your* waistcoat! It is either entirely correct or it is all wrong. There is no compromise.

Last season you were a decided "Who's Who!" Perhaps this season may find you a mere "who's he?"—if your waistcoat is out of tune.

See the merchant who outfits you. Ask him to show you the latest patterns in Catoir Vestings. With a dress waistcoat made of a Catoir Vesting added to your evening outfit, your complete social success is assured.

CATOIR SILK CO., INC.
257 Fourth Ave., New York City

CATOIR
[Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]
VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS

President of the United States, of course, because one has to be born here to be President. But not all of us can be President in any case.

NOW the first thing that comes to mind is, how can *we* help, what can we do to further Americanization?

Fellow members, we can help in many ways. First of all, I am sure lots of us have servants in our homes that we never thought one way or another about whether they're Americans. The result of that is, perhaps we are harboring a servant in our home who will stay here long enough to collect enough money to live in comfort and ease and then return to the "Old Country," as they call it. Well, that certainly doesn't help conditions in this country. The alien of that type takes but does not give, and we all must give if this country is to be a success. The thing to do in that case is to ask your servants whether they're naturalized, and if not, suggest that it might be a good idea. Of course, if they happen to be Irish, the chances are they took out the first papers almost as soon as they got off the boat. The Irish deserve credit for that. And so do the Germans to a great extent.

THE next step is Americanization schools. You'd be surprised how easy the examinations are and yet how many aliens fail to pass them. Such questions as "Who was George Washington?" and things about the history of the United States that a child in the third grade would know about, these questions stump some of the aliens. It's tragic to see an alien, all agog to become a citizen, being turned down on a simple thing like that. It naturally embitters them and some of them don't try again.

That's where the Americanization school comes in. It coaches the alien in the kind of question that will be asked, so that when he comes before Judge Kopf, Judge Kopf won't be compelled to turn him down on a simple question. I think the State is doing something about naturalization schools at night, but even so we can help. I think we could help immensely by guaranteeing the salary of a teacher so that if conditions are overcrowded, as they are likely to be, we could lessen the burden that much. Or else some of us might even volunteer to take classes ourselves and teach them—say one or two nights a month. After all, I don't want to sound too boringly patriotic like these professional Americans you hear so much about, but it *would* be a good idea to aid Americanization in any way we can.

Now the thing to do is to make up a questionnaire, I think. We might give one to each alien that we know about—servants, people that work on the railroad bridge, and so forth. Then we also guarantee the salary of a teacher. Now these are just my own ideas. My principal idea is to get the *sense* of this meeting on this all-important subject. Madam President, I move you the house be open for discussion. Surely there are many of us who have little extemporaneous thoughts on a subject that in its way is as important as many more difficult ones that we have settled. Now let's everybody contribute one little idea to Americanization!

—JOHN O'HARA

• •

BIG-HEARTED

Recent Press Recordings of Extraordinary Outbursts of Generosity

LOCALE	DONOR	RECIPIENT	GIFT	CIRCUMSTANCES
Buffalo	Bandit	John Wills	$20 gold-piece	When held up, he explained he was broke, cold, and hungry.
Detroit	Orin Mills	His wife	$1	At the same time, he gave $100 to the Anti-Saloon League, so she sued for divorce.
New Bedford	School Board	Josephine Stuart	$8 per year of service	Retirement after 50 years as teacher.
Wilkes-Barre	J. J. McDevitt	All Europe	$5	Deposited it in bank for 2,000 years at compound interest, to pay off world-war debts.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE:
"A surgeon always uses a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient"

these facts are only for women who

DARE READ THE TRUTH

When your mirror reflects the skin defects you have dreaded to see—blemishes, blackheads, large pores or oiliness—put the blame where it belongs, on superficial methods of cleansing.

It is not enough to remove surface dirt. Only when the pores are kept clean does the skin stay fine-textured and young. Medical authorities recognize this. No surgeon would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient. He knows that greasy preparations are not efficient cleansers, that only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores and floats out the deepest dirt.

For the first time, pore-deep liquid cleansing is now available for the daily use of fastidious American women. Ambrosia, a sunlit liquid created by a French chemist, gently, thoroughly cleanses the most sensitive skins. No wax to clog or coarsen the pores, no alkali to dry or stiffen the skin. Pores cleansed to their depths every day with liquid Ambrosia soon become naturally fine; the skin-texture firm, clear, young.

correct cleansing for each skin

oily

Wipe face and neck with Ambrosia, repeating until the skin is perfectly clean. It is best to use gauze for cleansing an oily skin. Finish with a rinsing of very cold water. Ambrosia is also a perfect powder base.

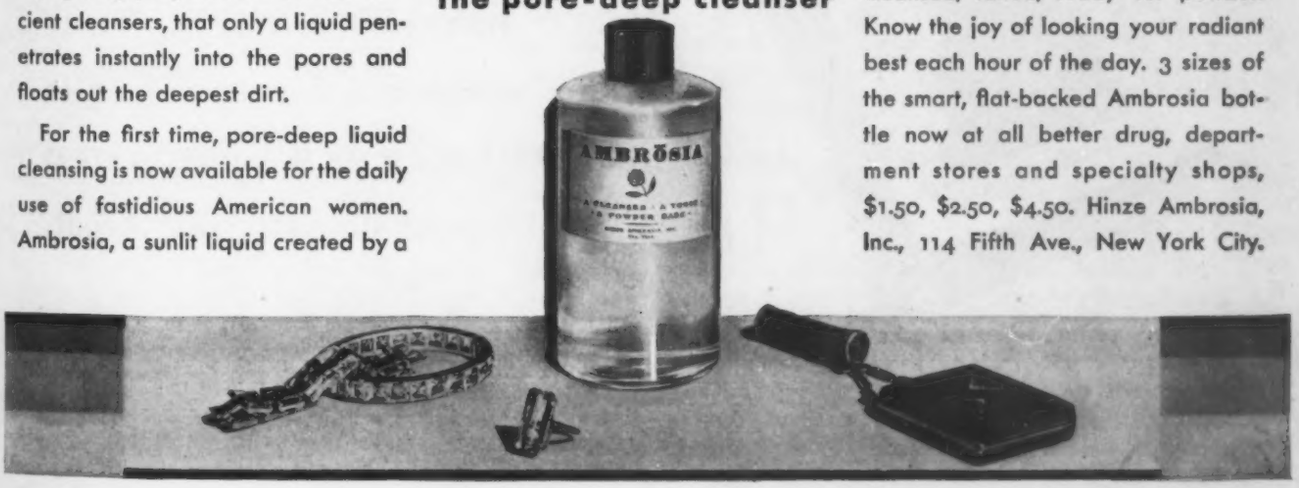
normal

Saturate absorbent cotton with liquid Ambrosia and wipe thoroughly over the face and neck, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Stroke the face up with fingers until dry. Ambrosia alone is a perfect powder base.

dry

Cleanse face and neck with Ambrosia, stroking dry with fingers. At night smooth on a softening cream. In the morning cleanse again with Ambrosia to remove any wax left in the pores by the cream. Ambrosia alone is a perfect powder base.

the pore-deep cleanser



A priceless convenience for today's busy women, a small flacon of Ambrosia can be carried in the purse. Apply it wherever you happen to be; in less than a minute the skin is cleansed, toned, ready for powder. Know the joy of looking your radiant best each hour of the day. 3 sizes of the smart, flat-backed Ambrosia bottle now at all better drug, department stores and specialty shops, $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.

"Cold" Weather is OLD GOLD WEATHER

THE SMOKE SCREEN THAT KEEPS OUT THROAT-SCRATCH

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

IN KINDNESS TO YOUR THROAT *change* TO THIS SMOOTHER CIGARETTE

In cold, damp or raw weather smoke this smoother cigarette! OLD GOLDS are easy on the throat. OLD GOLD'S clean . . . ripe tobacco holds no "throat-scratch." No roughness. Sample their honey-smoothness. Taste their wonderful flavor, winner in 100,000 taste-tests. Change to OLD GOLDS, in kindness to your throat.

Better tobaccos make them smoother and better . . . with "not a cough in a carload"

On Your Radio, OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR every Tuesday Evening . . . 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time

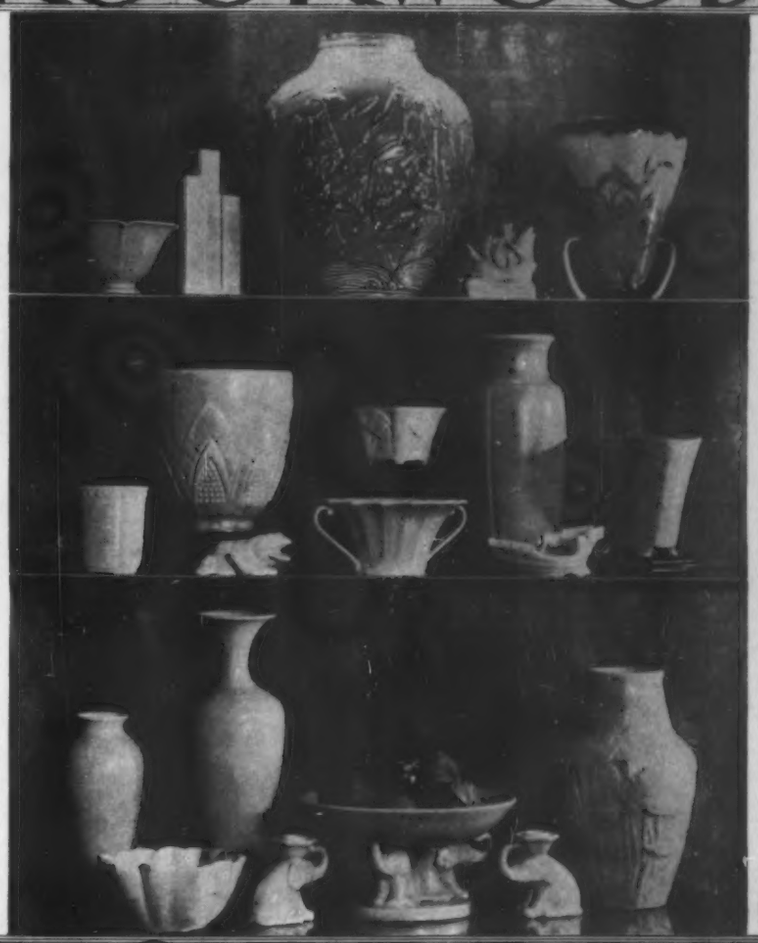
NEW APARTMENTS

Soundproof for Art's Sake —High Ceilings and Great Open Spaces— A View of the Park

ON the heels of the Fencers' Club opening, which building I recently noted as charming and civilized though inexpensive, comes the announcement of the Beaux Arts Apartments, No. 307 and No. 310 East Forty-fourth Street. These (to be occupied about December 15) are the product of the same imaginative combination: Kenneth M. Murchison, architect, and Douglas L.Elliman, impresario; with Raymond Hood, Godley & Fouilhoux as associates. Construction by George A. Fuller & Company—which means a lot to you if you know builders. The Beaux Arts Apartments (so named because the Beaux Arts Institute is next door) are as nearly original in every way as any venture can be. The architecture throughout is modern; I mean *modern*. Red and black brick and great expanses of glass are the chief exterior features; inside, each suite consists almost entirely of one large, beautifully proportioned studio room, a bath (fitted with black tile and glass in just the right doses), several closets (one for a flop-down bed, if you like them, and one for linen—among others), and a built-in kitchenette. The last combines a tiny sink, range, electric icebox, cupboards, and good-cheer department, in the most mysterious way, and disappears obligingly when told to. Among the very new wrinkles are doors finished as absolutely smooth, unbroken panels, and floors of inlaid polished cork blocks; not only gently resilient to the feet but obviously perfectly noiseless. Since the tenantry gives promise of being all the smart young artists, architects, and otherwise amusing boys and girls who work and play in the vicinity, silence between floors will be not only golden but platinum.

ON the higher stories there are suites of two or three rooms; some of the latter having studios thirty-seven by fifteen feet, which is, you agree, astounding. While such a proportion

ROOKWOOD



POTTERY

The pale grey-green of sea-shallows in a misty sunlight . . . . . the softened mellow glow on the cheek of a sun-ripe peach - - Rookwood has captured their essences for these latest inimitable creations.

Celadon and Peach . . . . . until you have seen them in the exquisite textures of Rookwood, subtly turned and given form by masters of the ceramic art, you can't know the true mythical loveliness of these elusive colors.

But you may see them at all Rookwood stores. And you may buy them at prices from one dollar and a half up.

Tiffany and Company, Jewelers, New York City

Frederick Loeser and Co., Inc., Brooklyn; Marshall Field and Company, Chicago; Kayser and Allman, Philadelphia; Schervee Studios, Inc., Boston; L. Bamberger and Company, Newark; Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; L. B. King, Detroit; Brock and Company, Los Angeles; Dulin and Martin, Washington. A store of similar quality represents the pottery exclusively in your city. We invite your direct inquiry.

ROOKWOOD POTTERY
CINCINNATI

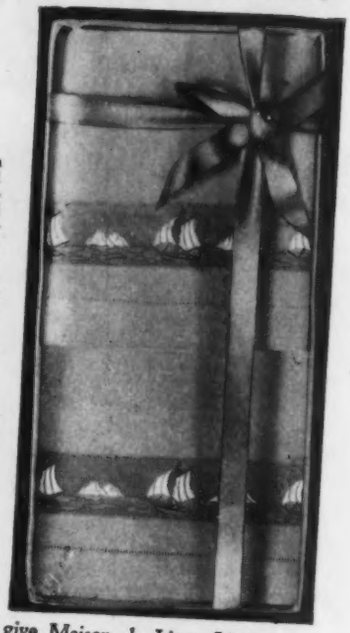
•linens • lingerie • trousseaux

Fine Linens Make Fine Gifts

(Left)—**The Swan Towel.** A graceful swan is hand appliquéd on colored French linen to create the smartest towel we have ever shown. In Green, Gold, Peach and Blue.

State Color desired.

Two in a gift box —$11.00 postpaid.



(Right)—**The Yacht Towel.** This fine Bird Eye Linen towel has an insertion of a Swiss embroidered Maritime scene; in a neutral coloring to harmonize with any bathroom color scheme.

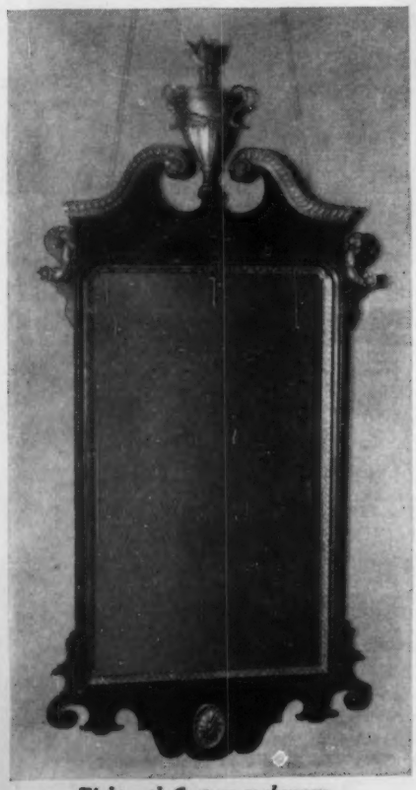
Two in a gift box —$8.00 postpaid

WHEN you give Maison de Linge Linens you know that the recipient will not only love them for themselves, but that she will receive no duplicates —unless they too come from Maison de Linge.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED Write for Brochure N.

maison de linge

644 madison avenue • new york



Eighteenth Century mahogany and gilt mirror

·ANTIQUES· WORKS OF ART

Our galleries of English antiques and silverware have lately been enriched by several shipments from England containing particularly fine pieces. Our department of Interior Decoration will assist in your selections or in the designing of interiors.

H. Douglas Curry & Co

33 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

would never do for a drawing-room, it makes a gorgeous studio, with the hard-working artist scratching away at one end, by the windows, and his friends being friends at the other. The ceilings of these suites, incidentally, are thirteen feet high. Both buildings will have all the comforts of a hotel, having restaurants with room-service, and hourly maid-service.

Rentals run from $875, the lowest, to $4,000, the highest; two or three penthouses are still available.

A STARTLINGLY original conclusion has been reached by this department: You can get really high ceilings in New York apartments, and really large rooms; and you can pay—very, very well for them. For those wistful ones who expect great spaces and southeast outlooks at $2,000 a year, we have nothing to suggest. For those who seek and can pay, however, we recommend the Beresford, Central Park West and Eighty-second Street.

This monument is divided into five sections, each approached through the marble halls of your dizziest dreams; and apartments can still be found at the two side entrances, and also on Central Park West. By far the most triumphant feature is the windows; these are all plain, double, outside-opening metal casements, each window fitted with one straight pane of clear glass. Your view, therefore, is obstructed only by the central rib of the casement opening; and this rule prevails even in the kitchens, pantries, and lesser regions. One of the few really individual treatments in town, and worth the extra trouble that it plainly represents. At present a seven-room simplex and a nine-room simplex or eight-room duplex are still to be had. Small roof-terraces occur above the twelfth floor.

In general, the ceilings in the Beresford are ten feet high. The kitchens and pantries are tiled right to the top, and their floors are paved with inset rubber tile blocks (a luxury, if you didn't know). Kitchens and pantries have individual General Electric Refrigerators. All pantry sinks are Monel metal, and all kitchen and pantry hardware chromium nickel. Most bathrooms are tiled in soft colors, and some are white with green borders. In each apartment one master's bath has a separate glass-walled shower, and in the larger ones there are apt to be two. Sometimes you find a dressing-room attached, with its own gleaming window. Sometimes you open a door and walk into a closet large

enough to hold a set of bedroom furniture. Sometimes there are two or three pot-and-preserve closets added to kitchens already more than generously equipped. The final touch of grace—proof positive that the whole thing is not a stunt—is that those ten-foot ceilings are the real thing: not chopped out between beams, but "hung," which simply means smooth expanses of plastering molded into restful, rounded cornices. The sizes of all the rooms are nearly maximum, and such details as open fireplaces, attractive lighting, spacious foyers, and decorating to your order, are matters of course.

The prices—$5,800 annually for seven rooms; $9,000 for nine rooms (simplex); $9,000 for eight rooms (duplex). Management and details by L. J. Phillips & Company, 148 West Seventy-second Street.

NO. 75 Central Park West is a perfectly nice, good, comfortable coöperative with a beautiful park view from the eastern windows, a rear court at the west, of no unusual light, and no features so distinctive as to impel "oh"s and "ah"s from the onlookers. The rooms, while of average size and pleasant proportions, have beamed ceilings which do not add to the illusion of height, and every so often some concession is made to expediency; such as, in the nine-room duplex, an inside bath for one of the main bedrooms. At least one bath in each apartment has a shower and no tub—I am told these are meant for the sons of the family. Kitchens and pantries are completely and adequately equipped. If you go there, bear in mind the eight-room "B" apartment, which is by far the best. This is on the corner, with most rooms outside, and has a living-room twenty-eight feet long. Open fireplaces are provided in all suites, but no lighting-fixtures or decorations—which the buyer always supplies in a coöp.

Prices from $11,300 (for four rooms) to $38,400 (nine rooms); maintenance just over 10 per cent annually; selling and managing by Pease & Elliman. —PENTHOUSE

•

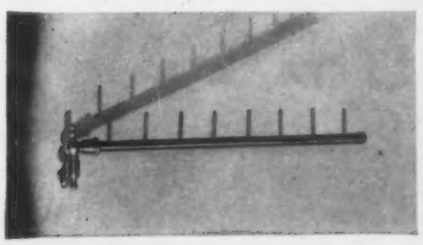
The first mill to be erected was the Atlantic Cotton Mills Company, followed a few years later by Pacific Mills, named after the Pacific Ocean, both of which were the product of Abbott Lawrence's indefatigable organization ability. —*From a salesman's manual of Pacific Mills.*

Must have had splendid coöperation all along the line.

GIFTS Janet Gray SAW AT LEWIS & CONGER

THE Big Chief has long cast an envious eye on my dressing table Face-a-lite Mirror. "It's just exactly what I need for shaving," he says. So I shall give one to the old dear for Christmas. This Mirror has a bulb behind it and a frosted glass reflector that casts a brilliant even light over all the face, without glare in the eyes. It gives you a chance to see what you are doing because it casts no shadows. I use mine for putting on make-up. $15.00

THE Underbed Cedar Chest will be exactly right for Louise because she has loads of linens and blankets and things and not much space in which to store them. The Underbed is on rollers, and it rolls easily under the bed. It's long and low and flat. Pulls out easily when you need it, and rolls back out of the way when you're finished with it. Made of fragrant Tennessee red cedar, 49" long, 9" high. $19.50



ONE of the youngsters is giving the Big Chief the Maybilt Tie Rack. It ought to please him—he's such a fussy soul about keeping his ties sorted and having them always fresh and unwrinkled. The Maybilt is subdivided by pegs which give seven divisions for ties. It fastens to the wall, and is made of shining chromium plate that never rusts or loses its shine. $5.00

THE Big Chief and I are giving mother a mahogany Table Safe in which to keep her jewelry and other valuables. When all closed up it looks like an innocent little table and does duty as that. But back of its door is a strong steel safe that opens to a combination known only to the owner. Mother always has been fearful of sneak-thieves, so this Table Safe will give her a feeling of security. $65.00

ELIZABETH, luxurious soul that she is, always breakfasts in bed. This spiffy Breakfast Tray and Set will therefore, I hope, make a hit with her. The tray is of blue enameled wood, and the dishes that go with it are white with sprightly little posies in blue, orange and yellow—altogether a most attractive breakfast ensemble. Complete $17.75. (The trays also come in green, pink, lilac and yellow.)

THE boxes these Fireside Matches come in will probably be treasured long after the matches are all used up. They have life-like dog decorations. There's a red box with a black Scottie. And a green box with a white and tan wire-haired terrier. (Their fur is real.) The matches are 12" long—amusing for lighting the fire or a round of cigarettes when the crowd drops in. $5.75 each.

Janet Gray

© Lewis & Conger, 1929

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City VANderbilt 0571

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

LOADING SANTA'S SLEIGH

HERE is our little index, reprinted for your special benefit, plus a new one overbubbling with gift suggestions for those you love or like. You're saving your back copies, we hope; and remember that shopping early in the morning will keep your dispositions sweet.

We've already talked about:

November 2 . . . Christmas cards, advance orders on fitted cases, monogramming, and boxes.

November 9 . . . Photographers, lingerie to order, rare books and bindings, prints and pottery, frames and framers.

November 16 . . . Secretaries and shoppers, caterers, entertainers, musical gifts, animals and their accessories.

And this week:

Perfumes and bath things, page 80
Jewellers, page 86
Furs, page 88
Antiques, page 88
For the dining-room, page 91
Custom-made shirts, page 94
Additional inspirations, page 96
Tips on mailing, page 97

PERFUME

OUR advice on this touchy subject is—strangely—don't give a lady a perfume unless you know she loves it; or unless it is totally irresistible to you and you can depend on her to wear it for your sake. Otherwise, if you just must give perfume, a good guide is, of course, her favorite flower. There are several good jasmines and gardenias that will never outrage a chic, gay girl. Among them are Chanel, Gabilla, Isabey, and Corday. Isabey and Gabilla also make exquisite (and accurate) mimosas and violets; Gabilla has, as well, over a dozen other real single-flower odors. Caron's sweet pea is liked. Nobody has ever improved on Coty's Rose Jacqueminot. Roger & Gallet's heliotrope or Fleurs d'Amour, or Guerlain's L'Heure Bleue, will flatter a dignified aunt or in-law. Muguet (Lily of the Valley) is an old love of Roger & Gallet. Floris (English, with an Appointment) has those refined British garden scents, hyacinth and tea-rose, etc. Yardley's Lavender is a byword. Coty's Ambre remains a standard. The following will guide you further in the mazes of a perfume department:

ARDEN: Rêve d'Elizabeth (warm and heavy, a "winter" scent); La Joie d'Elizabeth (lighter and subtler); L'Amour d'Elizabeth (newest; heady). Can be had in a set of three in a case.

BOURJOIS: Evening in Paris; Moderne (much liked, sweet); Ashes of Roses (old standby).

CARON: Acaciosa (new and very Riviera); Bellodgia (new).

CHANEL: As above; and a new Jasmine, along with Gardenia and the favorite No. 5.

CHYPRE: A good one among the bad, by Bergdorf-Goodman.

CORDAY: Jasmine (particularly lasting) and Blanchette (new, frivolous).

COTY: L'Aimant (gay and successful); other Coty odors are good and quite apt to be among your lady's favorites.

D'ORSAY: Le Dandy; Toujours Fidèle (in many sizes); Duo D'Orsay (new, in a fat pompous bottle).

D'OUCHY: New firm. Simone and Légende are the best so far.

GABILLA: Mon Chéri; Musardises (spicy and provocative); Xantho (Oriental); Vierge Folle (exclusive with Grande Maison de Blanc).

GUERLAIN: Djedi (lemony); Shalimar; L'Heure Bleue; Liu (new, smoky, and deep).

HOUBIGANT: Au Matin (last year's); Essence Rare (this year's); Idéale and Quelques Fleurs (all years').

ISABEY: Mon Seul Ami; Bleu de Chine.

JAYTHO: Naughtyish, as we've always said; fine for furs, and exclusive with Jay-Thorpe.

LANVIN: Lost Soul.

LELONG: C (light and virginal).

LENTHÉRIC: Asphodèle (light and fruity); Forêt Vierge (dry and woody). Box of four small bottles in Morocco case—good gift suggestion.

LUBIN: Océan Bleu; Amaryllis (very ladylike).

MARQUÈS DE ELORZA: Spanish—Argentina; Marche Nuptiale; both heavy, both new.

MATCHABELLI: Princess Rosina; Em-

"Oh dear! I'm afraid she has a tiger complex."

☆

CHRISTMAS

ON THE PLAZA

WHEREIN

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BECOMES DIFFERENT

Shopping at Bergdorf Goodman's for distinctive little feminine bibelots is a twofold satisfaction. Your gifts will have an air all their own, and in the exhilaration which exists exclusively on the Plaza, buying them is, itself, a smart thing to do.

Cut crystal modernistic toilet sets, $80... Revolving cigarette containers in velvet and jade, $16... Velvet and brocade cigarette boxes with jade inlay, $16... Velvet and brocade candy boxes with special metal lining, $18... French telephone cover in velvet with jade inlay. Very smart, $30... Viennese novelty book-ends. Something entirely new and chic, $120... New crystal jewelry. Necklace, $35. Bracelets, $30. Ring, $12... The new and attractive chain suede bag, $35... Prince Matchabelli's Duchess of York perfume (lilac) in coroneted bottles, $10, $18, $35... Day and night rouge compacts, as ingenious as they are useful, in black enamel, $3, $5... Special silk chiffon stockings with clocks, $2.50... Washable suede gloves, $3.95 up.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

WHEN THE WIND WHISTLES 'ROUND YOUR ANKLES . . .

THEN smart style proves a blessing—for then the snug warm comfort of a pair of STANDARD SPATS is even more important than the trim assurance they lend the masculine ankle.

Men who wear STANDARD SPATS are smart in more ways than style; they ankle abroad in comfort on the coldest days and avoid many a cold in the head that starts with a chill in the feet.

Wearing low shoes all year 'round has made STANDARD SPATS a comfort necessity.

▾ ▾ ▾

STANDARD SPATS are perfectly tailored for snug fit, smartness, and comfort. Made in all popular spat materials; in Pearl Grey, Medium Dark Grey, Light Fawn, and Dark Fawn. Look for the "Standard" in every pair.

●

STANDARD SPATS are sold by good shoe stores and haberdashers everywhere.

●

Standard SPATS

THE STANDARD OF OVER HALF A CENTURY

Tailored by S. RAUH & CO., 650 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

press of India and Duchess of York (both new, at Bergdorf and Bonwit Teller). Also Hermine Royale for furs; exclusive with Gunther.

MOLYNEUX: Fête, among the new ones; popular for some reason.

NÜYON: Mille Joies and Coeur de Femme—more new ones, both sweet and light.

PATOU: Amour Amour.

ROGER & GALLET: Pavots d'Argent, among the older favorites.

ROSINE: Maharajah and Nuit de Chine (both permissible Oriental scents).

VEOLAY: Ambre Royale (still liked by older darlings).

WORTH: Dans la Nuit and Vers le Jour; Sans Adieu (new, cologney, and delicious); all exclusive with Franklin Simon.

YBRY: Femme de Paris, for instance, among the most expensive.

Except for perfumes that are exclusive at the shops we have listed, you will find a complete selection at Saks-Fifth Avenue, Altman, and Bonwit Teller; and Macy's perfume department, at the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, is noted for its variety of couturier perfumes as well as for general completeness.

WE are entirely against giving any perfume to a man, unless you know he likes it, but we rashly present a list favored by perfectly nice men of our acquaintance.

CHANEL: No. 22.

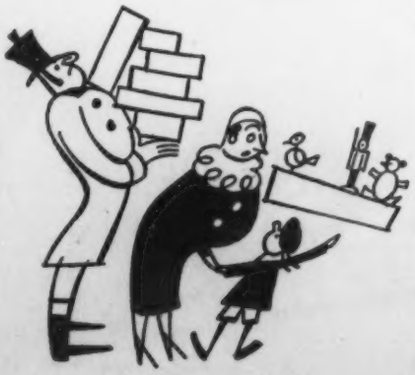
FRASER: This pharmacy at 5 East Forty-seventh Street has a good special cologne.

GABILLA: Fern perfume—a favorite with most men.

GUERLAIN: Rue de la Paix; Mouchoir de Monsieur (designed for men); and a specially good Eau de Cologne.

HOUBIGANT: Fougère Royale (a very popular fern odor developed in shaving lotions and soaps).

WORTH: Sans Adieu. This new sports



A GRACIOUS HOSTESS

At the age of 3

▲ It's one thing, when you are three, to go to a party ...but quite a different story to give one...

Not so, though, when the party is planned by the PARTY FACTORY...every one, including the hostess regent, is in such surprisingly good humour that the air is full of graciousness...and the three-year-old succeeds in having as rousing a time as her guests.

The PARTY FACTORY will attend to all details...

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Plaza 4000 . . . Ext. 165

Pewter—so fashionable now—is used for top, chained tea-ball, and coaster of this practical Pyrex teapot. Capacity: four to five cups. Teapot and coaster, $12.50. Teapot alone, $10.00.

One hand does duty for both cocktail and hors d'oeuvre—with a crystal-clear glass "cocktail set" decorated with hand-painted cocks. Six plates and Six glasses, $24.00.

Le Mouchoir

A LITTLE BIT OF PARIS

at 757 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

YOUTH *is not a matter of age...*

How to get at home the same marvelous results obtained in the famous Primrose House Salon

PRIMROSE HOUSE, the most famous beauty institute in the world, has worked out a simple scientific method of caring for the skin. This method which is so successful in the famous Primrose House Salon brings definite results and may easily be followed in your own home.

If you will buy the four Primrose House preparations, use them according to the famous Primrose Method described below, you will be able to detect a marked improvement in your skin in a few weeks' time.

Youth and beauty are not a matter of age. They depend upon the scientific care of the skin. The daily use of these preparations is all that the average woman requires to keep her complexion radiantly young.

Primrose House, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Follow these four Primrose steps to Youth

1—Perfect cleansing is the first step to a beautiful skin. With a bit of absorbent cotton, squeezed out of cold water—or with the finger tips if you prefer—smooth Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream generously over the face and neck. Always begin at the base of the throat and with long, light strokes spread the cream upward over the face. Then remove with tissues or a soft cloth.

Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is the lightest of oil creams. It penetrates the film of natural oil that accumulates on the skin, takes up every particle of dust and make-up, and leaves the pores free so that the skin may breathe.

2—Now the skin is in a receptive condition for the second step—nourishing. To keep your skin vital, supple and unlined, once a day mold Primrose Smoothskin Cream over your face and throat. Mold the cream gently into the skin for four or five minutes until your skin can absorb no more. Then remove with a soft cloth. You will be amazed at the new life this cream brings to your skin.

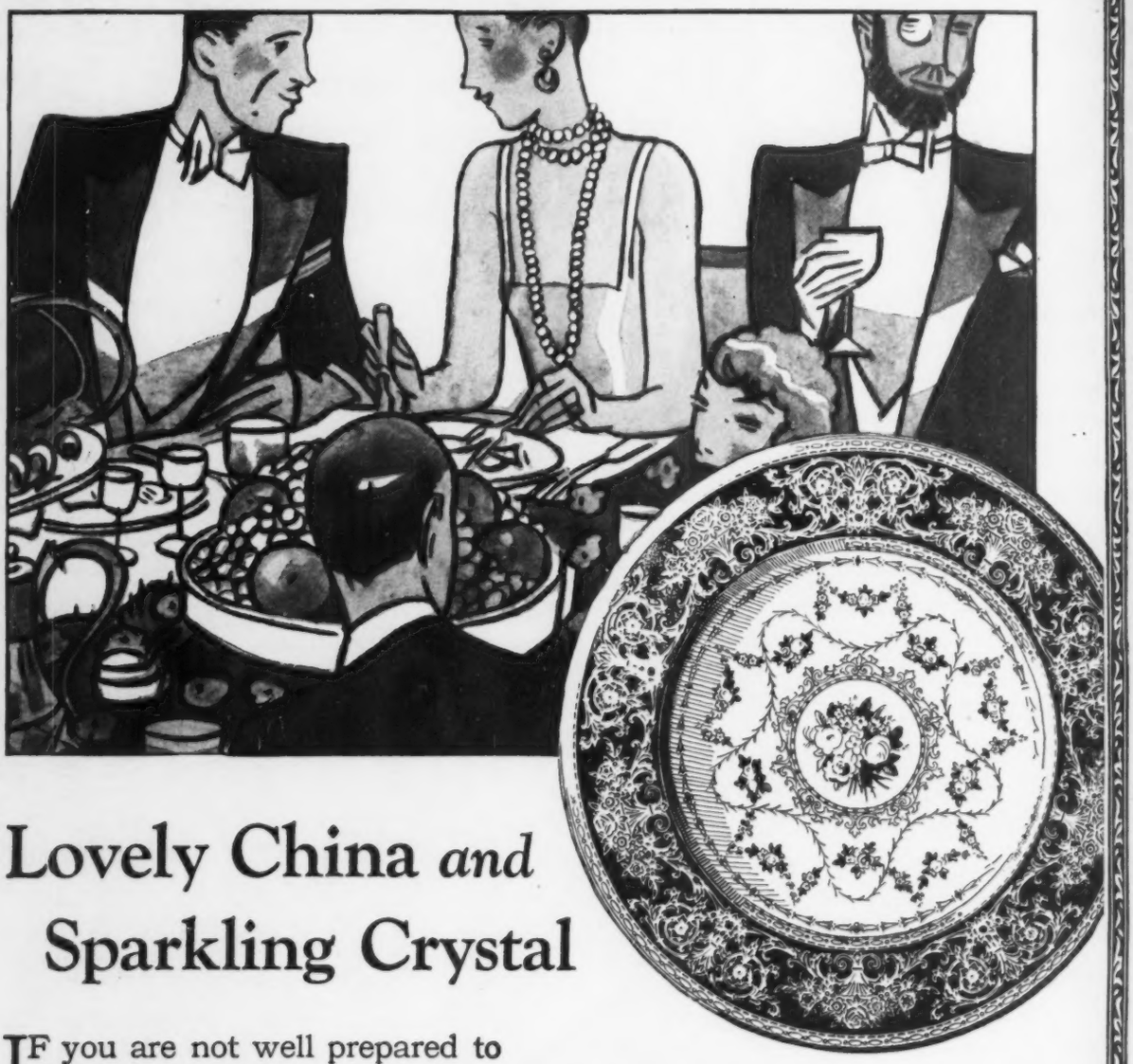
3—Now make a fresh pad of cotton and saturate it with Primrose Skin Freshener. Go over the face and throat with a brisk upward sweep. Skin Freshener is a mild, bracing and toning lotion that closes the relaxed pores and refines the skin texture.

4—And last—a bit of rouge, if you need it. Then finish with Primrose House Chiffon Powder—the most luxurious face powder you have ever known. It gives the skin a natural bloom that lasts for hours. Comes in seven smart shades—Beige, Brunette, Bisque, Orchid, Natural, Suntan and White.

PRIMROSE HOUSE

Here Dwells Youth

FOR THE TABLES OF THANKSGIVING



Lovely China *and* Sparkling Crystal

IF you are not well prepared to serve the turkey and his associates with all the pomp and circumstance the feast requires, then look you now to your table trappings and to the Shops of Ovington's for your replacements.

For we have everything down to the last nut dish. We have the most glorious china in all the world. Place plates of regal splendour, superb dinner sets, lovely table decorations and crystal felicitously complete from the first glass to the final finger bowl. We have pewter and sterling and plate. And prices that are just added good reasons for continuing in your thankful mood.

OVINGTON'S

"Gifts from all over the World"

FIFTH AVENUE AT 39th STREET

Telephone: Caledonia 8700

perfume is fresh and bracing, and suitable for male use. —M. C.

BATHROOM FRAGRANCES

TO attempt to list all of the bath salts, powders, oils, and so on would add to our gray hairs. We present only a few specialties that have been particular wows at smart drug counters.

ELIZABETH ARDEN: No better bath gift has been found than her jars of Rose, Russian Pine, or Nirvana bath crystals.

BEECHAM: High-hat American preparations, hygienic but good for dignified matrons. Antiseptic cologne salts definitely stimulating and refreshing.

BERGDORF-GOODMAN: Exceptionally fine bath powders and soaps. The Matchabelli soaps are marvellous.

CARON: Bain de Champagne. This has been a favorite for several seasons in a fickle, fickle world.

CORDAY: Lettuce soap.

MARIE EARLE: Jasmine soap, bath powder, crystals, and a new bath oil.

FELL OF LONDON: Bath salts in dry crumbly powder form, with clean dry smell.

FLORIS: English powder salts and shaving soaps in fine array. Many exclusive with Mrs. Frank Bryce, 230 East Fiftieth Street.

4711: A classic. Rose geranium, also Jasmine bath salts and powder, good and inexpensive.

GABILLA: Soaps in circular boxes, the soap pie-shaped and done up in little laundry bags.

GUERLAIN: Noted for luxurious circular glass bowls of powder and enormous soap bowls.

HOWARD: Mrs. Howard's shop at 108 East Fifty-seventh Street has a marvellous exclusive fresh toilet water in beautifully decorated bottles.

LEIGH: Grand big bath soaps, peach-colored and ladylike in odor.

MEM: For weekend hostesses, dozens of cakes of soap like after-dinner mints.

MOLYNEUX: Salts, bath powders, and soaps in Molyneux scents are exceedingly smart this year.

MORNY: Another British favorite; bath

GIFTS that reflect originality and good taste

WHEARY AVIATRIX

Airplane Wardrolette and Wardrola

When you receive a gift marked Wheary, you respect the judgment of the person who gave it. You feel, too, that that person places high value on your appreciation of fine things. The Aviatrix, Wardrolette and Wardrola, all bearing the distinguished Wheary trade-mark, are on display at the better shops and stores. See them. Select the styles best suited to your Christmas gift requirements.

(Patents Pending)

WHEARY AVIATRIX

The light luggage creation that protects dresses through an entirely new packing principle. Holds everything needed for a limited trip. Easy to pack and carry. Hatbox and suitcase styles. In leathers and exclusive Wheary covering materials. Priced from $10 to $100.

Airplane Wardrolette

Here's the 30" case with the patented wedge-elbow tray and cushioned top which assure smooth, tailor-pressed appearance of clothes. Accommodates three suits, ample shirts, shoes, pajamas, toilet accessories, etc., for a two weeks' trip, or the equivalent in women's clothing. In Duckoid, Fabrikoid and fine leathers — from $25 to $125.

(Patents Pending)

(Patented and Patents Pending)

WARDROLA

—the trunk that ROLLS open

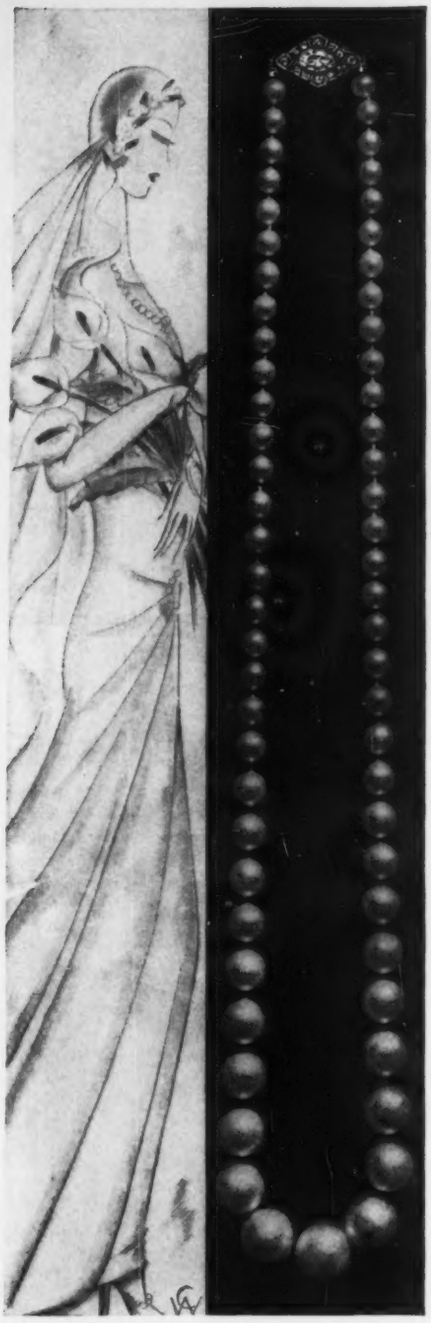
The only trunk that ROLLS open. Smooth-running roller protects rugs and floors. Solid base makes trunk strongest where strength is most essential. Cushioned top keeps hangers from shifting—garments in perfect press. Selection of luxurious color combinations. Priced from $55 to $230.

WHEARY TRUNKS

and Airplane Luggage

AMERICA'S FINEST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Wheary Trunks and Airplane Luggage manufactured by Wheary Trunk Company, Racine, Wis. New York Branch: 295 Fifth Ave., Textile Bldg. Being shown at leading shops and department stores.



RICHELIEU Pearls are the *inspired* selection for the bride. Exact reproductions of the finest Oriental pearls, they are not to be confused with ordinary imitation pearls. Lustrous...iridescent...perfectly matched for graduation, color, and texture. In a word, precious for those very qualities that make the originals priceless. $500 to $5. Jeweled clasps to match, if desired.

Exhibition Salon, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

RICHELIEU PEARLS

cubes, salts, soap bowls, and shaving things in Chaminade fragrance.

PROKA: A fluffy Austrian soap that floats and is supposed to be edible (Saks).

SEA PINE: For the pine-bath craze (Saks).

YARDLEY: Lavender soaps and powders—but you've heard of Yardley!

If you are in a real daze about these beauty articles, remember that The Bath Shop, 309 Park Avenue, is making a specialty of the bathroom and is both expert and gay on the subject.

—L. L.

JEWELLERS

REALIZING, in our omniscience, that nine jewelry novelties in ten are to be found at all the big houses, we note here what seems to us the really important feature about each house. In order:

BLACK, STARR & FROST-GORHAM, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street: A comprehensive stock; ranging from the firm's famous pearl and stone collections to little gold and silver trifles for Christmas stockings. . . . Look at the Baby Room for spoons, mugs, and porringer sets. . . . Dressing-table silver (you can give little girls one or two pieces a year). . . . Religious articles in precious metals. . . . Silver tea services in every period from early English to modern New York. Stationery, too.

BRAND-CHATILLON, Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street: Crystal and silver table and personal accessories—candlesticks, flower vases, caviar services, etc. . . . Very showy picture-frames. . . . Jewelry of purely American design. Remarkable emerald jade.

CARTIER, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street: Cartier pearls, of course. . . . Lavish versions of the jewelled bag, vanity, cigarette case, or lighter. . . . (Cartier prices, by the way, are not higher, and are frequently lower). . . . Those Cartier charms for bracelets.

CHARLTON, 634 Fifth Avenue: Deservedly noted for magnificent jewel carving and setting. . . . Brooches of huge mixed jewels, sprinkled with baguettes and originality.

CRICHTON, 636 Fifth Avenue: For old English and other antique jewelry of really precious character.

KIRKPATRICK & MORELL, 461 Park Avenue: Interesting precious jewelry and novelties; very good men's sets for evening. . . . Original tricks in clocks, boudoir ornaments, and ladies' gadgets of enamel.

MARCUS, 544 Fifth Avenue: Spe-

Epicurus himself couldn't do better by a turkey . . .

What more succulent *pièce de résistance* could grace the festal Thanksgiving board than the noble *dindon*, golden browned to a queen's taste, and—*sherry flavored!*

And again—what more fitting place than one's own table to enjoy such an enchanting holiday flavor? Why, it makes the traditional Thanksgiving bird a feast worthy of Epicurus himself!

Know, too, that you may have your own cooking wine merely by saying "Guasti" to any first-water grocer. You'll find Guasti Cooking Sherry a faithful flavor—now salted (hence legal) *just enough* properly to season other foods.

Other *Guasti Cooking Aids* to favor your fancy include: Guasti Sauce a la Bercy, Guasti Sauce a la Bordelaise, Guasti Sauce a la Newburg, Guasti Sweet Port Flavoring, Guasti Sweet Sherry Flavoring and Guasti Sweet Sauterne Flavoring. And, remember, there are *seven* distinctive Guasti Wine Jellies!

"Treasured Flavors" explains all manner of intriguing new wine flavored recipes. It's one certain volume you should have. Entirely free, of course!

(Permit No. L.A.Cal. H10033)

GUASTI

(PRONOUNCED GWAH-STEE)

COOKING SHERRY (SALTED)

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO. *at Guasti, Cal.*

Operating the largest vineyard under one ownership in the world. Established 1883

Home Office... 1248 Palmetto Street, LOS ANGELES
Branches... NEW YORK, CHICAGO, NEW ORLEANS

ITALIAN VINEYARD CO., DEPT. A-113
11 HUBERT STREET · NEW YORK CITY

Please send me, *free* of charge, "Treasured Flavors"—a new kind of recipe book containing favorite recipes of famous chefs.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

cially noted this year for ancient, precious, Indian and other Oriental jewelry. . . . Sporting crystals made to order for pins, links, and seals, with your dog, horse, sundry other pets, initials, or the family crest. . . . Emphasis on emeralds and sapphires.

MAUBOUSSIN, 33 East Fifty-first Street: Heading the recent Parisian invasion. . . . Very luxurious French jewelry, carved and elaborate, with unusual stones and a lot of crystal. . . . One of the first to launch fruit-flower-and-temple-of-love designs and to sponsor enormous single stones.

SCHUMANN SONS, 15 East Fifty-third Street: Can reset your heirloom headlights to perfection. . . . Amusing or ostentatious gifts for men. . . . Original jewelry with much carving and paving in diamonds.

TIFFANY, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street: You know.

UDALL & BALLOU, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street: Beautiful brocade evening bags with all the fittings. Desk sets and stamp boxes. . . . Religious medallions. . . . Smart jewelry.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street: Another Rue de la Paix house, the latest. . . . Strictly modern smoking and ornamental gadgets, in silver, coral, and onyx. . . . Gorgeous huge single stones, notably rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. . . . Lavish combinations of jewels. . . . Pearls. . . . Designing and setting to order.

WEDDERIEN, 16 East Fiftieth Street: Small, select firm that can find any odd stone or piece you crave; noted for animal pins in diamonds, crystal, and onyx. . . . Clever original design-

Seleccion de luxe—the private cigar of Park & Tilford—Delicados, $8.00 box of 50

Ciro—the de luxe modernistic candy box, $3.50 the lb.

Panier de Fruits—the fruit basket de luxe, $10.00

Rue de la Paix—a Park & Tilford creation, Parisian assortment, $2.00 the lb.

Park & Tilford Plum Pudding
$1.75—1½ lb. bowl
$3.75—3 lb. bowl

Luxury Box—packed to personal choice, $5.00 to $25.00

Park & Tilford Fruit Cake
$1.25 the 1 lb. tin
$2.25 the 2 lb. tin
$4.25 the 4 lb. tin
$6.00 the 6 lb. tin

For the Thanksgiving Feast

Famous for nearly ninety years...a prominent part of successful Thanksgiving dinners...such are the table-luxuries of Park & Tilford. Indeed, their flavor and freshness...their unfailing temptingness... always help make this the feast of feasts.

PARK & TILFORD

Fifth Avenue *at* 57th St.
Madison Ave. *at* 44th St.

Fifth Avenue *at* 37th St.
Grand Central Terminal

STEELART

a Lifelong

REMEMBRANCE

Colorful, cheerful in any setting, Steelart, as Christmas gifts, will give a lifetime of service with beauty always new. Lyon Steelart Folding Tables and Chairs—designed by famous craftsmen and decorated by color authorities—combine style, comfort, rigidity and strength. ... Steelart is social furniture, increasing the pleasure of many occasions—bridge parties, teas, and other affairs. There are two styles and twelve decorative designs and they are sold as sets or as separate tables and chairs ... Put Steelart on your Christmas list and see these modern, beautiful, lasting folding tables and chairs at a leading home furnishing store. Write for booklet that illustrates all Steelart designs in natural colors.

LYON METAL PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
Aurora, Illinois

LYON
STEELART
Furniture

ing and combining of unusual stones. . . . Good jade and star sapphires.

SOME time before these indispensable lists are terminated, we will add, as they appear in the jewellers' stocks, small novelties and doodabs of strictly 1929 vintage. But not today—nobody has 'em yet.

FURS

WHICH is plunging straight into the most difficult of all gifts. You cannot give a lady a fur coat unless it has been fitted to her like a tailored suit, and you oughtn't to give her a neckpiece of your selection unless she has told you previously what to get. Sables are by far the smartest furs for neckpieces this season (and three or four are used); sable breitschwanz (the *real* baby lamb), Persian lamb, and mink are preferred for coats; and, as usual, you simply couldn't give your schoolgirl daughter a more perfect gift than a raccoon or a beaver greatcoat. Your choice would probably rest among the following:

GUNTHER, 666 Fifth Avenue: A stock of really perfect furs.

JAECKEL, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street: Another standby where you cannot possibly go wrong. Both precious furs and the smartest of hardy sports pelts.

REVILLON FRÈRES, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street: Who begin by trapping their own pelts, and end with fine workmanship and service.

C. C. SHAYNE & COMPANY, 126 West Forty-second Street: Conservative house; raccoons for all the family.

STEIN & BLAINE, 15 West Fifty-seventh Street: Admitted masters of design and fitting in furs; famous for the exquisite quality of their broadtail, and similar treasures.

AMONG other places where you might look are: Bergdorf-Goodman, Dobbs, Hollander, Jay-Thorpe, Joseph, Kurzman, and Milgrim. The department stores all have extensive fur departments: Altman, Best, Lord & Taylor, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Wanamaker, etc. Men's coats are successful at Brooks, DePinna, and Abercrombie & Fitch, among others.

ANTIQUES

SINCE prejudices usually rise violently to the surface when this subject comes to the fore, we sidestep all forms of trouble by grouping together by nationalities places where the household glories of other times and

"Here, take an eyeful, little one. B & L Sport Glass puts the world at your feet. You couldn't see more if you had a seat on the thirty-yard line."

●

You don't know how much you miss of what you pay to see, until you look through a Bausch & Lomb Sport Glass. Smart as Paris itself—in black, pigskin or gold. Compact and precise. Right for every occasion. Ask your optical dealer for a B & L "Sport Glass."

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E·V·E·N·I·N·G C·L·O·T·H·E·S

The E·M·B·A·S·S·Y

A finely tailored evening suit, excellently cut of imported materials, which looks equally well on men of all stature.

Tailored-to-measure or Ready-for-wear

$75 and more

Banks Inc.
562 Fifth Avenue New York City
Entrance on 46th Street

other nations appear. We offer as a start:

American Antiques

Charles Woolsey Lyon, 37 East Fifty-seventh Street: Early period things of all types.

Mrs. Schernikow, 932 Madison Avenue: Good cherry, pine, and maple pieces, and lots of hooked rugs.

Henry V. Weil, 247 East Fifty-seventh Street: Enormous stock of early and middle-colonial period furniture; fine tables and chairs.

English Antiques

Charles of London, 2 West Fifty-sixth Street: Specializes in the now fashionable Elizabethan and Jacobean stuff—oak, of course, and carved to the hilt.

H. Douglas Curry, 33 East Fifty-seventh Street: The great ages of English furniture; some particularly fine Chippendale chairs the last time I was there.

Daniel H. Farr, 11 East Fifty-seventh Street: Reliable antiques of the finest type; rare desks, secretaries, highboys, and bookcases.

Ginsburg & Levy, 815 Madison Avenue: Collectors' pieces.

Gordon of London, 306 East Fifty-ninth Street: Charming examples of the best English periods, all livable and in wide variety.

Richard W. Lehne, 16 East Forty-sixth Street: Look here for the standard necessities of a perfect English interior.

Vardi of London, 448 Madison Avenue: Whose old English silver and Sheffield are better than most of the new stuff you could buy.

Arthur S. Vernay, 19 East Fifty-fourth Street: Heppelwhite, Sheraton, Adam pieces; small porcelains—Staffordshire and Rockingham; sporting prints; and collectors' knicknacks.

French Antiques

L. Alavoine & Company, 712 Fifth Avenue: Large selection of the Louis periods at their best.

Elsey Ann, 138 East Fifty-fourth Street: For walnut beds and splay-legged Normandy chairs.

Jacques Bodart, 385 Madison Avenue: Those French provincial

Even the least expensive rug will *feel* like an oriental of rich, luxurious pile, if you lay it over an Ozite Rug Cushion. And when you add the delightful springy softness of Ozite, you prolong the life of your rug almost unbelievably—two or three times its normal span! For Ozite is the perfect shock absorber—it cushions the rug as well as the feet. Made of hair, Ozite will outwear many rugs—always stays flat—never lumps or curls. Absolutely fireproof and moth-proof. Sold in all stores handling floor coverings. Dark brown marked with a "waffle" design. You'll know it by the name *Ozite* on the orange binding.

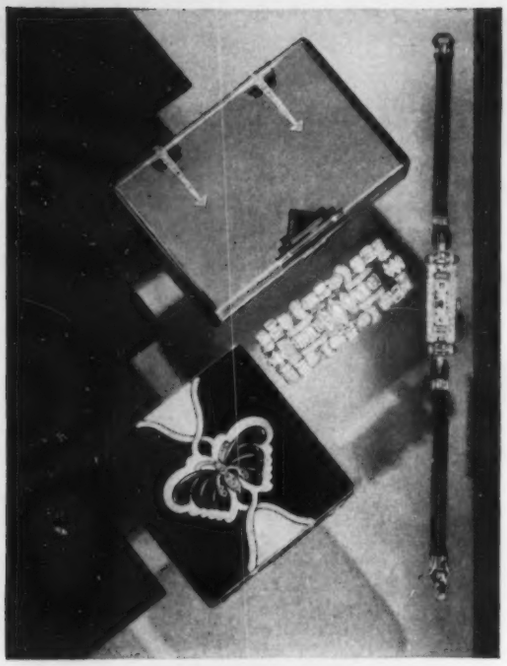
N119

Ozite
Rug Cushion

Pat. Sept. 9 1924

Ozite is always sold under an iron-clad guarantee.

CLINTON CARPET CO.
295 Fifth Avenue, New York
130 N. Wells Street, Chicago



● extremely modern and unique is this combination cigarette and vanity case... of French blue enamel with jade green, red and yale blue trimming... its platinum hinges are set with diamonds. $800

● the new French pave diamond and platinum brooch is a gorgeous creation..a masterpiece of marquise, baguette and round diamond composition. $4150

● dainty and sophisticated is a platinum wrist watch, beautifully set with diamonds and emeralds... the cord is black silk $1600

● a butterfly of imperial jade with body of rose diamonds forms the centerpiece of this stunning black and white enamel vanity case $475

A GIFT *from* BRAND-CHATILLON
is a gift that does honor to the proudest and loveliest in the land

THE BRAND-CHATILLON CORPORATION
775 FIFTH AVENUE *Savoy-Plaza* NEW YORK

pieces that brought calico back to grace.

BRUNOVAN, INC., 383 Madison Avenue: Again, the provincial French.

VAN NES & STACEY, 578 Madison Avenue: French antiques of many periods, Louis, Empire, Directoire, etc.

ITALIAN AND SPANISH ANTIQUES

DI SALVO BROTHERS, 702 Madison Avenue: Much the same. Ancestral beds, too.

HAMPTON SHOPS, 18 East Fiftieth Street: Everything in the Latin mood —all with wrought-iron stretchers.

O'HANA & DE CORDOVA, INC., 148 East Fiftieth Street: More Latin oak, carving, and old fabrics.

A. OLIVOTTI, 867 Madison Avenue: Large things for country houses and town places in the Italian manner; also urns, terra cotta, and statuary.

DUTCH ANTIQUES

FRANS MIDDELKOOP, 515 Madison Avenue: Grand place for old Delft, pewter, chests, and benches.

BROAD-MINDED PLACES

ALTMAN, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: Not only reliable but offers a wide selection and variety of English, French, and American pieces.

ANDERSON GALLERIES, 489 Park Avenue: For the great auctions of the great collections.

BROWN'S ANTIQUE FURNITURE EXCHANGE, Third Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street: A store and four warehouses full of everything.

GIMBEL'S OLD WORLD SHOP, Broadway and Thirty-third Street: You will be amazed at what a department-store buyer can find.

JOHN H. HUTAFF, 220 East Fifty-first Street: General stock of antiques of all ages and sizes.

LITTLE TREASURE SHOP, 131 East

A VIGOROUS, active mind demands a healthy, vigorous body if it is to hold the daily pace. We will keep your body in A-1 shape, so you can look after the mind.

Individual instruction—hand-ball, golf, baths, massage—a fully equipped gymnasium with a large staff of instructors. While McGovern's is exclusive it is not expensive.

Come in and look us over. Phone or write for booklet, "Ten Points of Health".

McGovern's *Gymnasium* Inc.
(for Men and Women)
Liggett Bldg.
41 East 42nd Street New York City

Eighteen Gramercy Park
SOUTH
East 20th Street Cor. Irving Place
for
WOMEN WHOSE INCOMES PERMIT THE CHOICE OF BETTER LIVING
Rates: $19 to $25 weekly
Full Hotel Service
GRAMERCY 6000

CORRECT CONTRACT BRIDGE
by E. V. SHEPARD
An authority on the subject, the author first introduced the game in America. $2.00
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Sixtieth Street: A small place apt to reveal real surprises.

A. LOPIPERO, 788 Third Avenue: No airs, but boasts an enormous stock of maple, cherry, and pine beds and bureaus—inexpensive.

LORD & TAYLOR, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street: Antique department with Finds in it.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: Both the Corner Shop for small things and the Antique Department for some of the best single pieces and sets of chairs you can find. All periods.

NEW YORK GALLERIES, 417 Madison Avenue: Italian, Spanish, French, and English. One of the tremendous places; formal stuff.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: For knicknacks, reproductions, Oriental antiques, and fine lacquer pieces.

AND—in parting—if you are serious, a painstaking investigation of both sides of Third Avenue between Forty-eighth and Sixtieth Streets will reward you better than half the good advice you get. —M. C.

FOR THE DINING-ROOM

TAKING for granted that you all know about the obvious, established places to get priceless linens, silver, and china, one is free to go ahead and list a lot of less imposing and occasionally silly things that might easily escape the frenzied Christmas shopper, and who will cast the first stone?

Here are some of the good chinaware places—just to save you a search for that elusive Manhattan directory:

DAVIS COLLAMORE & COMPANY, 7 East Fifty-second Street.

GILMAN COLLAMORE & COMPANY, INC., 15 East Fifty-sixth Street.

COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. (for Spode), 206 Fifth Avenue.

WILLIAM H. PLUMMER & COMPANY, 7 East Thirty-fifth Street.

RICH & FISHER, INC., 14 East Forty-eighth Street.

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN, INC., 155 West Fifty-seventh Street.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD & SONS, 255 Fifth Avenue.

Ovington's, 437 Fifth Avenue, is a good place to get cocktail glasses and such. It can almost always replace them for you at once.

DIRECTLY on the heels of this list, there follows another, intended to remind you about those ob-

DOBBS

TWEED COSTUMES

In Original

Dobbs Designs

Everything about them is refreshingly new, different, thoroughly Dobbs! The fabrics—selected in France by Dobbs. The costumes consisting of knit dresses with accompanying tweed coats —and the tweeds especially created to match the dress fabrics.

Not only are these costumes unusually distinctive and exclusive with Dobbs, but every detail of tailoring is unusual—for instance —the unique buttons that trim them are of natural wood, selected in France and attached with the fabric itself, in the French manner! Sports costumes prescribing to such fashion importance are logically presented by Dobbs — a shop famous for sports clothes!

Complete Costumes $225 *to* $335

The Swagger Costume Sketched with Rich Raccoon Collar, $335

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

Handwritten at REUBENS

HELEN KANE:

I wanna be loved by you—
Poop Poop Poop Poop
Helen Kane

You're loved not only by us but by everybody, Miss Kane, because you've brought a pleasingly novel note to entertainment. If we may say so, we too insist upon variety and novelty in our food. They say Reubenola is as refreshing as a Helen Kane song.

RUBE GOLDBERG:

Am Reuben to another
From a sandwich to a cartoon
Rube Goldberg

Even your inventive genius, Mr. Goldberg, could not dream a greater delight than our chef's creamed chicken enfolded in the browned fluffiness of a Reuben's French pancake.

JESSE L. LASKY:

I like to come here!
Jesse L. Lasky

Coming from you, Sir, that's a paramount compliment. We shall repay you fittingly, on your next visit, Mr. Lasky, with Filet Mignon Jardinière à la Reuben.

REUBEN'S

***Always Open:* Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

vious, established linen shops we were talking about.

ASCHER-LE VIN, 500 Madison Avenue.

GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC, 540 Fifth Avenue.

MAISON DE LINGE, 844 Madison Avenue.

MCCUTCHEON, Fifth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street.

MOSSE, 750 Fifth Avenue.

FOR important gifts of silver, you will have to find out where the family plate came from originally, of course, and see to it that the pattern is matched. If the matching is not vital, however, let me take you by the hand and lead you to (1) Georg Jensen, 169 West Fifty-seventh Street, whose modern pieces are always likely to be snapped up by the Museum unless you get there first, or (2) to Peter Mueller Monk, another silversmith of rare and original excellence, whose shop is downtown at 148 West Fourth Street. At either place, charming, individual pieces, or complete services, if you like.

FINALLY, a list with my heart in it, dear readers, in which I pass on my own pet discoveries. Treat them kindly.

ALTMAN, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: After-dinner coffee services and flatware in Dirigold, a dependable metal composition that looks like a mixture of copper and gold, doesn't tarnish, and comes in the simplest possible pattern.

BENELLO & BILLORI, 584 Madison Avenue: Venetian glass of quality. Everything else in this medium, including some pretty swell fruit for winter tables.

BLOOMINGDALE, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street: Clear, heavy Fostoria glassware, etched all over with a flower-sprig pattern—service plates, finger bowls, cream soup plates, square-based goblets, demi-tasses, and the like, each around $15 a dozen; elegant. Also, plaid china (called Basque) decorated with water-color-effect landscapes. Very pleasant.

CAN-DLE LUXE, 588 Madison Avenue: All sorts of tableware in Alexandrite glass—that really incom-

ANNOUNCING
THE CAMMEYER
CONSOLIDATION
SALE

WE are discontinuing our shop at 557 Fifth Avenue (at 46th Street) and combining its business with the 427 Fifth Avenue (at 38th Street) store. Hence drastic reductions are in effect at both locations.

Original new pumps — individual strapped modes—exclusive oxfords! For street—sports—afternoon—and evening! All leathers! All shades! All sizes! In fact, every shoe in both shops is included in this sale at the low price of

$11.85

(VALUES UP TO $18.50)

The famous Cammeyer hosiery offers an unusual value at $1.35 per pair (or 3 pairs for $3.75). Beautiful bags to match the shoes are exceptional at $7.45.

Cammeyer

FIFTH AVENUE AT 46TH and AT 38TH

(After this sale, the 46th Street Shop will be closed and business will be conducted at the one location—427 Fifth Avenue at 38th Street.)

parable clear violet shade. Stemware at thirty-eight cents and thereabouts; compotes; huge centre bowls and candlesticks; decanters and matching glasses; darling nut dishes built like tiny compotes at $2.25 each. Also, what might easily be the world's most complete candle collection.

DARNLEY, INC., 395 Madison Avenue: Perfectly beautiful wax flowers, done into tasteful centrepieces if you like.

FRANKL GALLERIES, 4 East Forty-eighth Street: For strictly modern china, linens, and table decorations of all kinds.

GIMBEL, Broadway and Thirty-third Street: Modern Venetian glass in green and amber—lots of it, and all kinds of things. Also, explore the Old World Department for occasional small treasures like Primavera tiles—works of art at $5 to $14. Also, Ginori tiles at $2 and $3, or just general Spanish and Italian tiles, $1 and $2. Among the linens, see some in two-tone gold and silver damasks for modern dining-rooms.

NOBORU KONDO, 670 Madison Avenue: One good place to get cactus-garden centre arrangements for informal modern tables. Just a suggestion.

LORD & TAYLOR, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street: Lovely, lovely linens from Italy, Belgium, and other European hotbeds of linen production. Some of the most gorgeous modern filets you have ever seen, or you're a better man than I am.

MACY, Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street: Special plutocrat item: Yacht insignia applied to china in time for Christmas cruises if ordered now—and the way to do it is to camp on their doorstep until it's ready. You can collect any china in the store and have your flag, or your friend's yacht's flag, applied for $7.08 a dozen, if it's one flag, or $10.68 if it's two flags, crossed. Also, glance at: Trick candlesticks that can be made into low ones for luncheon tables and such; $13.89, and sterling at that. . . . Sandwich and salad sets, some with circus designs. . . . Tableware in reproduction pewter; beakers at $1.88 apiece are typically priced.

RENA ROSENTHAL, 520 Madison Avenue: Leather fruit in square shapes, around $3.50. This is the place, incidentally, that those big gold flowers you noticed in "Candle-Light" came from. They cost $1.50 to $3.25 and are just as beautiful offstage, honestly.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: The elegant

DINNER JACKET

QUITE ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT THE FINCHLEY DINNER JACKET IS A LUXURIOUS GARMENT, SOMEWHAT APPROACHING FORMALITY, IT IS SUGGESTED THAT IT FITS COMFORTABLY AND SEEMS TO POSSESS THE GAY AND RATHER EASY DIGNITY DESIRED IN EVENING DRESS BY THE AVERAGE MAN. EXECUTED IN UNFINISHED WORSTED OF FOREIGN SELECTION.

PRICES MOVE FORWARD FROM
SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS
FOR JACKET AND TROUSERS
READY-TO-PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishments

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you bring two delightful acquaintances together and find they divorced each other five years ago . . . *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

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Address.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

flatware of Jean Puiforçat, in case you have forgotten. All set up in special cases. Very modern.

ALICE STARR, 143 East Fifty-sixth Street: Exquisite table covers in embroidered net. Also in doily size, from $2. These are from Vienna, and consequently modern in all sorts of ways. Also, place-card holders in miniature reproduction of the regulation pottery animal figures, modern style; $7 and $9 a dozen. And glassholders made out of coils of metal with a handle—for ice-cream sodas and Russian tea, presumably.

STERN, 41 West Forty-second Street: Particularly—monogrammed glassware, with designs in colors. Not that other shops don't do this sort of thing, but simply that the designs here caught my elusive fancy.

THE THREE NEW YORKERS, 8 West Forty-seventh Street: This is where you buy those little frogs to sit on a leaf in finger bowls, if you buy little frogs to sit, etc., etc.

WANAMAKER, Broadway and Ninth Street: All Venturus spread out for your selection of modern china, flatware, and linens. To say nothing of candlesticks, centre bowls of fine pottery, and the like. —B. B.

CUSTOM-MADE SHIRTS

IF you plan to have shirts, pajamas, or even a dressing-gown made for a man, you will be wise to sacrifice the surprise element unless you can discover the name of his shirtmaker. Custom-made things have no point and are a waste of money if they are not absolutely right.

Remember that a modest pattern usually makes the best-looking shirt, that plain colors are generally safe for pajamas, and that white is seldom wrong for either.

Have the things monogrammed, by all means, but, unless you know that the man has a special yen for an elaborate one, stick to small, plain block letters that identify rather than decorate.

SOME of the best shirtmakers are mentioned below, but the list doesn't include everyone. All of these carry haberdashery and most of them have some ready-to-wear articles that are made in the shops' own workrooms. However, all the prices quoted here are for made-to-order garments; you'll find the ready-made a little cheaper.

BUDD, 572 Fifth Avenue: French batistes, linens, and silks, in patterns that range from the very quiet to the

very loud. Shirts from $8.50 to $45; pajamas from $10 to $60; dressing-gowns as high as $250, for a heavy moire with a satin lining.

CHARVET ET FILS, 660 Fifth Avenue: Fabrics and ideas that I didn't see anywhere else. Shirts of striped linen mesia for $19.50; robes of the same material printed in bold designs, lined with terry cloth; $65.

DOYLE & BLACK, 45 West Forty-sixth Street: Inexpensive and good. Shirts start at $5.50; shorts to match, at $2.50. This is the place to take that material you bought in China and have it made into a shirt for $3, or into pajamas for $5.

DUDLEY ELDRIDGE, 5 East Fifty-second Street: English materials in great numbers. Look at cheviots boldly striped in dark gray, blue, or brown on a white ground; $10. Pajamas from $12 up.

HUTCHINSON & COMPANY, 15 East Fortieth Street: Shirts of madras, chambray, end-to-end or striped; $5.50. Scotch poplins; $8.50. Pajamas; $7.50 up, for cotton, and $25 up, for silk. Robes of plain or striped English flannel; $25. Solid-colored ties in small neat weaves; $2.

KASKEL & KASKEL, 567 Fifth Avenue: House suits of French brocade combined with plain silk of exactly the same shade; $47.50. Dressing-gowns of velvet that has coin dots of gold or silver, lined with satin; $200. Shirts of French linens in neat patterns; $16.

KEEP SHIRT COMPANY, 5 East Forty-fourth Street: Shirts at this old reliable shop start at $6.50 for Scotch madras or English broadcloth. Shirts of Japanese habutai cost $22.50. Irish poplin ties in an amazing number of small patterns and stripes made specially for this firm: $2.50.

McCRORY, 32 West Forty-sixth Street: Materials from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and Czecho-

This is the "TEA-FROCK"
a new kind of negligee!

It's a heavy crepe satin cut like a dress—with a particularly flattering shoulder line and three different kinds of bows. By our own designer—and a great success because it can double for a hostess gown if you wish. Made to measure in any color you select.

39.50

Just ten days are required after measurements are taken

JAY-THORPE

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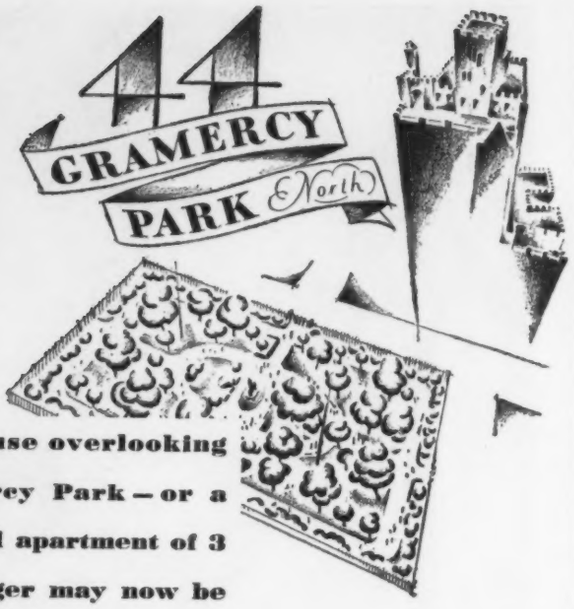
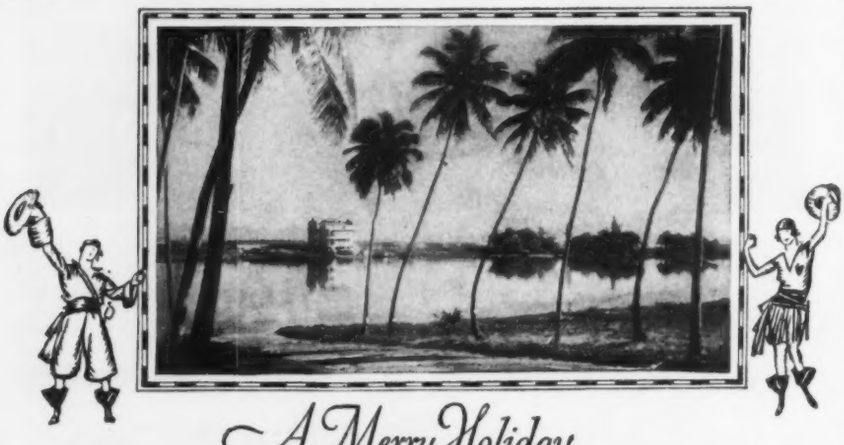


A LOFTY penthouse overlooking exclusive Gramercy Park—or a generously planned apartment of 3 to 5 rooms or larger may now be yours for a moderate rental... Large dining galleries and fireplaces are among distinctive features that add the perfect touch to a delightful and easily reached locality. Occupancy Summer 1930. A. G. Walker & Co. 585 Lexington Avenue. Plaza 5750.

A MEROWIT BUILDING



A Merry Holiday

GIFT TO YOURSELF

Be selfish for a change. You know you would love to sail through tropical seas—visit flower-laden islands—meet interesting people. And, most of all, get away from northern sleet and snow. Well, then!—be a Pleasure Pirate. Join the jolliest group sailing the southern seas. You'll find them on the RELIANCE and RESOLUTE the ideal cruising steamers *leaving New York on December 17* for 16 day luxury cruises to the West Indies. Celebrate the Holidays on the Caribbean. Visit Port-au-Prince or Nassau, Kingston, Colon, Havana—colorful ports of the Caribbean.

Other Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages
by the S. S. RELIANCE from New York

Jan. 4—16 Days Jan. 23—27 Days Feb. 22—27 Days Mar. 26—16 Days

Rates $200 and up and $300 and up Illustrated literature on request

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE New York
39 Broadway

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton or local tourist agents.

slovakia, in patterns that are sometimes startling, displayed with genial Irish conversation. Shirts from $7 to $40. Ask to see the taffeta flannels in patterns for shirts; $16.50.

McLaughlin, 697 Fifth Avenue: Financiers take time out from directing world affairs to look at Mr. McLaughlin's fabrics, some of which he designed himself. Shirts of fine linen, subdued stripes, $18.50; shirts with bosoms of heavy corded linen in bolder colors, $16.50.

A. Sulka & Company, 512 Fifth Avenue: "Man and wife" lounging pajamas and robes tailored in jacquard silks with contrasting facings (the body of one set matches the facings of the other); $165 for each set. Shirts from **$12 up.** Embroidered batiste, $15; embroidered linen, $22. —G. McC.

INSPIRATIONS

NEXT week we are going to give you a list of places to buy books, but in the meantime we refer you to *Among the New Books*, on page 129, for titles and such.

If you are interested in *objets d'art* as gifts, write or phone to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Information Desk, Rhinelander 7690, for its pamphlet telling all about the things it has for sale.

Way down in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, there is a little lady who says she will be glad to send a nice large box of holly and mistletoe to "folks" any place in the United States by parcel post, prepaid, for five dollars. Her name is Mrs. W. W. Midgette.

A great Christmas inspiration is to seize some jewelry that belongs to someone who has been unable to wear it because the setting and cutting of the stones are old-fashioned (and not quite old-fashioned enough) and have it reset in a new form. All the jewellers will undertake such work for you. With Olga Tritt, 730 Fifth Avenue, it is a specialty. Such work is handled here with exceptional ingenuity and great care.

Shoppers gasping for original suggestions will no doubt be overjoyed to know about the General Bronze Company, 480 Hancock Street, Long Island City (just across the Fifty-ninth Street bridge). These worthy folk will make up anything you could possibly want in bronze, including such knicknacks as gate grilles with family crests, name-plates in owner's own flowing script (the last not recommended for surprise purposes), small casts of pets, children, etc. If you

earnestly desire this sort of thing, you had better telephone at once for estimates and appointments. The number is Astoria 5500. —F. D.

TIPS ON MAILING AND EXPRESSING

IF you were clever and ordered your Christmas cards early, you won't be alarmed by the thought that they should all be in the mails by December 18. Those for Europe or Central America should be sent before December 9; and those for points further away are either mailed by now or will never be a joy to anybody. The sooner you go to the post office for stamps and service, the less waiting in line there will be; your small local office is the best bet—your postman will tell you where it is, if you don't know.

Whether you should use parcel post or express for gifts depends on their size, weight, value, and your own ideas; parcel post up to seventy pounds is accepted for the first three zones, and up to fifty pounds for the remainder. Parcel post for Europe should go not later than December 8. It is worth while to insure all parcel-post packages, and to pay a special-handling charge on them. If they are for any reason sealed, you have to pay first-class postage.

When sending things by express, you can tie up anything less than thirty pounds in strong cardboard and paper, as if for mailing; but if they weigh over thirty pounds, they must be packed in heavy corrugated cardboard boxes or in wooden crates. Call Murray Hill 5740 when you want the expressman; they will switch you through to your district terminal. The van will probably appear within twelve hours. One week should be allowed for delivery as far west as Chicago or as far south as Louisiana; and more time, correspondingly, for more distant points. You can arrange prepayment of charges and insuring of shipments when the driver calls. —M. C.

•

A Ford owner and his wife were en route to visit friends in Colorado, having driven from Manhattan, Kan. When the trip was started they had a setting hen at home, and rather than leave the fowl they put her in a box nest on the running board of the car. When the Ford reached Denver, the hen had hatched every egg and had not lost a chick.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

That's not saying what she thought, though.

OCCUPANCY MAY 1st, 1930

LITERALLY A LANDSCAPED LANDMARK OF LEADERSHIP!

¶ Southeast corner of 58th Street and Fifth Avenue. But something more than a real estate location! ¶ Thirty-two stories of fine executive office space. Yet something more than mere office space involved! ¶ A site that overlooks everything in sight! A building that overlooks nothing in efficiency! ¶ A monumental structure at an ornamental location. ¶ A background of business and a foreground of beauty. ¶ Grouped with the world's most magnificent hotels. ¶ Front entrance to the Fifth Avenue mode. ¶ High tide of Fifth Avenue shopping. ¶ A location of horizons for tenants of vision! ¶ A building for Executive Headquarters. ¶ Special provisions for the professions. ¶ 32 stories high... 16 high-speed elevators... 2 steps to a bus... 2 blocks to B M T... 3 blocks to I R T... Small units or Full Floors... Space Priced at Practical Figures.

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LET'S GO!
DANCE TO
Brunswick's
RECORDING OF THE SONG-HITS
FROM THE TALKIE TRIUMPH . . .

"WHEN THE REAL THING COMES YOUR WAY"

A syncopated study of the year's sweetest melody fox trot.

A rhythmic riot, so hot that what it does to your feet is nobody's business. No. 4545

"SCRAPPY" LAMBERT
SINGS

WHEN THE REAL THING COMES YOUR WAY on No. 4556 with LIKE A BREATH OF SPRINGTIME from "Hearts in Exile". You'll want these vocal versions also. Hear them. They're wows!

MUSICAL EVENTS

Quartets, Lute and Fiddle —Chamber Music—On Oratorios and Pianists

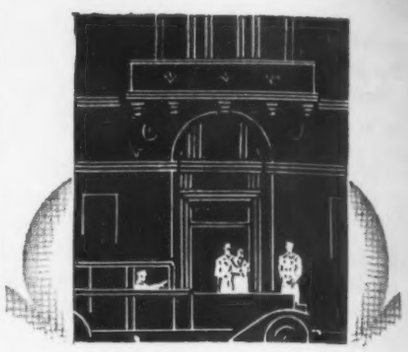
LATEST musical sensation in town: The Aguilar Lute Quartet.

About a year ago, Señor Segovia arrived with his guitar and his footstool and became one of the ornaments of our concert halls. His manager, a canny soul, thereupon followed up this triumph with a Spanish organization which carried four fretted instruments and four footstools; and the Aguilar Lute Quartet made just as great a hit in its way as its delightful forerunner.

When I first heard about the imminence of lutes, I had visions of something vulgarly dainty, but a glance at the Aguilars (three brothers and a sister) was most reassuring. Their lutes are Spanish lutes, and they look like high-toned mandolas. In fact, these instruments are so unesoteric that not a few guitarists suddenly have discovered that they have been playing lutes all their lives. Tonally, the lutes are somewhere down the same alley as Hawaiian guitars, or good old-fashioned glee-club mandolins. The difference is in what the Aguilars make them do.

Two "small lutes," one unqualified lute, and a "grand lute" make up the quartet. All of the Aguilars are immensely skillful performers, and they have developed an ensemble that is as cohesive and flexible as that of any string quartet. There seems to be no handicapping circumscription to their repertoire. Anything from the fifteenth century to the contemporaries is within their range, and there is a surprising gamut of color effects and tonal variety. Sometimes the clever manipulation of a tremolo sounds almost like a sustained tone, which is perhaps the most astounding trick in the Aguilar bag.

WHEN you go to hear the Aguilars, who probably will be in and out of Town Hall at intervals, do not be deceived by the titles of their offerings. Three Caprices of Gabriel de Mena had nothing capricious about them. A Sonata by Soler (whom Segovia resurrected for us last year) was a tiny trifle, and an "Orgy" by Turina



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HARRY TAIT, Managing Director

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RITTENHOUSE SQUARE EAST
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THE LUXURIOUS
MEDITERRANEAN
ADVENTURE

Cunard R. M. S. Scythia from New York, Jan. 28, 1930, exclusively chartered for Frank's Eighth Annual Cruise De Luxe. An itinerary that offers an exceptionally long visit in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . that includes such unusual ports as Cattaro, Tunis, Malta, Taormina, Ragusa . . . and the usual Mediterranean Countries. 67 perfectly planned and glorious days. Guided by the Frank Tourist Company's 54 years of experience and with Cunard's finest First Class Service and Cuisine. Membership limited to 390 guests. Rates including shore excursions from $950. Free stop-over in Europe and return by any Cunard steamer. Fascinating literature on request.

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LOS ANGELES . . . . 408 So. Spring Street

turned out to be a cross between a storm scene by a restaurant band and a captivating fox trot. A "Serenade" by Mozart revealed itself as from "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik."

Probably you will have most fun at an Aguilar concert when the family is at work with contemporary music, some of which has been transcribed especially for them, with vast ingenuity, by de Falla, Turina, and Nin. Your somewhat affected friends will go into pink raptures about their classics, but the real stuff is somewhere else.

HAVING released all of this on the subject of four musicians with stringed instruments, I ought, logically, to carry on about the recent appearances of the Lener Quartet and the London String Quartet, who ran off a historical cycle on five consecutive days. String-quartet music, however, is something that I don't understand. Only those who participate in this diversion have a feeling for it, and I am disqualified automatically.

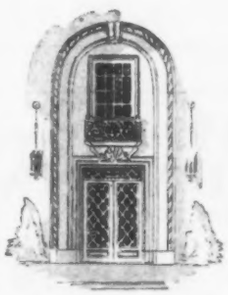
The London gentlemen seem to have a shifting personnel, and although the old spirit was present, there seemed to be somewhat less of the old certainty. If the present four stay together, everything probably will come back to normal. The Leners seem to me a remarkable string quartet in tonal quality (even if the 'cellist played somewhat over the pitch in the early hours of the concert) and they have a touch of gypsy about their performance that brings about some snappy and unorthodox moments.

The Lener Quartet also has a rare brand of showmanship. In the wide, if not so open, spaces of Carnegie Hall, they appeared to great advantage on a special platform illuminated by a string of floodlights. Sometimes the four sounded almost as loud as an orchestra —a phenomenon developed by smartly gauged *crescendi*. It will be interesting to hear them in modern music, which they play with an unusual sense of melodic values, if their many records are accurate. Whether I can recommend them to chamber-music devotees is doubtful, for I hesitate to suggest anything to these pundits, but I fancy that most of you will like 'em.

ONCE the Oratorio Society was a reasonably staid outfit, but in this season's "Judas Maccabaeus" it came to life with a resounding show. Perhaps the new Carnegie Hall organ had something to do with it, for whenever the organist let out, there were tre-

These are the town houses of 1930

The architect of these apartments has taken the best from the town house . . . tall ceilings, the winding staircases, the private-house feeling . . . and added more generous room dimensions, more fireplaces, more light and air, larger bathrooms, dressing rooms and numerous generous-sized closets. He has made them what town houses should be. The 15-room duplex on the 6th and 7th floors has a large reception hall with a winding staircase; a corner living room 20 feet by 30 feet with tall balconied windows both on 73rd Street and on Park Avenue. A corner dining room is 21 feet long. Two of the five bedrooms are corner rooms and three face the east.



The entrance doorway is interesting and informal. The overdoor balcony suggests a private house.

Many living rooms and dining rooms have balconied windows overlooking Park Avenue and 73rd Street.

Duplex apartments from 7 to 15 rooms. Simplexes of 11 to 13 rooms, some with loggias. Many of the apartments will have terraces. Rosario Candela, Architect. Plans may be changed now to suit special requirements. 100% co-operative. To be finished next summer.

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Sunkist Junior Electric Fruit Juice Extractor has all the earmarks of a luxury—so nobody will consider it as another of those unwelcome "sensible" gifts. At first blush it seems extravagant as all Christmas presents should—$14.95, when you CAN GET a fruit juice squeezer for a quarter—but before the holidays are over, with their usual peak load of orange juice squeezing, Sunkist Junior will have proved himself a highly practical piece of household machinery. He'll whizz out a glass or a gallon of orange juice in a jiffy, for breakfast or for the pre-dinner orange juice hour. Then folks will pull the old one: "How did we ever get along?" etc.

Stands 10 inches high in his rubber feet, weighs 8 pounds. Only two instantly removable parts to clean under the faucet. Has alabaster glass bowl. $14.95 at department, electrical or hardware stores or prepaid on receipt of $14.95 money order (Canada $19.95).

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ON THE POST ROAD

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OPEN ALL WINTER
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FOOTBALL & HOLIDAY
DINNERS
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2 and 3 Rooms

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mendous whoops from the instrument, thundering and inspiring blasts that would have steamed up any chorus.

Mr. Stoessel's vocalists evidently have become seasoned in this oratorio, and they did some of the best singing that I have ever heard from them. The soloists included the ineffable Dan Beddoe, who shot out the high A's of "Sound an Alarm" with so much power and so little concern that they sounded impossible. His colleagues were mostly competent, but they lacked the pep of Mr. Beddoe or of the chorus. I fear that somebody has been instructing some of our singers in "oratorio style," that most deadly of all mannerisms. Most oratorios are, after all, display pieces for the soloists, and they might as well be sung in virtuoso fashion, rather than as echoes from the choir.

THE stream of fine piano-playing flows on, with especial reference to Percy Grainger and Ernest Hutcheson, both of whom come from the Antipodes, and both of whom gave striking recitals in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Grainger did a highly distinguished Chopin sonata, and Mr. Hutcheson, as always, was a model. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Skimming a Survey—Some Show Tunes

EVIDENTLY there still are purchasers of sheet music; for *Variety*, in its recent survey of best-sellers, listed the six songs most in demand in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. From what I had heard about the conditions of the industry, I fancied that there weren't so many songs being passed over counters for cash.

On the basis of the survey, the best-loved air in the country is "Tip Toe Through the Tulips," an agreeable enough thing, which, to me, at least, seems to have nothing much to distinguish it from many other light lilts. I am similarly deaf to the uncommon merits of "Singin' in the Rain" and "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," both of which have rewarded their fortunate writers.

Young (or old) ladies and gentlemen who are preparing academic theses may find something noteworthy in the fact that the three best-selling ballads all have to do with nature and

that two of them concern an optimistic view of scenery under adverse conditions. I have no notion what this means unless it indicates a market for ready-made cheerfulness. Several other best-sellers maintain the same trend. "Song of the Nile" and "Pagan Love Song" (yes; it's still popular) glorify the outdoors. "When My Dreams Come True" and "Waiting at the End of the Road" exploit a let's-be-jolly mood, and even "How Am I to Know?" is a negative view of the same picture. "Am I Blue?" is a torch cantata, and "Lonely Troubadour" is at least a taper ballad. "Piccolo Pete," the only non-theme song in the lot, is an anomaly, being an instrumental novelty that somehow became lyrical.

NOT so many new musical comedies this season, but the best score of the year is already in town, and it won't be topped. I mean, of course, the music of "A Wonderful Night," which never has been excelled by any composer for the light stage. In fact, it would be worth your while to acquire a score of "Die Fledermaus" (in the German, for there seem to be no authentic editions in English). Get somebody with a sense of Viennese tempo to play it for you, and you'll discover lots of things, including a charming parody of Wotan's Farewell from "Die Walküre."

Coming down to date, the tunes of "Heads Up!" are some of the neatest from the Rodgers piano, and Signor Hart's lyrics continue his vein of jaunty brightness. —POP

•

GRACE AFTER MEAT

(IN THE CHICAGO MANNER)

Rosy drink in frosted shaker,
Give we thanks unto our Maker;
Amber wine in crystal gleaming,
Like the Chablis of our dreaming,
Turtle soup and terrapin,
Champagne too in goblets thin.
Piles of steaming goose and turkey,
Atmosphere is fragrant, murky,
Lofty puddings, foaming sauces,
Sugar tartlets spun like gauzes.
Brown Madeira, port and sherry—
Gentlemen are flushed but merry—
Benedictine, Fleurs-Alpines,
Chartreuse yellow, chartreuse green.
Bishop, raise your jewelled hand,
It's Thanksgiving in this land;
Meat, and wine, and patrimony,
Thanks to God and Al Capone.

—HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND

THE LITTLE GAME OF CRAVATTING!

You do it quite easily indeed! . . . this choosing of a cravat is surely no ponderous business.

Ask your haberdasher to bring out the Cheneys. Pick one . . . twist it . . . hold it to your collar . . . reject it, perhaps . . . choose another. But you'll find yours . . . since, for every occasion —for sports, for day wear, for the more formal event—there's a Cheney Cravat for *you*! : : : When you've found it, prize it! You've had the fun of discovery.

CHENEY CRAVATS

Made by CHENEY BROTHERS

"on the up and up,

lovely to look upon," said the clever cinema customer, "but not as restfully entertaining as the show

at the rivoli—united artists

the perfect picture of domestic felicity, douglas and mary pickford fairbanks, in the "taming of theshrew"by united artists and will shakespeare.

at the criterion

paramount's "love parade" led by ernst lubitsch, one lovely thing after another, maurice chevalier and jeanette macdonald, chaste and chaste.

at the rialto

where there's "the trespasser" — gloria swanson, crashing the talkies in a grand manner aided and abetted by united artists.

at the paramount

paramount's "saturday night kid," clara bow, lingers for a second week for there's rudy vallee in person and jesse crawford making organ music.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lofty Drama—What a Department Store Is Like —Versatility, That's All

TWO ladies, Clara Bow and Greta Garbo, appear in new pictures this week, pictures in each case well adapted to the special attributes of the stars.

The Greta Garbo offering, dubbed succinctly "The Kiss," has the added distinction of being a silent film, reminiscent of the quaint days before the talkies. Not that I mean to imply that it is a costume piece; it is a drama of high life today in Paris, and though the actual plot was familiar to our ancestors, it still appears on stage and screen about every other week. Indeed, it's the old triangle business again, with a jealous elderly husband who gets shot, a trial, an acquittal, a reunion of the lovers, a fade-out of the kiss; one of the kisses—for you must not be misled by the restraint suggested in the title into expecting only one kiss. The film is not so austere as that.

In the earlier portion of the picture Miss Garbo is charming. Her performance is gracious, intelligent, a pleasure. There is a nice and human quality about her which seems even more important than her beauty. But in the final tragic moments, the moments of lofty drama, she loses this human note and becomes a tragic queen, a symbol of woe as conceived by the imagination of a couturier of fashionable mourning.

MISS Bow's vehicle, "The Saturday Night Kid," is, of course, of less sombre character than "The Kiss," with fewer references to the drastic potentialities of sentiment. The story is from John V. A. Weaver's "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," with Miss Bow well cast as a shopgirl. The inspirational, good-fellowship activities of a department store form the background for some very good satire.

In the comedy of the piece, Clara Bow is assisted by Edna May Oliver, who is one of the delights of modern life. Miss Oliver is quite as amusing as Louise Closser Hale is in "Paris." Some time I should like to see a whole picture devoted to these two ladies,

THE GIFT FOR THE GOLFLESS GOLFER

Golfer's grouch is rife. Winter stifles the play instinct in a man. His links are closed. He sits at home morbid, melancholy, mournful. Poor Man!

Or does he? Not if he has CHIP SHOT! Ah . . . ! What is CHIP SHOT?

CHIP SHOT is a new indoor game that's the essence of golf. Built on a collapsible frame it can be set up anywhere in a jiffy and is quickly folded up and put away. A canvas with five numbered holes is the "course." It is played with regular mashie and golf ball.

It sounds simple, doesn't it? But wait till he gets it! It has all the thrill of the outdoor game. It requires all the skill at his command. And while he plays for sheer entertainment it will definitely and positively improve his game.

As a gift it's just too perfect!

Ask your local store to demonstrate. Or send us your check for $15 and we will send it direct. Money-back guaranty, of course.

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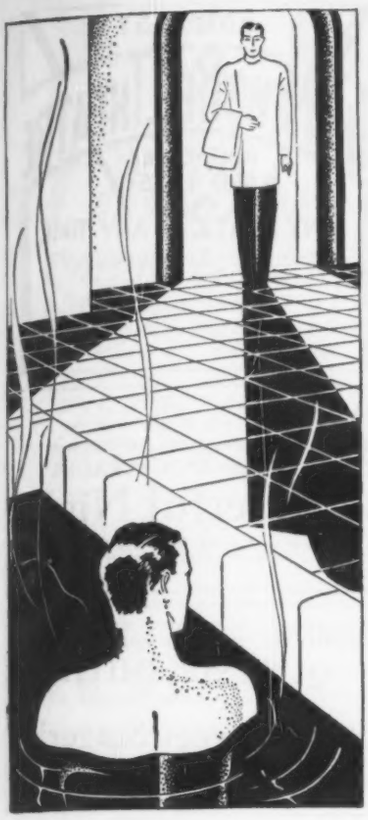

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GLEN SPRINGS

THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

possibly with Dudley Digges in addition, but somehow I doubt if ever I shall have that privilege.

"SEVEN FACES" is a movie to disappoint the admirers of Paul Muni, except in so far as it shows the young man's ability at makeup. As a series of screen tests it is excellent.

Muni plays an aged caretaker at an Eden Musée, a kindly, doddering old soul, who is heartbroken when at last the Musée is closed and the wax figures placed at auction, so heartbroken that he absconds with the wax Napoleon. The cuteness of ancients has never amused me, and I am not touched when at last he is allowed to keep his Napoleon, nor was I impressed by the dream he has, in the course of the story, in which Muni enacts the different images, Don Juan, Schubert, and so on, to the full seven numbered in the title.

"SONG OF LOVE," at the George M. Cohan, is the latest rendition of the "Burlesque—Dance of Life" school, contrived about the experienced vaudeville talent of Belle Baker and her songs. Again the husband in a vaudeville team goes to the dogs while the wife goes to the Palace; again they are reunited by their infant. What financial arrangements she then makes with him are not revealed.

THE only serious drama of the week besides "The Kiss" is "Woman to Woman," at the Globe, and it must be said that "Woman to Woman" draws a good many laughs in spite of itself. The actual story is doleful enough; it is the somewhat tactful dialogue that arouses mean titters. As a result of an injury in the war, the hero suffers from amnesia, and toward the end of the picture the heroine develops an angina. However, during their intervals of health these young people manage something of an emotional life, complicated by the lover's marriage—during the amnesic seizure—to another woman, who refuses to release him when he gets well again. This situation is relieved only by the angina; some triumph being accorded the invalid at the end, as she succumbs to her malady in her rival's house. —J. C. M.

•

Nearly all his punts averaged at least 50 cents.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

And rocked the stands to their Carnegie foundations.

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ICE CREAM PUMPKIN PIE

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—ST. JOHN ERVINE
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A Comedy by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
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A New Play by RING LARDNER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

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New Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges

Staged by Antoinette Perry and Mr. Pemberton
"A fresh and jovial comedy that will tickle you."
—*George Jean Nathan, Judge*

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A farce by WILLIAM HURLBUT
(Author of "The Bride of the Lamb")
with ROBERT WARWICK

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"The musical treat of the season and the most beautiful production of the year."—*Charles Darnton, Eve. World*

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Crest of the Wave

THE Museum of Modern Art, which opened its handsome doors last week, is a fine idea, but it suffers from an inferiority complex. However, the first manifestation of the fine idea is on view now, until December 7, on the twelfth floor of the Heckscher Building; a beautiful show of four of the masters of the passing generation—Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, and Van Gogh.

We are extremely grateful for another place where good painting can be shown. Moreover, the twenty exhibits that are promised us will be composed of pictures which are pretty much out of general circulation. They will be borrowed from private collections that the public never sees. With Van Gogh becoming accepted by the safe and sedate, each year finds fewer modern French pieces on the market, and consequently fewer hung in the sales shows of the galleries.

THERE are ninety-eight pictures in the present exhibit—thirty-four Cézannes and twenty-four Van Goghs! Either group would be a thrilling experience for anyone at all sensitive to painting. Since there are also some Seurats and some Gauguins, the affair is a thing of bewildering beauty.

As far as we are concerned, there has never been better painting than Van Gogh's "Room at Arles," or his "Cypresses." Through his turbulent, tense years, limited to so few burning hours, Van Gogh typified the unadulterated artist. It was as if he knew that he would be dead of starvation at the age when most painters begin their best work. Every stroke he made had inherent in it a feverish, lustful love of life, and a feeling of unescapable truth. Of so many of his contemporaries it is often said: "Here is a 'fair' or a 'good' example of work." With Van Gogh, we always feel that every picture is a perfect example, and any one of them something to be desired.

SINCE Cézanne's name has become an indiscriminately applied label

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for modernism, it is safe now to say what you think. We doubt if the great contribution he made to the cause of art—ruthless pioneering with forms—will be carried down to posterity as well preserved as it now stands. Later laymen, not cognizant of the man as a movement, may be inclined to judge their emotional response from the mere color and composition presented by his paintings. We fear that Cézanne will not be all things to all people. So much of his energy had to be spent in his miraculous growth that many of his phases will not satisfy the witness as complete achievements.

The present group is representative. We can stand before the "Road in Provence," or the "Blue Landscape," and like them better than most of the pictures we see in a year. We are knocked into a proper humility by the "Hills of Le Tholonet," doubting if this will ever be done better. We are also thrilled by most of the still-lifes of apples—vivid, shimmering studies in form and color. But we become a little nauseated when we read books by the pundits of the world which endeavor to have us believe that a Cézanne still-life is a representation of the birth of the universe, or is a passkey into some inner circle of comprehension—a sort of speakeasy of higher intelligences.

AS for the inferiority complex of the Museum of Modern Art: It appears in a little pamphlet—explaining the purpose of the Museum—which contains a paragraph exonerating the Metropolitan. The Modern Museum should have no more concern with what the Met is doing, or fails to do, than it does with, say, a skating rink. Certainly, it should not sign any statement as fatuous as that which reads: "The

Metropolitan's policy is reasonable and probably wise. . . . [It] may justly take the stand that it wishes to acquire only those works of art which seem certainly and permanently valuable."

It would have taken nothing more than a trip up to the Met to show the writers their error. The Metropolitan *does* buy paintings—too many of them, in fact—which it knows will never be "certainly and permanently valuable." What it doesn't buy, and is not interested in (witness a cellar filled with the Havemeyer Collection), is the same sort of French classics that the Modern Museum likes. And it takes no soothsayer to predict in the year of Our Lord, 1929, that Cézannes, Van Goghs, and Gauguins "seem certainly and permanently valuable." Even the Modern Museum, we wager, had to hire no fortune-teller to guide it in its first show. If it did, we will save it future expense and give it four more names, gratis. Our advice is to let the Metropolitan alone. It does what it wants to do in its own capable way, and cannot be moved by any counsel that came into the world since Cézanne. It is as well conducted as any museum can be if it is interested in antiques and is run by men of a like vintage.

ANOTHER beautiful show to smother the art lovers—a representative exhibition of the classic period of Renoir—is being put on by Knoedler. This firm has taken on the protective coloration of the art world and now joins the ranks of those trafficking in French classics. We suppose that as the Old Masters and the Primitives disappear into collections, the dealers will, perforce, trade in the French; and since the French are absorbed in a new world of art, the Americans will probably have their innings. It looks like a renaissance.

Knoedler has brightened up its emporium. The dark wood interiors and the velvet hangings have vanished. The window has been enlarged and lightened. Within is one of the thrilling experiences of an art season. One period of Renoir has been selected—1875 to 1886—as containing most consistently the beauty he is noted for. From the compelling simplicity of "Madame Henriot en Travesti" to the perfected rhythms of "Baigneuses dans la Forêt," you have all the grandeur of a great genius before you. It is worth a month of casual wandering about galleries to stand before either "Le Moulin de la

"A Trip You Ought to Miss—"

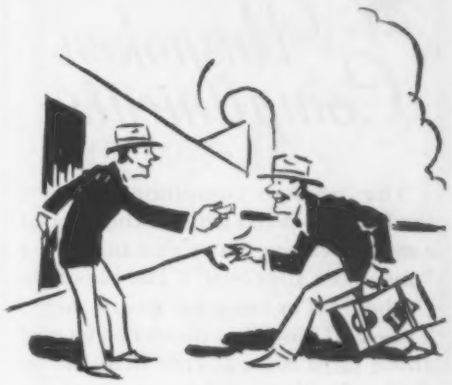
Says Mr. Giltedge Bond of this slower way to the Indies

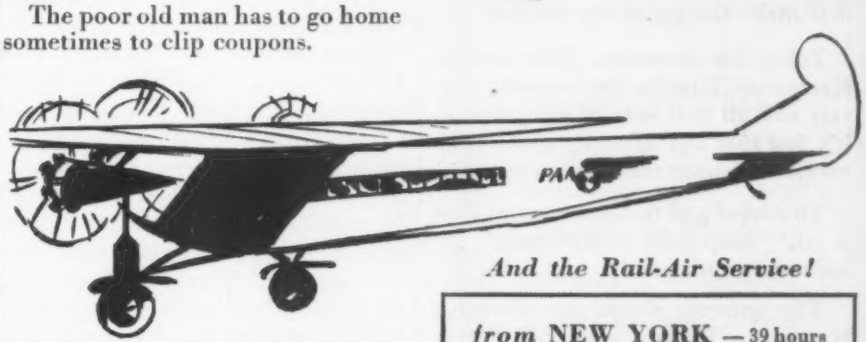
HE tried it a few times—the old, slow way of lolloping across the Florida straits for a whole day. Not so hot!

He might have given up his yearly jaunts to Havana and Nassau, but some friend held a lump of sugar under his nose and coaxed him aboard a Pan American Airliner.

Quick? Comfortable? A delightful experience? This gray-haired pewholder at Divinity fairly sobs whenever the trip is over. His family held a Council to keep him from buying a yearly commutation ticket.

The poor old man has to go home sometimes to clip coupons.





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Take, for instance, this newest Krementz Tuxedo Set—smart, correct and all that sort of thing but—it's *just that sort of thing that tickles the eye*—without raising the eyebrow!

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The smarter shops are showing Krementz Tuxedo and Full Dress Sets correct for the present social season; in gift cases, priced from $7.50 to $50. Names of stores near you upon request.

Krementz

CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY FOR MEN

NEWARK, N. J.

Galette" or "Dans les Roses" and study the master of vibrant light. Somehow or other this group of eleven Renoirs has more visual dynamite than all the ninety-eight pictures in the Modern Museum. However, that, we suppose, is because of the concentrated grouping.

It is a happy, joyous experience; any art student who misses the exhibit is not seriously interested in art.

Hanging in the front rooms is a fine show by itself. Some superb little Manets, a fine Braque, a Van Gogh as delicate as any we have ever seen, some Rousseaus, Matisses, and Modiglianis. It all makes you tingle, thankful that you live in a paternal society that serves you beauty free on silver platters.

HERE AND THERE: Frank M. Armington, painter, and Caroline Armington, etcher, have an exhibition at Durand-Ruel until November 26. . . . Thomas Eakins is on at the Babcock Gallery until the end of the month. . . . The Fifty-sixth Street Galleries have a show of Archipenko, Hidalgo, Jerome Myers, and William Yarrow. . . . The Balzac Galleries have a fine group of paintings by Utrillo. . . . Albert Stewart, sculptor, has a show at the Arden Gallery. . . . Buk is showing at Dudensing during November. . . . Boccini Manuel is exhibiting his paintings at 485 Madison Avenue. . . . Ackermann is showing old English hunting prints. . . . Kennedy has colored wood engravings by E. A. Verpilleux. . . . The second Opportunity Show is on at the Art Center. . . . Demotte has Persian paintings, very rare. . . . Louise Wilder is at the Holt Gallery. . . . Edward Bruce will exhibit his stick-candy painting at Reinhardt until December 7. . . . Oscar Bluemner, one of Stieglitz's best, is at the Whitney Studio. —M. P.

•

"Jerd," she said, after awhile, "are we engaged?"

"If it could be that, Dory . . .?" His voice shook a little.

"I think it could."

She turned her face to his, and he bent his head, and they kissed—gently, lovingly.

"I'll need nothing—nothing in my life, from now on, but you, Jerd."

She had gotten to her feet, now she extended a firm little hand, and he stood up, too, and they walked slowly back, through the perfumed night together, crossing the strips of liquid silver moonshine.—*From an adv. in the Times Book Review.*

Well, they're both back on their feet again, anyway.

480

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A VOYAGE TO PURILIA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35] should scarcely expect to find medical science highly developed. Indeed, its state is almost primitive. Time is regarded as the sovereign remedy for all wounds, and although this concept may strike the terrestrial reader as mathematical rather than clinical in its implications, its therapeutic soundness is unquestioned by all good Purilians. Physicians and nurses do exist, but their function seems to be more aesthetic and emotional than medical. The patient appears to find curative powers in the contemplation of the doctor's well-trimmed beard and the nurse's carefully arranged tresses rather than in the application of their remedies. It is true that the clinical thermometer and the stethoscope are known to the Purilians, but their use apparently is entirely ritualistic.

It may well be that the retarded state of medical science in Purilia may be explained by the fact that spiritual and metaphysical forces play an important rôle in restoring to health the sick and disabled. Many a curative miracle is wrought by the application of faith and love, unaided by medicament or surgical appliance. The efficacy of prayer has been demonstrated again and again by cures of a nature which could not fail to strike wonder into any human of scientific inclinations.

AFTER we had been at sea for some days, I happened to learn that Pansy was on board ship, but was being held prisoner by Millwood. This important piece of information I obtained as a result of overhearing a conversation between Millwood and the ship's chief officer (who, it seems, was one of his tools).

When I first learned of Pansy's incarceration I was greatly disturbed, for I assumed that Pansy was being detained in Millwood's cabin and that her honor (synonymous in Purilia with chastity) would be endangered. But to my great relief, I learned that Millwood had provided her with a separate cabin. This act struck me as a little quixotic in an arch-scoundrel—especially since he had taken such pains to abduct her—but apparently neither he nor his fellow-conspirator seemed to regard this circumstance as being in the least odd.

Having learned the location of Pansy's cabin, I managed now and then to catch a glimpse of her and, from her appearance, I gathered that she divided the hours of her imprisonment equally between quiet weeping and painstaking attendance upon her toilette.

From overhearing several further conversations between Millwood and the perfidious first officer and from finding a number of highly revelatory notes which Millwood in his careless way dropped promiscuously about the deck, I learned too that not only were the pair engaged in a plot to sink the vessel for the insurance money, but that they were plying the ship's master with poisoned liquor in order that they might inherit his fortune by virtue of a will which they were busily engaged in forging, and at the same time cast suspicion upon him of a murder which the chief officer had committed.

The consummation of these evil schemes, however, was happily interrupted by the occurrence of a violent storm which had been gathering for some time and now broke. That its advent was a direct intervention in our behalf by Nature we could not doubt, for, in Purilia, she does not hesitate to use freely her dreadful arsenal of flood and fire and thunderbolt to assist some well-favored Pudencian. Indeed, in the Purilian scheme of things, the razing of a forest or the destruction of a countryside is a small price to pay for the happy union of a beautiful Pudencian and a brave Paragonian. It is literally true that the stars in their courses fight for the triumph of spiritual love.

Our elation, however, soon gave way to despair, for in a very few minutes it was noised about that the ship was sinking. Even in my dismay at this alarming intelligence, I could not escape a feeling of surprise that so palatial and apparently so seaworthy a vessel should succumb in such brief time to the ravages of a storm which seemed to me only moderately severe, but no doubt the captain's drunkenness, Millwood's villainy, and the fraudulent schemes entailing the insurance-money and the forged will all contributed to the sudden dissolution of the stout vessel.

MY first thought upon learning that the vessel was breaking up was to look about for some means of escape. In this natural desire to avoid

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annihilation I assumed that I should have the coöperation not only of my fellow-passengers but of the officers and crew, but, to my astonishment, no attempt was made to use the life-saving equipment with which the ship was provided and, far from looking to their safety, the passengers gathered *en masse* in the principal saloon and knelt in pious attitudes while the ship's band (which seemed to have undergone considerable augmentation during the progress of the storm) spiritedly struck up a religious air.

It needed now but one more flash of lightning to sink the ill-fated vessel, which speedily disappeared beneath the waves, leaving no trace but a few floating spars. Fortunately, as I came to the surface, I observed Pansy struggling about in the water not more than six feet away. Lashing her to a spar, I managed to keep her head above water, and, as we floated about in the waves, I was pleased to see that Johnson was clinging to another bit of wreckage not far away.

The storm subsided as quickly as it had arisen, and, as the clouds cleared away, we saw the sun sinking magnificently, and near at hand, to our unspeakable joy, stood revealed an inviting beach, with a line of stately palm trees sharply silhouetted against the darkening sky.

A few strokes more and our feet touched bottom. I helped Pansy up the sandy beach, and as we stood there, saved from the storm, I was delighted to note that she had emerged from the water as fresh and unspotted as though she had stepped from some dainty boudoir. Such purity as hers, I concluded, was impermeable even to the harshest of the elements.

Johnson now joined us, and we made our way toward some native huts in the distance, happy in our deliverance and reunion. We should have been less elated had we known that Millwood, at the first indication of the tempest, had made his escape in one of the ship's boats and was already plotting our undoing with the native chieftains.

—Elmer Rice

(*Continued next week*)

•

The mid-Victorian lady sallied forth to be wooed. Her granddaughter anoints the back of one ear with a little *Passion of Springtime*, rubs her chin with *Kiss of the Night*, pours down her back a liberal amount of *My Sin*, and sallies forth to woo.—*From an article in Plain Talk.*

And what's more, gets results.

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, NOV. 13

LAST week held Guy Fawkes Day, but quite a while before that the streets were encumbered by groups of small boys with stuffed effigies in perambulators and in home-made contraptions of wooden boxes on wheels. "Remember the guy, sir?" It is doubtful if any of these babes remember, or ever knew, who the original Guy Fawkes was, but one excuse for letting off firecrackers is as good as another; and when darkness falls and the curtains are drawn and people are sitting at their tea tables, the racket outside resounds more than ever, and even the crustiest old gentleman is moved to reminiscence by the pops and that wonderful gunpowdery smell so suggestive of a misspent youth.

MANY people have cast a thoughtful and speculative eye on the sight of the Knightsbridge barracks, that pleasant red-brick block which runs from the Hyde Park Hotel westward along the edge of the Park. Now Mr. Claude Leigh has offered the War Office a million pounds for the place, and the War Office has turned Mr. Leigh down. Mr. Leigh's idea is to build a "super opera house with a block of flats on each side of it." Good enough; but London does not take kindly to super opera houses. Hammerstein's effort in that direction, the London Opera House, has long been a palatial movie, and even Covent Garden—in the intervals of popular dancing at two shillings a head—has fallen from its high estate. Now that opera is no longer fashionable, it has little to recommend it, for the Londoner dislikes opera very much. It is intelligent of Mr. Leigh to recognize this fact, and to put the onus of supporting the project on the tenants of the flats—but what is this peculiar urge which makes a man force opera down our unyielding throats?

TWO events of national importance have just occurred. One is the death of Mr. Joseph H. Warwick, and the other is the retirement of Mr. W. J. May. Mr. May was the King's own postman, and in twenty-seven years of service has completed his sixty-five-thousandth mile in the corridors of Buckingham Palace. This record is likely to stand, as he was the first postman to be given access to the interior of the Palace. Before that, letters were delivered at the door. Mr. Joseph Warwick was the only hall porter of the Marlborough Club since the year 1869, when it was founded in a fit of pique by King Edward—then Prince of Wales—because he was not allowed to smoke in the cardroom of the St. James'. It stands immediately opposite Marlborough House, which is still being decorated, after three years, for his grandson. During the life of King Edward it was, perhaps, the most exclusive club in the world, as opposed to the Jockey Club of Buenos Aires, which is the most expensive. Every member had to be personally passed on by the King.

The profession of hall porter carries with it a certain *cachet* of distinction, for the old club servant is often admitted to a degree of intimacy with the great which is only exceeded by that granted to their barbers. One of the commissionaires at Selfridge's proudly sports the little crimson ribbon on his tunic which shows him to be the possessor of the Victoria Cross; and the beautiful daughter of the commissionaire of the Carlton Hotel married an extremely wealthy patron of the establishment. She dines there frequently, and it is said that when her father shows her to the car, she tips him.

The classic example of this sort of thing was old Jaschke, the Piccadilly hairdresser. When you or I went to Jaschke's for a haircut we were set down, quite respectfully, in an outer chamber. The personal friends of Mr. Jaschke, however, from King Edward down, said "Hullo, Charles," and were admitted to an inner sanctum known as the "House of Lords," whose walls were literally covered with caricatures of the aristocracy by Spy, every one of them signed. It must be three years now since Charles severed his last hair from his last distinguished scalp. I wonder what has happened to that collection. It should be worth something.

Some of his men are at Norton's, in Duke Street, so if it gives anyone any pleasure to mingle to this extent with the mighty, I pass the word along.

IT is a pity that *T. P.'s Weekly* has ceased to be. The initials were those of T. P. O'Connor, the great "Tay Pay," the "Father of the House." As a paper it inclined to the literary,

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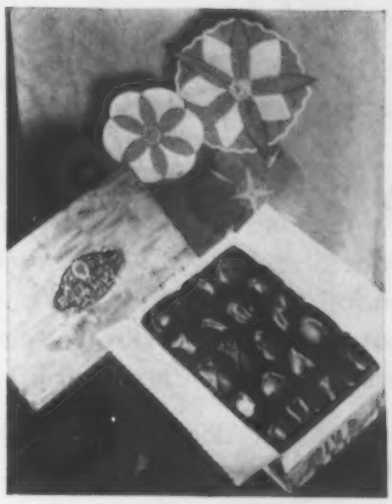

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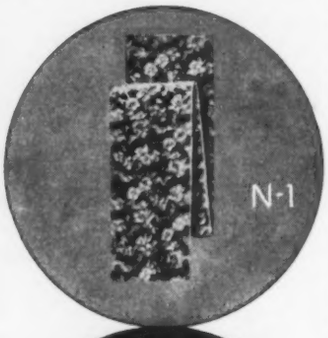

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filling no particular place in modern journalism except in so far as it represented the personality of its founder and editor, for sixty-two years an active journalist. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, at the age of eighty-two, leaves behind a lasting remembrance of his charm, and the disappearance of *T. P.'s* marks another milestone along the inevitable road away from the age of leisurely unimportance. Throughout the life of this journal Mr. O'Connor was followed, like Edgar Wallace, by the haunting suspicion that he was a lay figure who did nothing more toward the production of his own works than add his name. To the end he disputed this, and I can testify that his signature on a rejection slip had every appearance of being genuine.

MR. H. G. WELLS has discovered a latent talent for the making of talkies. He is at present at work on a series of short talks which he hopes will become a regular weekly feature of the programs, and he told me the other evening that he was taking immense pains and rehearsing each most minute detail of his voice and movements, being very scornful of the appearance of Ramsay Macdonald and Bernard Shaw in a similar rôle. As a matter of fact, Bernard Shaw is extraordinarily successful, both at this and on the radio. His appeal on behalf of the Malvern festival of his own plays was quite the best thing in the theatres that week, and to hear him read a portion of "Pygmalion," without mentioning the names of the characters, but differentiating between their speeches by the assumption of different voices (female included), was as good as listening to Ruth Draper.

Mr. Wells related with some gusto that he once wrote a book called "Marriage," which was the story of a young couple who went to the dreary, frozen solitudes of Alaska and came back quite unchanged from the experience. He sold this to a film company for a "satisfying amount." The company changed the title, and produced a film about a couple who went to the hottest and most populous part of equatorial Africa and came back altogether different. —A. G.

•

HARVARD AND YALE MEN MAINTAIN POISE ON EVE OF BIG GAME—Plenty Going On, But in a Nice Way.—*Headline in the Boston Herald.*

We were once a triple-threat man on the Varsity Nicety team ourself.

I USED TO THINK

THAT the bathing suits of 1918 were the limit. That I would never give myself a wrong number on a dial telephone. That all panhandlers were millionaires. That I could learn to understand the Brooklyn transit system. That my eyeglasses were only temporary.

That early to bed and early to rise would make me wealthy. That I could never afford to buy orchestra seats for all the successful musical shows. That the box-office man's idea of a good seat was a good seat. That opportunity knocks. That I could find any street in the city by asking a policeman. That it was impossible to swim across the English Channel. That the talkies would not last.

That I could avoid being asked to play contract bridge. That I could play contract because I could play auction. That I could play contract with the aid of magazine articles. That I would some day be able to play contract as well as my friends. That my friends could play contract. That early to bed and early to rise would make me wise.

That it never would rain when I carried an umbrella with me. That gentlemen were supposed to remove their hats if there were a lady in their elevator. That the elevator girls in my office building would come to know my floor without my calling it out to them every morning. That all America bathed on Saturday night. That the man worth while is the man who can smile when all of the world goes wrong.

That the Manhattan Bridge was the Brooklyn Bridge, that the Brooklyn Bridge was the Manhattan Bridge. That I could never love another girl as much as I loved Muriel at seventeen. That I could never love another girl as much as I loved Fleurette at eighteen. That I could never love another girl as much as I loved Leonore at nineteen. That I could never love another girl.

THAT plumbers always forgot their tools. That Mayor Walker could not be reëlected. That I would take a plunge on each morning of my vacation. That I would take a cold shower every morning when I returned to the city. That an apple a day keeps the doctor away. That my hair would never fall out.

That there was somewhere a self-made man whose success did not give him a mania for inflicting advice. That a doctor who cured a sore throat could take care of a pain in the back also. That when a girl said "No" she meant "Yes." That when a girl said "Yes" she meant "No." That when a girl said anything she meant something. That I knew what that something was.

That I would never miss a train. That the Forty-second Street district would cave in if another building were placed on it. That it would cave in if another subway were excavated under it. That that new shaving cream would give me a smooth easy shave. That that new razor would give me a smooth easy shave. That that new after-shaving lotion would at least make me feel as if I had given myself a smooth easy shave.

That I might never be the heavyweight champion of the world. That I might never be the lightweight champion of the world. That I might never be the flyweight champion of the world. That nevertheless I would beat up the man who stole Lola from me.

That the European debts would never be paid. At seventeen, that I would be making ten thousand a year at eighteen. At eighteen, that I would be making a hundred thousand a year at nineteen. At nineteen, that I would be making a million a year at twenty. At twenty, that I would be making thirty dollars a week at twenty-one.

THAT a wet presidential candidate would be elected by a landslide. That I could tell a horse by its parents. That I could tell a horse by its past performances. That I could tell a horse by the tips I heard. That I could tell a horse. That I would never bet on a horse again.

That I would corner the wheat market before I was twenty-five. That I would be Mayor of New York before I was twenty-five. That I would marry Colleen Moore. That I would marry Esther Ralston. That I would marry Sue Carol. That surely Virginia Lee Corbin would wait for me to marry her. That no one else could cook the meals my mother used to make, except, perhaps, the coffee shop in the Stamford road.

That a frosted chocolate was the best soft drink in the world. That the subway change men could not make a mistake. That a taximeter registered more on the Brooklyn Bridge than on any other stretch in the city. That the liquor I drank was liable to blind me and maybe even kill me.

—José Schorr

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The large passenger steamer which is just leaving, and your conviction that you ought to be on board. The unbridled frenzy. The information that the departing vessel is bound for Oslo. Your own boat, which is loading cargo and doesn't look as though it would be ready to sail for several days.

The jolly group who have come to see you off. The lounge done in cool chintz and wicker, and already crowded. The well-powdered Spanish lady over whom eleven impassioned relatives are holding a wake. The stout gentleman telling little Edward that he must take good care of Mummy because Daddy is going away on the big boat but he'll be back soon. Little Edward, who manages to convey by a fine restraint of manner that it will be all right with him if Daddy never comes back. The delegation from the Old People's Home discussing cures for seasickness. The decision to find your cabin and do your entertaining there.

The suites with bedroom, sitting-room, and bath. The de luxe cabins with twin beds and painted dressing-tables. Your own modest accommodation down near the freight-hold.

THE veteran traveller who wants to know why on earth you let them give you such an awful cabin. The playboy who guesses he'll stow away and go with you and wouldn't that make a scandal? The girl who is reminded of her last trip abroad when her berth was so covered with packages and letters that the stewardess complained. The realization that you haven't got even a post card. The humiliation. The still hunt for the steward in charge of distributing mail.

The cabin next door which looks like a branch office of the parcel post. The girl covered with orchids, and cooing. The girl opening American beauties, and squealing. Your broken-

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spirited return. The arrival of your haul, which probably won't bother the stewardess but which enables you to hold up your head. The gratitude that nobody has sent fruit and the timely appearance of a basket which any Greek would regard as a good business start. Your one consolation —the respectful silence of the girl who went abroad.

THE discovery that it is three o'clock and the race for the deck. The witticisms. The farewells. The depressing news that the sailing has been delayed until four. The friends with urgent business uptown. The friends who announce their noble but slightly misguided intention of staying until the bitter end.

Your keen sense of social responsibility and the increasing boredom. The lounge, which is cold. The deck, which is colder. The friend who agrees with you that only earnest and persistent effort could have collected such a large group of terrible-looking passengers. Your regret that you started on this trip. The signal for visitors to go ashore.

The man you had regarded as your forlorn hope, who is the first to leave the ship. The fat gentleman by the rail, blowing his nose. His wife on the pier, wiping her eyes. Little Edward, safe on shore, bellowing with loud, untimely anguish. The man with the lodge emblems, shouting intimacies under the false impression that nobody else is listening. The girl in the leopard coat, urged by her boy friend to take a long drink for him. The references to Havana and prohibition. To Spanish señoritas and moonlight. Your own friends who are too inhibited to shout much but who gesticulate and make faces.

THE gangplank. The hawsers. The handkerchiefs. The shouting. The emotion. The increasing distance from the pier. The tenderness for your friends, who continue to wave although probably frozen. The hurt disappointment when they leave while still recognizable. The surprising appearance of two or three passengers who look human.

The thought of sunshine and summer clothes. The high adventure. The possible romance. The carefree exhilaration, undimmed by any thought of dull old ladies, nights when it is too hot to sleep, or the possibility of your ever needing to open the box of Mothersill's. —ALICE FRANKFORTER

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THE advance reviews from Germany of "The Maurizius Case" have nobly prepared the way for Jacob Wassermann's book, so that it becomes automatically, and also justly, one of the most important of the new novels; and it probably will be the most successful of his books since "The World's Illusion." For, in "The Maurizius Case," Mr. Wassermann has an absorbing story to tell, and he tells it splendidly and dramatically. This is, stripped of its profundities, a murder mystery, a great legal case, which Mr. Wassermann invests with immense social significance. It is a study in legality and justice, all concentrated in an intensely personal drama.

When the book opens, the Maurizius case is eighteen years old—a heap of dusty, yellow documents. Maurizius himself is almost forgotten in prison, and von Andergast, the prosecutor who sent him there, has gone on to greater honors. Through the instinct for justice and the passionate curiosity of von Andergast's son, Etzel, the case is reopened and reënacted.

Wassermann's method of unfolding the story, bit by bit, of withholding his important characters—building up their entrances in the best theatrical style—is wonderfully effective. He uses an outward sombreness to tone down a story that is startling and melodramatic. Underneath the serious and powerful manner of his writing is a narrative that twists and turns, full of abrupt surprises and sudden flashes. Like Dostoevski he has the gift of projecting purely mental struggles vividly and graphically. There is, in his most static chapters, a feeling of great action.

"The Maurizius Case" is, to be short about it, a completely satisfying book. Even those who buy it because they think it sounds like a good mystery story will get that—and more. Ignoring its dignity as a social chronicle, they will find a bold, exciting, and fascinating story.

THE old sex problem is still troubling the French novel. "The Natural Mother," by Dominique Dunois, is a study of sex in its simple biological aspect, as befits the winner of the Femina Prize.

Georgette Didier, married but childless, must have an heir at any cost to keep her farm in the family. The peasant girl is like a queen who must provide a successor to the throne. So, being a determined woman, she has a son, and her husband connives at her technical sin because he is greedy to hold the land he married.

In spite of the fact that I have small faith in eugenic babies, Mme. Dunois works up a convincing case for Georgette; and she builds up a good drama when Georgette's husband and son turn on her for going off with a man she really loves. The peasant life, too, is sharply and realistically presented. Mme. Dunois lives in Touraine and has no illusions about her neighbors.

François Mauriac, in "The Desert of Love," writes bitterly of the terrible tyranny of family life. A father and his son are both morbidly attracted by the rather cheap mistress of a local bigwig. This situation serves merely to heighten a wretched family situation brought about, as Mr. Mauriac emphasizes, by the distressing fact that intimacy more often resolves itself into personal isolation than into understanding. The spectacle of the father and son as rivals for a woman is an unhappy one, but Mr. Mauriac's picture of mother and daughter incessantly wrangling over the servants is just as pitiful.

"The Desert of Love" is not so exclusively a *genre* study as is "The Natural Mother." In fact, by changing the names of Mr. Mauriac's char-

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acters, you might transplant the whole story to a middle-western town.

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As one fed up on sex psychology—or rather books on sex psychology—I am impressed by the cheerful, rational tone of Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals." Of all the recent experts who have taken a crack at revising the moral code, Mr. Russell is the most sane, and also the most readable. Here is a man of fine mind putting to rights the playroom of sensationalists, specialists, and sentimentalists. And here, too, is civilized thinking and an outline of civilized conduct.

If you are going to Europe instead of getting married, you'll like "Europe in Zigzags," by Sisley Huddleston. Mr. Huddleston visits the capitals of Europe and describes them in their new political and economic aspects. At the end of each chapter, he gives a short résumé of the leading political figures. These travel essays will be more informing than the regulation guidebooks, for a man going to Europe.

Rachel Field's "American Folk and Fairy Tales" is a good book for a bright child, and not a dead loss to an adult because it contains some legends from Louisiana, some Br'er Rabbit stories, and Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face"—still a good story. It's an interesting and unhackneyed collection, with charming illustrations by Margaret Freeman.

"Big Blonde," by Dorothy Parker, is this year's winner of the O. Henry Memorial Prize, and it is reason enough for you to buy the "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1929." Following the spirit of the award, the stories were selected mostly from the popular-fiction magazines; they are, in most cases, the best work of the best-sellers. Blanche Colton Williams edited the volume.

Edward J. O'Brien is more literary and less dramatic in his taste. His annual selections in "The Best Short Stories of 1929" are of more even standard than the O. Henry collection, but he hasn't so many highlights. However, you will find a good cross-section of the best magazine literature.

There is a new detective in the field, invented by T. S. Stribling. He is Dr. Poggioli, and his professorial adventures in the West Indies are set forth in "Clues of the Caribbees." You'll like the doctor—he's educated but unassuming. Even if his sleuthing is not intricate, he forms a convenient character for Mr. Stribling to carry through a series of amusing and lively stories. The writing, of course, is above the average for detective stories, and the West Indies make a new and picturesque field for this sort of fiction.

FRANK SHAY's latest collection of songs for rowdy occasions is "Drawn from the Wood," illustrated more in sorrow than in anger by John Held, Jr. Since people must sing at parties, it is well to have a set of fresh songs on hand; otherwise they get stuck on "Anchors Aweigh" and stay there all evening. Mr. Shay gives a wide range of recipes for getting into the spirit, and they are mostly good and not too outlandish for practical purposes.

When you wake up in the hospital, ask for Rube Goldberg's "Is There a Doctor in the House?" It's hospital clowning, for cheering invalids or squelching persons who have just had an operation.

The ballads of the war are gathered together in "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me." It's a book for mellow memories. Many of the lyrics were necessarily censored, but any man who was over grammar-school age in 1917 will be able to fill in with the original words. Compiled by John J. Niles and Douglas S. Moore, and illustrated by A. A. Wallgren, whose work you remember in the *Stars and Stripes*.

Morris Bishop makes great use of the reverse-twist last line in "Paramount Poems." He has a sly light touch, and he writes verse that is not

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only amusing but graceful. I recommend especially "Lines for a Guest Room." I like the slogan on the cover—"If it isn't a Paramount, it isn't a Poem."

Arthur Guiterman runs more to epigrams and pat phrases set in neat jingles. He can cover in four lines what it would take a page of prose to say less effectively. Therefore you'll like "Song and Laughter."—A. W. S.

MORE BOOKS

MARK HANNA was, of course, vastly more important than any of the stuffed shirts who sat upon the presidential throne between the reigns of Mr. Lincoln and of Mr. Roosevelt, but most of us have in our minds a picture of him as a fat capitalist in a tight suit checked with dollar-marks. This picture was the gift of Mr. Hearst (and of his Mr. Davenport), and the gifts of Mr. Hearst are often dangerous. Now Thomas Beer comes forward and in "Hanna" paints an unforgettable portrait of a very human gentleman who chuckled as he pulled political strings, herded his friends home to excellent dinners, enjoyed music, and despised fools. He never lost his healthy Cleveland distrust of the narrow-mindedness of New Yorkers, and while most of the time his mind ran along with the Wall Street mind, Mark Hanna was nobody's tool. Indeed, he assessed Wall Street more than it wanted to be assessed for some of his campaigns, but he applied the proceeds efficiently. Mr. Beer does not go into the details of his methods and is deplorably lacking in moral indignation, but he yanks Mark Hanna right out of the Hearst cartoons and leaves instead a pudgy, lovable figure, a coal-and-iron capitalist but also a human being who could talk to farmers out of the corner of his mouth and win their votes

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from the silver-tongued Bryans. Incidentally, the book is good reading.

IN this post-muckraking age, the historians devote themselves to saving lost reputations. All the presidents whom we had been taught to regard as blatherskites or nonentities are being conscientiously retailored and reputationed. Andrew Johnson has been set upon a pedestal; now Allan Nevins, editing "Polk: The Diary of a President," has rescued that forgotten gentleman from the dustheap. He was, it seems, the real author of what politicians now call the Monroe Doctrine, and he added half a million square miles to the United States. Above all, Mr. Nevins points out, he was, like Calvin Coolidge, conscientious.

"IN America," James Truslow Adams says in "Our Business Civilization," "the badge of success is income," which is obvious; and "the owner of a cigar-store chain is infinitely more valuable to humanity than a Keats," which seems logical but somehow not quite right. Mr. Adams is eloquent about the reasons that he would prefer England to America as a place to live in, if he did prefer it. (Quaintly, he tends to live in Brooklyn.) One reason is that Englishmen dare to wear such funny clothes, whereas we, having no hereditary aristocrats to set our standards, are always afraid of what our best customers might think. Mr. Adams likes aristocrats and other forms of gentlemen; he despises the mucker pose of being no better than a racing tout; and he is both acute and urbane in his criticism, which is a rare combination. Incidentally, he solves the old problem of why the lone Englishman dresses for dinner in the jungle.

A BOOK by Ford Madox Ford is always a book about Ford Madox Ford, and if you like Ford Madox Ford, you will like "No Enemy." It is not exactly an essay, and it certainly is not a novel; it is not quite autobiography and it can hardly be called travel writing. It starts out to be the story of what the war did to Gringoire, and it pauses to tell of Gringoire's battle with the slugs in his strawberry-beds, and of his methods with a *fritto misto*. It devotes a little prose lyric to English country, and it leaps the Channel to Poperinghe, "a little town where wretched civilians were being butchered by gas shells for the glory of God." Suddenly, in the

middle of the book, Ford ceases to talk about Gringoire and becomes Gringoire, and explains why he wrote French propaganda during the war, and why he believes there never will be another war; one reason being that no one can hate anybody any more because we are all so miserably alike, and dance the same jazz in Cambodia as in Coney Island. There is a long dissertation on the importance of cricket to the conduct of war. . . . In short, it is very, very Ford Madox Ford. Even when he has nothing whatever to say, or forgets entirely what he started out to say, Ford Madox Ford writes as mellifluous prose as anyone dares to write in this hard-boiled age of Ernest Hemingway. (Hemingway himself has begun to go a little sentimentally mellifluous—and perhaps that, too, is due to Ford Madox Ford.)

OLIVER LA FARGE's "Laughing Boy" is a really beautiful idyll of Navajo life. The hot blue sky of the desert burns its pages; the desert winds blow through it. The color of Indian life, the serene identification with the hard soil, century-old prayers are there. The theme, summarized, sounds preposterous: the romantic love of a nomad son of the lonely desert for a girl of his tribe who, spoiled by one of Uncle Sam's Indian schools, had been dragged through the hells of white men's towns. Maybe it is preposterous; but for all that the book has beauty and an inner truth. And beauty and truth are rare things in novels these days.

THE Negro age is passing; the Indian age is upon us. We shall be flooded with Indian music, Indian art, and so-called Indian books. (Even Harold Bell Wright has written a book of Indian legends.) Some of them will be no truer than the Maya motifs in a California Kiwanis Club dining-room. Frank G. Applegate's "Indian Stories from the Pueblos" are simple stories growing out of his efforts to rouse the Pueblo Indians to their own traditional arts. He tells of snakes and snake dances, retells Hopi legends, recounts

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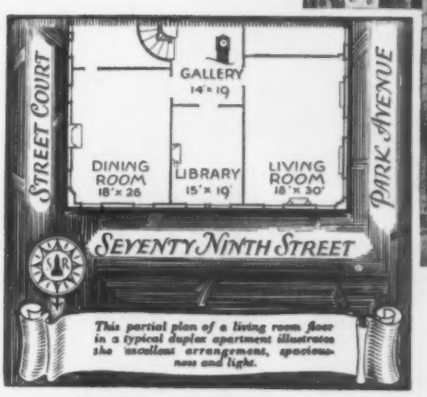

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the odd contacts between Indians and sightseers as stupid as they are well-meaning. His prose, stripped and bare, has an almost Indian quality. But the best of the book is the colored reproductions of Pueblo paintings.

—L. S. G.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). The distinguished novelist's story of American life today.

Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge (*Houghton Mifflin*). A really beautiful idyll of Navajo life.

The Maurizius Case, by Jacob Wassermann (*Liveright*). A powerful social drama, brilliantly presented.

The Natural Mother, by Dominique Dunois (*Macaulay*). A study in French peasant life, with sex reduced to its biological basis.

The Desert of Love, by François Mauriac (*Covici, Friede*). In which a young man's fancy and an old man's fancy darkly turn to thoughts of the same woman.

The Embezzlers, by Valentine Kataev (*Dial Press*). Russian literature returns to civilization with a gorgeous farce.

Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

The Sound and the Fury, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). A study of madness in an aristocratic family of the Old South. Told in the modern manner.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

The Methodist Faun, by Anne Parrish (*Harper*). Genuine tragedy of youth set against a background of fine satire.

Harriet Hume, by Rebecca West (*Doubleday, Doran*). Richly beautiful writing.

Fugitive's Return, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). Worth a half-dozen smug, contented novels.

The Way of Ecben, by James Branch Cabell (*McBride*). Mr. Cabell's farewell to mythology, with a revealing curtain speech by the author.

Borgia, by Zona Gale (*Knopf*). Miss Gale plunges effectively into sinister psychology.

Penrod Jashber, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). The sleuth wave hits Penrod. Gorgeous reading.

Homeplace, by Maristan Chapman (*Viking Press*). Prose ballad of life in the southern mountains.

The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manners and morals of three generations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

Ex-Wife, by Ursula Parrott (*Cape & Smith*). A woman tells all.

The Dark Journey, by Julian Green (*Harper*). Mr. Green's annual prize-winner.

Chéri, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). Wicked and excellently written story of a gigolo.

Death of a Hero, by Richard Aldington (*Covici, Friede*). Why a man preferred being a dead soldier in France to being a live artist in London.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow

(*Doubleday, Doran*). Ironic spoofing of three Fallen Ladies.

WOLF SOLENT, by John Cowper Powys (*Simon & Schuster*). Masterfully written psychological novel.

SHORT AS ANY DREAM, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (*Harper*). A rare achievement—a real and sympathetic study of a New England family.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (*Dodd, Mead*). The annual and always reliable anthology.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1929, edited by Blanche Colton Williams (*Doubleday, Doran*). Gayer but less solid than Mr. O'Brien's selections. The first-prize winner is "Big Blonde," by Dorothy Parker.

MYSTERIES

THE CRIMSON CIRCLE, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . CLUES OF THE CARIBBEES, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . SPEEDY DEATH, by G. M. Mitchell (*Dial Press*). . . . WHAT PRICE PARADISE? by Alan Hugh Hillgarth (*Houghton, Mifflin*). . . . THE MARACOT DEEP, by Arthur Conan Doyle (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER AT THE INN, by Lynn Brock (*Harper*). . . . THE MUSEUM MURDER, by John T. McIntyre (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET, by Robert J. Casey (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, by Sax Rohmer (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE BODY ON THE FLOOR, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . MURDER IN THE MOOR, by Thomas Kindon (*Dutton*). . . . THE DARTMOUTH MURDERS, by Clifford Orr (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . THE SUBTLE TRAIL, by Joseph Gollomb (*Macmillan*). . . . THE SECOND BAFFLE BOOK, by Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . TRIPLE MURDER, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*). . . . WATER WEED, by Alice Campbell (*Farrar & Rinehart*).

GENERAL

HANNA, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

AMERICA SET FREE, by Count Hermann Keyserling (*Harper*). A distinguished scholar psychoanalyzes America.

JULY '14, by Emil Ludwig (*Putnam*). A dramatic account of who started the war.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova, but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN, by Virginia Woolf (*Harcourt, Brace*). Witty, clear thinking on the vexatious subject of women and the art of writing.

MARRIAGE AND MORALS, by Bertrand Russell (*Liveright*). One of the finest minds of our time examines the problem.

OUR BUSINESS CIVILIZATION, by James Truslow Adams (*A. & C. Boni*). An estimate of certain aspects of modern American life, destined to arouse controversy.

NO ENEMY, by Ford Madox Ford (*Macaulay*). If you like Ford, you'll like "No Enemy."

DRAWN FROM THE WOOD, by Frank Shay (*Macaulay*). What to sing when that mood hits you. With recipes for drinks, and pictures by John Held, Jr.

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS, by Harriet Connor Brown (*Little, Brown*). What an intelligent, courageous, charming old woman remembered about the years between 1827 and 1927. Well worth reading.

TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA, by Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt (*Scribner*). An engrossing account of an expedition into Burma and the Chinese-Tibetan borderland in pursuit of the bear-like giant panda.

PETER THE GREAT, by Stephen Graham (*Simon & Schuster*). Stephen Graham scratches the westernizer of Russia and finds a Tartar. Very picturesque reading.

THE RAVEN, by Marquis James (*Bobbs-Merrill*). The life story of Sam Houston admirably written and documented.

GEORGE HARVEY, by Willis Fletcher Johnson (*Houghton Mifflin*). Behind the scenes with Colonel Harvey in politics and diplomacy.

HENRY THE VIIITH, by Francis Hackett (*Liveright*). Still the best biography of the year.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Katharine Anthony (*Knopf*). Close-up of Henry's little girl.

LA FAYETTE, by Brand Whitlock (*Appleton*). Recommended without reservations.

UP TO NOW, by Alfred E. Smith (*Viking Press*). The former governor writes as well as he speaks.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT, by David Loth (*Brentano*). Biography that is good romance.

EMERSON, THE WISEST AMERICAN, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). The progress of an intellectual pilgrim.

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

CARRY NATION, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). Caperings of a lunatic, amusingly reported.

MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin (*Scribner*). Home life of a prophetess.

THE NEW AMERICAN CARAVAN, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (*Macaulay*). Indispensable for those who would keep up with the most advanced American writing.

THE SECOND NEW YORKER ALBUM (*Doubleday, Doran*). Of course.

THE GLUYAS WILLIAMS BOOK (*Doubleday, Doran*). Also of course.

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